



*A. Lodge delin. et sculp.*

**MIDAS.** Scene the last.



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*The*  
**S Y R E N.**  
**A**

*choice Collection*  
*of the*  
*most Esteemed and Favourite*

**S O N G S.**

*Performed at the Theatres &*  
*other Public Places;*

**WITH**

*A Collection of the most approved*  
**Sentiments.**

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**L O N D O N.**

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---

A  
C O L L E C T I O N  
O F  
S O N G S, &c.

---

S O N G I.

**F**AITHLESS Damon's turn'd a rover,  
From my longing arms he flies,  
Soon return thou perjur'd lover,  
Or your hapless Cælia dies.

Must I longer pine and languish,  
Will you false and cruel prove,  
Hither haste to ease my anguish,  
And reward your Cælia's love.

Think, O think, how thus deceiving,  
Tender virgins hearts are won;  
Foolish maids, too soon believing,  
Are by faithless men undone.

B

S O N G

## SONG II.

**W**HAT is Chloë to me, or Lydia the fair,  
 Their beauties with thine, I cannot compare,  
 What's Lydia's clear skin, or Chloe's bright eyes,  
 When Delia is near, their charms I despise.

You say I'm inconstant, and fain would persuade,  
 I profess the same passion to every maid;  
 The fault is your own, would you leave your reserve,  
 Each fair I'd relinquish, thy love to deserve.

T'other day, now, for instance, you vow'd in the  
                                   grove,  
 You'd meet your fond shepherd, and list to his love;  
 My passions wound high, your promise you fail'd,  
 Chance brought the young Chloe, and Chloe prevail'd.

Last thursday at wake, you declar'd on the green,  
 You'd dance with your shepherd, as soon as 'twas e'en;  
 But before I arriv'd, you chose to depart,  
 I gave Lydia my hand, but thou hadst my heart.

But Delia is haughty, and Delia is coy,  
 And Delia e'er long, my flame will destroy;  
 Then consider ye fair, while love ye deride,  
 The slaves you ensnare, may be freed by your pride.

## SONG III.

**S**IMPLE Strephon cease complaining,  
 Talk no more of foolish love;  
 Think not, e'er my heart to reign in,  
 Think not all you say can move.

Did I take delight to fetter,  
 Thrice ten thousand slaves a day;  
 Thrice ten thousand times your better,  
 Gladly would my rule obey.

Seek not her, who still forbids you,  
 To some other tell your moan;  
 Chuse where'er your fancy leads you,  
 Leave Chlorinda but alone.

---

## SONG IV.

**B**RIGHT dawns the day, with rosy face,  
 That calls the hunters to the chase.

## AIR.

With musical horn,  
 Salute the gay morn,  
 These jolly companions to cheer;  
 With enlivening sounds,  
 Encourage your hounds,  
 To rival the speed of the deer.

Would you find out his lair,  
 To the woodlands repair,  
 Hark, hark! "he's unharbour'd" they cry;  
 Then fleet o'er the plain,  
 We gallop amain,  
 All, all is a transport of joy.

O'er heaths, hills and woods,  
 Thro' forests and floods,  
 The stag flies as swift as the wind;  
 The welkin resounds,  
 With the cry of the hounds,  
 That chant in a concert behind.

Adieu to old care,  
 Pale grief and despair,  
 We ride in oblivion of fear;  
 Vexation and pain,  
 We leave to the train,  
 Sad wretches that lag in the rear.

Lo! the stag stands at bay,  
 The pack's at a stay,  
 Then eagerly seize on the prize;  
 The welkin resounds,  
 To the chorus of hounds,  
 Shrill horns wind his knell—and he dies.

## SONG V.

**S**OFT breathing, the zephyrs awaken the grove,  
 Now, now, is the season for pleasure and love;  
 Yet let no delights on our moments intrude,  
 But such as are simple, and such as are good.

Far hence be the love, that's by wantonness bred,  
 Far hence be the pleasures by vanity led!  
 But joys, which both reason and virtue approve,  
 Such, such are the glory and pride of the grove.

---

## SONG VI.

**O**NE April morn, young Damon sought,  
 O'er Sylvia to prevail,  
 And with dissimulation fraught,  
 He thus address'd his tale.  
 Now winter's chilling blasts are o'er,  
 And spring's prolific reign  
 Impels the blossom and the flow'r,  
 To deck the smiling plain.

Let us my dearest girl repair,  
 To yonder bloomy grove,  
 For oh! I long to tell thee there,  
 How ardently I love.  
 When prudence, watchful for the good  
 Of all who seek her care;  
 Confest before the damsel stood,  
 And said of man beware.



What tho' his words as honey sweet,  
 Seem all in candour drest,  
 Yet art, the parent of deceit,  
 Lies lurking in his breast.  
 Admonish'd by this faithful friend,  
 The cautious maid reply'd,  
 The youth I to the grove attend,  
 Must make me first his bride.

Abash'd! the swain his purpose saw,  
 In blackest colours rise,  
 Her honour struck his soul with awe,  
 And fill'd with shame his eyes;  
 To church he led the lovely maid,  
 Fair virtue's sacred school!  
 While Sylvia archly smil'd, and said,  
 Now—who's the April fool?

---

## SONG VII.

**W**OULD you wish to gain a lover,  
 You must all your hopes conceal;  
 Men inconstant will discover,  
 What our sex too oft reveal.

Virtue teaches wise discretion,  
 Fickle men are full of arts;  
 By a thoughtless fond confession,  
 They seduce and steal our hearts,  
 Would you wish, &c.

Shun, O shun! their soft persuasion:  
 Let not tears your passions move;  
 But embrace the first occasion,  
 When convinc'd they truly love.  
 Would you wish, &c.

---

## SONG VIII.

O Venus, queen of soft delights,  
 Accept a suppliant's pray'r;  
 Who wishes to attend the rites,  
 In which thy vot'ries share:  
 Inspire his tongue with gentlest airs,  
 Yet void of art or skill;  
 When he his unfeign'd love declares,  
 For Patty of the Hill.

What strains, O goddess! must he find,  
 To melt her frozen heart,  
 Since words can ne'er express his mind.  
 Nor e'er his pain impart:  
 Unless thy son shall aid his lays,  
 And love in her instill;  
 In vain may prove his artless praise,  
 Of Patty of the Hill.

Her cheek with rose and lily vies,  
 Her breath with sweet woodbines,  
 Inferior far unto her eyes,  
 The sparkling diamond shines:

Her voice excels the linnets notes,  
 Excels the thrush's thrill,  
 In vain they strive to raise their throats,  
 Like Patty's of the Hill.

How shall I paint her tender mind,  
 The charm I most admire ;  
 In her is ev'ry virtue join'd,  
 That passion can inspire :  
 Her soul, the graces all refine,  
 She stoops to reason's will ;  
 I'd freely all the world resign,  
 For Patty of the Hill.

---

## SONG IX.

**R**ETURN'D, return'd, the season of delight  
 Most welcome to the long deluded fight !  
 The earth and sky, conspire to cheer the soul,  
 And grateful joy salutes and crowns the whole.

Love calls, love calls, and Hymen leads the way,  
 The ruddy youth, and maiden chaste, obey ;  
 The silken band of holy friendship tie,  
 And healthful rise a beauteous progeny.

Roll on, roll on, thou lively nimble flood  
 Of wanton spirits gay, and youthful blood ;  
 Th' impatient lover ne'er shall know remorse,  
 If truth and honour guide his rapid course.

Strike up, strike up, add music to the feast,  
 Where love presides, and friendship is a guest;  
 Subservient music, friendship, wit, and wine,  
 To the bright pow'rs of female face divine.

---

## S O N G X.

**T**WAS in the pleasant month of May,  
 When males and females sport and play,  
 A wanton sparrow, full of prate,  
 With spousy on a tree was fat;  
 They talk'd how faithful they would be,  
 And chirp'd eternal constancy;  
 The only thing that damp'd their sport,  
 Was fear their lives would be too short.

But as from bough to bough they fly,  
 Not dreaming any creature nigh,  
 For want of a more downy bed,  
 Upon a twig with bird-lime spread,  
 In haste their fond regard to prove,  
 They take their little fill of love:  
 The only thing that damp'd their sport,  
 Was fear their lives would prove too short,

But pains to pleasures soon succeed,  
 To both it prov'd a fatal deed;  
 For tho' with ease they broke away,  
 And balk'd a school-boy of his prey;

The

The bridegroom in the hasty strife,  
 Was stuck so fast unto his wife,  
 That tho' they us'd their utmost art,  
 They quickly found they ne'er must part.

A gloomy cloud o'ercastr his brow,  
 He found himself he knew not how ;  
 He pouts and glouts, and peevish grew ;  
 As other angry husbands do :  
 Whene'er he mov'd, he felt her still,  
 She kiss'd him oft against his will ;  
 With favours still o'erwhelm'd her lord,  
 Abroad, at home, at bed, at board.

But he still obstinate and stout,  
 At length, her stock of love was out,  
 So back to back, in discontent,  
 They sit, and sullenly repent.  
 Thus after some few hearty pray'rs,  
 A jostle, and some spiteful tears ;  
 This is the burthen of their song,  
 That life is tedious and too long.

# SONG XI.

**I** AM a young shepherd the pride of the plain,  
 The lasses all strive my affection to gain ;  
 I'm teaz'd by young Phillis, young Bridget and Sue,  
 Say, what would you have such a young shepherd do ?

I cannot

I cannot be easy, wherever I go,  
 Nor know I the reason they follow me so;  
 'Tis strange I am sure you will readily own,  
 That tho' I refuse, they won't let me alone.

Last night at the wake, when I danc'd on the green;  
 Such numbers came round me as never were seen;  
 To be teaz'd in this manner no mortal could bear:  
 So I fix'd upon one, who is lovely and fair.

Her ease and good-nature, I vow and protest,  
 Have gain'd my affection beyond all the rest;  
 She has wit, youth and beauty, the passions to move,  
 And at last, I must own, I am smitten with love.

---

## S O N G XII.

**S**INCE Artists who sue for the trophies of fame,  
 Their wit and their taste, and their genius pro-  
 claim,

Come attend to my song, where you'll certainly find,  
 A secret disclos'd, for the good of mankind.  
 And deny it who can, sure the laurel's my due,  
 I've found out a Padlock, to keep the wife true.

Should the amorous goddess preside o'er the dame,  
 With the ardours of youth all her passions inflame;  
 Should her beauty lead captive each softer desire,  
 And languishing lovers still sigh and admire;  
 Yet fearless you'll trust her, tho' thousands may sue,  
 When I tell you my Padlock to keep a wife true.

Tho'

Tho' the husband may think that he wisely restrains,  
With his bars and his bolts, his confinement and  
chains;

How fatally weak, must this artifice prove,  
Can fetters of steel bind like fetters of love?  
Throw jealousy hence! bid suspicion adieu,  
Restraint's not the padlock to keep a wife true.

Should her fancy invite to the park or the play,  
All complying and kind, you must give her, her way,  
While her taste and her judgment you fondly approve,  
'Tis reason secures you the treasure of love;  
And believe me no coxcomb admission can find,  
For the fair-one is safe if you padlock her mind.

Tho' her virtues and foibles should frequently blend,  
Let the husband be lost in the lover and friend;  
Let doubts and surmises no longer perplex,  
'Tis the charms of indulgence that bind the soft sex—  
They ne'er can prove false while this maxim's in view  
Good-humour's the padlock to keep a wife true.

---

### SONG XIII.

**W**HEN chilling winter hies away,  
I Flora, re-assume my reign;  
Borne on the wings of balmy May,  
I come to paint the wood and plain:  
Ambrosial sweets I have in store,  
The cowslip, violet, rose appear;  
The nymphs and swains my pow'r adore,  
And wish my presence all the year.

SONG



## S O N G   X I V .

**C**OME hope, thou queen of endless smiles,  
 Whose aid the woes of life beguiles;  
 With thee I'll rove, with thee I'll rest,  
 Amidst thy sweet enchantments blest.

I feel! I feel thy gladsome ray!  
 Dawn on my soul like rising day;  
 My heart no more shall feel its care,  
 For joyful hope inhabits there.

---

## S O N G   X V .

**T**HE smiling morn, the breathing spring,  
 Invites the tuneful birds to sing;  
 And while they warble from each spray,  
 Love melts the universal lay.  
 Let us, Amanda, timely wise,  
 Like them employ the hour that flies,  
 And in soft raptures waste the day,  
 Among the Birks of Endermay.

The lavrocks now, and linnets sing,  
 The rocks around with echoes ring;  
 The wanton kids and frisking lambs,  
 Gambol and dance about their dams;  
 The busy bees with humming noise,  
 And all the reptile kind rejoice;  
 Let us like them, then sing and play,  
 About the Birks of Endermay.

For soon the winter of the year,  
 And age, life's winter, will appear;  
 At this, thy lovely bloom will fade,  
 As that will strip the verdant shade;  
 Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,  
 The feather'd songsters please no more;  
 And when they droop, and we decay,  
 Adieu the Birks of Endermay.

---

## S O N G   X V I .

**P**ALE fear shall ne'er my glory stain,  
 From pride these blushes rise;  
 'Tis noble scorn, 'tis high disdain,  
 That sparkles in these eyes:  
 Tho' rigid virtue may assume,  
 Dominion o'er the soul;  
 O'er men and gods, soft beauty's bloom,  
 Still reigns without controul.

---

## S O N G   X V I I .

**I**F music can charm, and if love can invite,  
 No less rosy Bacchus thou giv'st us delight;  
 I love them, 'tis true, but my bottle I swear,  
 Is at once the best friend, and physician of care;  
 But would a gay mortal taste rapture divine,  
 Apollo and Venus, with Bacchus must join.

## SONG XVIII.

**L**OVE'S a fever of the mind,  
 Kindling fierce consuming fires,  
 Sweet its first approach we find,  
 Raising new and soft desires.  
 Soon it fills with hopes and fears,  
 Sighs and tremblings break the rest;  
 Glowing wishes, wasting tears,  
 Night and day distract the breast.

---

## SONG XIX.

**T**ALK no more of love to me,  
 All your suit will not prevail;  
 I for one confess a flame,  
 In the humble flow'ry vale.  
 For each other, long we've sigh'd,  
 Equal both, in birth and place;  
 He's my only joy and pride,  
 Love can laugh at noble race.

---

## SONG XX.

**G**O, go thou false deceiver,  
 For ever we must part;  
 Far hence be gone for ever,  
 I tear thee from my heart.

## SONG XXI.

**T** WAS at the cool and fragrant hour,  
 When evening steals upon the sky;  
 That Susan chose the woodbine shade,  
 And William taught that grove to sigh;  
 The sweetest damsel she on all the plains,  
 The softest lover he of all the swains.

He took her by the lily hand,  
 Which oft had made the milk look pale;  
 Her cheeks with modest roses glow'd,  
 As thus he breath'd his tender tale:  
 The list'ning streams awhile forgot to flow,  
 The doves to murmur, and the breeze to blow!

" O smile, my fair, thy dimply smiles,  
 " Shall lengthen on the setting ray;  
 " Thus let us melt the hours in blits,  
 " Thus sweetly languish life away;  
 " Thus sigh ourselves into each others breast,  
 " Loving as turtles, and as turtles blest.

She sigh'd and blush'd a sweet consent,  
 He thank'd her on his bended knee;  
 And warmly press'd her virgin lip;—  
 Was ever youth so blest as he?  
 The moon to light the lovers homeward, rose,  
 And Philomela lull'd them to repose.

## SONG XXII.

THE sun succeeds a cloudy sky,  
 A calm, a blust'ring gale;  
 We must not fix our hopes too high,  
 Nor let despair prevail.

---

## SONG XXIII.

## RECITATIVE.

AT Delia's feet Philander sigh'd,  
 But sigh'd, alas in vain!  
 The nymph with scorn, his suit deny'd,  
 And triumph'd in his pain.

## AIR

His pray'rs to Cupid wing'd their flight,  
 Who with compassion heard;  
 And swift as fly the beams of light,  
 The god himself appear'd.  
 "Where is this hard obdurate heart,  
 "On cruelty intent?"  
 He said, and from his bow a dart,  
 Precipitately sent.

The devious arrow lost its course,  
 The bow was drawn in vain;  
 For Delia's eyes repell'd its force,  
 And turn'd it back again.

On Cupid's breast it gave the blow,  
 He felt the poignant wound;  
 When strait his ineffectual bow,  
 Fell useless on the ground.

“Hence ill betide the luckless hour,”  
 The god in anguish cries;  
 “For Oh, alas! I feel my pow'r,  
 “Usurp'd by Delia's eyes.  
 “Then deem not swain, thy lot severe,  
 “Since I of race divine,  
 “Am thus compell'd compell'd to wear,  
 “An equal chain with thine,”

---

S O N G XXVI.

THE goodness of women, some men will dispute,  
 But I shall their arguments fairly confute;  
 Undeniably prove that they do what they ought,  
 And say what you will, they are never in fault.

You sometimes object to their voluble tongues,  
 That they harass your ears, and destroy their own  
 lungs;  
 Should they talk, pretty creatures, from morning  
 till night,  
 From fifteen to fifty, they're all in the right.

If resentment against the Fair Sex you conceive,  
Give attention to slanders, and slanders believe;  
Behold their sweet faces, resentment will fly,  
Vexation turn pleasure, and jealousy die.

The poets strange tales tell, of Orpheus you know,  
How he follow'd his wife to the regions below;  
But it must be a falsehood, because one so fair,  
So lovely and kind, was too good to go there.

No more at these charmers, ye unthinking, rail,  
But o'er your barbarity let 'em prevail;  
Perfection to kings, and the fair sex belong,  
For women like monarchs, can never do wroug.

---

S O N G XXV.

**D**ISTANT fly thee, carping care,  
From the spot where I do dwell;  
Rigid mortals come not there,  
Frowns be gone to hermit's cell:  
But let me live the life of souls,  
With love, and laugh, and flowing bowls.

Miser, with thy paltry pelf,  
I give 'gainst thee, my hate its scope;  
Wretch that liv'st, but for thy self,  
With heart of rust that cannot ope:  
Fly b'rl of night, from sun and souls,  
That love and laugh o'er flowing bowls.



Who can let the pensive go,  
 Or the eye that drops a tear;  
 And not weed their minds of woe,  
 May not dare to venture here:  
 Who can't be friends, can ne'er be souls,  
 Nor e'er shall quaff our flowing bowls.

Joys on joys, O let me taste,  
 Health and mirth dwell at my gate;  
 Whilst with ease my sand doth waste:  
 Whilst I bless the book of fate;  
 That let me live the life of souls,  
 With love and laugh, and flowing bowls.

---

## SONG XXVI.

**L**AST Midsummer Eve, as I pass'd thro' the  
   grove,  
 I met with young Phillis, the goddess of love;  
 My heart was transported, you well may suppose,  
 I gave her a kiss, but 'twas under the Rose,

She started and blush'd, and reply'd with a frown,  
 "Don't fancy young swain—I'll be kiss'd by a  
   clown,  
 "I'm courted by Strephon,—see yonder he goes!"  
 Still I gave her a kiss, but 'twas under the Rose.

"Come,

"Come, come, dearest charmer," I tenderly cry'd,  
 "I care not for Strephon,—I'll not be deny'd;  
 "He's false to my Phillis, he very well knows,  
 "My heart is right honest, tho' under the Rose."

"If Strephon is false, what is Phillis to do?"  
 She answer'd, in anguish, "no men sure are true!"  
 "O yes, my dear girl," I reply'd, "don't suppose,  
 "But Damon is constant, tho' under the Rose."

"If you love me," she cry'd, "here then freely  
 "give,

"My heart, and affection, as long as I live;"  
 I led her to church, and she does not suppose,  
 But Damon is constant, tho' under the Rose.

S O N G XXVII.

**H**OW stands the glass around?  
 About ye have no care, my boys?  
 How stands the glass around?  
 Let wine and mirth abound;  
 Whilst trumpets sound,  
 And colours all are flying, boys,  
 We'll fight, kill and wound,  
 And still may be found  
 Content with our hard fate, my boys,  
 On the cold ground.

Why, soldiers, why  
 Should we be melancholy, boys?  
 Why, soldiers, why,  
 Whose bus'ness 'tis to die,  
 Hang fighting, fie,  
 Drink round, damn care, be merry, boys,  
 Both he, you and I,  
 Cold, hot, wet or dry,  
 We're always bound to follow, boys,  
 We scorn to fly.

'Tis but in vain,  
 I mean not to upbraid you, boys;  
 'Tis but in vain  
 For soldiers to complain;  
 The next campaign  
 Sends us to him that made us, boys,  
 Perhaps in pain;  
 Should we but remain,  
 A bottle and kind landlady  
 Cures all again.

---

## S O N G XXVII.

IF 'tis joy to wound a lover,  
 How much more to give him ease,  
 When his passion we discover,  
 Oh how pleasing! 'tis to please;  
 The bliss returns and we receive  
 Transports greater than we give.

SONG

## SONG XXVIII.

THERE was once, it is said,  
 When, is out of my head,  
 Ay, and where too—but true is my tale,  
 That a round-belly'd vicar,  
 Bepimpled with liquor,  
 Could stick to no text like good ale.

He one night 'gan to doze,  
 For, under the rose,  
 The priest was that night *non seipse*,  
*Non seipse*, you'll say,  
 What's that to the lay,  
 In plain English, the parson was tipsy.

When his clerk stepping in,  
 With his band-bobbing chin,  
 As solemn and snivelling as may be,  
 The vicar he gaped,  
 The clerk hemm'd and scraped,  
 Saying, Please, sir, to bury a baby.

Now our author supposes,  
 The clerk's name was Moses,  
 He look'd at his master so rosy,  
 Who blink'd with one eye,  
 And with wig all awry,  
 He hiccough'd out, How is it Mosey?

A child, fir, is carry'd,  
 For you to be bury'd,  
 Bury me, Moses?—no, that won't do.  
 Lord! fir, says the clerk,  
 You are all in the dark,  
 It's a child to be bury'd, not you.

Well, Moses don't hurry,  
 The infant we'll bury,  
 But, master, the corpse cannot stay,  
 What, can't it, but why?  
 For once then we'll try  
 If a corpse, Moses, can run away.

But Moses reply'd,  
 The parish will chide,  
 For keeping them out in cold weather;  
 Then, Moses, quoth he,  
 Pray tell them from me,  
 I'll bury them warm all together.

But, fir, it rains hard,  
 Pray have some regard,  
 Regard, Moses, that makes me stay;  
 For no corpse, young or old,  
 In the rain can catch cold,  
 But, Moses, faith, you or I may.

Moses begg'd he'd begone,  
 Saying, fir, the rain's done,  
 Please to rise, and I'll lend you my hand;  
 It's hard, quoth the vicar,  
 To leave thus my liquor,  
 And go, when I'm sure I can't stand.

At length, tho' sore troubled,  
 To church-yard he hobbled,  
 Lamenting the length of the way;  
 To Moses, quoth he,  
 Were I bishop, do you see,  
 I neither need walk, preach, nor pray.

When he came to the grave,  
 Says he, Moses, a stave,  
 Lord! where's my tobacco-box hid,  
 'I profess, this fast walking,  
 Prevents me from talking,  
 So, Moses, pray give me a quid.

Then he open'd a book,  
 And in seem'd to look;  
 But o'er the page only he squinted;  
 Says he, Moses, I'm vex'd,  
 I can't see the text,  
 The book is so damnably printed.

Neighbours, mind what I say,  
 Life's, alas! but a day,  
 Nay, sometimes 'tis over at noon,  
 Man is but a flow'r,  
 Cut down in an hour,  
 It's strong ale, Moses, does it as soon.

Woman of a man born,  
 No, that's wrong, the leaf's torn,  
 Upon women the natural swell is;  
 For the world would run wild,  
 Were men got with child,  
 Moses, you and I might have big bellies.

Our guts wou'd be press'd hard,  
 Were we got with bastard,  
 How wonderful are our supposes;  
 What midwife could do it,  
 She'd be hardly put to it,  
 Lord bless me! to lay me and Moses.

Moses, mind what I say,  
 When 'tis night, 'tis not day,  
 How in former times saints could work miracles,  
 And raise from the dead,  
 There's no more to be said,  
 For Moses, I've dropt down my spectacles,

One pot more, and then;  
 Moses answer'd, amen,  
 And thus we have carry'd the farce on,  
 'Tis the vice of the times,  
 To relish the rhymes,  
 Where the joke's made to run on the parson:

But true humour detests  
 Immorality's jests,  
 Each loose, each illib'ral expression,  
 So a truce with our joke,  
 Here's to the good folk,  
 To the good folks of ev'ry profession.



## S O N G XXIX.

ON pleasure's smooth wings, how old Time  
 steals away,  
 Ere love's fatal flame leads the shepherd astray !  
 My days, O ye swains ! were a round of delight,  
 From the cool of the morn to the stillness of night :  
 No care found a place in my cottage, or breast ;  
 But health and content all the year was my guest.

'Twas then no fair Phillis my heart could ensnare  
 With voice or with feature, with dress or with air :  
 So kindly young Cupid had pointed the dart,  
 That I gather'd the sweets, but I miss'd of the  
 smart :

I toy'd for a while, then I rov'd like a bee ;  
 But still all my song was, " I'll ever be free."

'Twas then ev'ry object fresh raptures did yield :  
 If I stray'd thro' the garden, or travers'd the field,  
 Ten thousand gay scenes were display'd to my  
 sight :

If the nightingale sung, I could listen all night ;  
 With my reed I could pipe to the tune of the  
 stream,

And wake to new life from a rapturous dream.

But now, sincere for Hebe in secret I sigh,  
 Alas ! what a change ! and how wretched am I !  
 Adieu to the charms of the valley and glade ;  
 Their sweets now all sicken, their colours all fade ;  
 No

No music I find in soft Philomel's strain,  
And the brook o'er the pebbles now murmurs in  
vain.

They say that she's kind, but no kindness I see;  
On others she smiles, but she frowns upon me:  
Then teach me, bright Venus, persuasion's soft art,  
Or aid me, by reason, to ransom my heart;  
To crown my desire, or to banish my pain,  
Give love to the nymph, or give ease to the swain.

---

### S O N G   X X X .

**A**S thro' the grove I chanc'd to stray,  
I met young Phillis on her way;  
I flew like lightning to her arms,  
And gaz'd in rapture on her charms;  
Her looks reveal'd a modest flame,  
But yet she cry'd—O fie for shame.

With eager haste I stole a kiss,  
Which blushing Phillis took amiss;  
She push'd me from her with a frown,  
And call'd me bold presuming clown;  
While I confess myself to blame,  
But still she cry'd—O fie for shame.

In tender sighs I told my love,  
And pledg'd my faith on things above;

But

But she, like all her sex, was shy,  
 And tho' I swore, would not comply;  
 Yet I perceiv'd she met my flame,  
 For all she cry'd—O fie for shame.

When this I saw, I quickly cry'd,  
 Will lovely Phillis be a bride?  
 For hark!—I hear the tinkling bell:  
 To church let's go—it pleas'd her well,  
 And soon a kind compliance came,  
 In spite of all her—fie for shame.

Now Hymen's bands have made us one,  
 The joys we taste to few are known;  
 No jealous fears our bosoms move,  
 For constant we each other love:  
 She now declares I'm not to blame,  
 Nor longer cries—O fie for shame.

---

### S O N G   X X X I.

**Y**OUNG Strephon, the artful, the dangerous  
 Swain,  
 My love and esteem has attempted to gain;  
 With the same wicked arts he so oft had betray'd,  
 He thought to seduce one more innocent maid:  
 But appris'd of his pow'r, of my weakness aware,  
 I baffled his scheme, and avoided the snare;  
 For virtue I love, and was taught in my dawn,  
 When I gather'd a rose, to beware of the thorn.

His

His tears I neglected, his oaths I despis'd ;  
 For his heart by those tears, by those oaths, he  
 disguis'd :

What presents he brought me I chose to decline,  
 (The prodigal bounty of art and design :)  
 He coax'd, and he flatter'd in vain,  
 And practis'd each art, on my weakness to gain ;  
 Protected by prudence, I laugh'd him to scorn ;  
 Tho' I fancy'd the rose, yet I dreaded the thorn.

He wantonly boasted what nymphs he had won,  
 What credulous beauties his arts had undone ;  
 He swore that his faith should inviolate be,  
 That his heart and those fair-ones were victims  
 to me :

I told him those victims, and faith, I'd despise,  
 And from such examples would learn to be wise ;  
 That I never would prostitute virtue to scorn,  
 Or smell at a rose, to be hurt by the thorn.

Was the perjur'd betrayer ashamed of his guilt ;  
 Was his passion on virtue, not Wantonness, built ;  
 Was his heart as sincere as his oaths are profane,  
 I could fancy (I own I could fancy) the swain :  
 But experience has taught me 'tis dang'rous to trust,  
 And folly to think he can ever be just ;  
 So I'll stifle my flame, and reject him with scorn,  
 Left I grasp at the rose, and be hurt by the thorn.

## S O N G XXXII.

**T**WAS early on a holiday,  
 A harmless shepherd chanc'd to stray,  
 And wand'ring near a crystal brook,  
 He sat him down to bait his hook;  
 Thus said the shepherd, free from care,  
 " If I the gudgeon should ensnare,  
 " Or any of the scaly fry,  
 " I'd envy none beneath the sky."

His sport was harmless as his mind;  
 Upon his hand his head reclin'd;  
 And list'ning to the wood-lark's note,  
 He watch'd the motion of his float:  
 It scarce obtain'd a single swim,  
 Ere Cupid round the swain did skim  
 With feather'd wings extended wide,  
 And settled by the shepherd's side.

The swain had heard of bows, and darts,  
 And Cupid's snares, that torture hearts;  
 Became uneasy at the sight,  
 But artfully conceal'd his fright;  
 " I prithee, Cupid, tell, I pray,  
 " What brought thee out so soon to day?"  
 ' In truth, said he, my sport's like thine;  
 ' I hither came to wet my line.'

" If

" If that be true, thou pretty boy,  
 " Then leave with me that glitt'ring toy ;  
 " I mean the arrow in thy hand ;  
 " Then equally we'll share our stand :"  
 " Shepherd, I'll give thee any thing ;  
 " Pray take with it my bow and string."  
 The swain secure his cheek did stroke,  
 And, sily, Cupid's arrow broke.

But, lo ! an angel's voice he heard,  
 And soon an angel's form appear'd,  
 With eyes so bright, as poets say,  
 Should Phœbus sleep, might rule the day :  
 The shepherd listen'd to her song ;  
 I fear the shepherd gaz'd too long :  
 For as her eyes their beams withdrew,  
 Her fatal looks the shepherd flew.

At first he felt uncommon smart,  
 And fear'd the boy conceal'd a dart :  
 Then faintly turning, " Child," said he,  
 " This evil arrow, comes from thee."  
 " O ! shepherd, it is no such thing ;  
 " Thou hadst my arrow, bow, and string  
 " But now I guess for whom you smart ;  
 " The nymph you saw has pierc'd your heart."

## S O N G    XXXIII.

**G**O rose, my CHLOE's bosom grace,  
 My CHLOE's bosom grace:  
 How happy should I prove,  
 Might I supply that envy'd place  
 With never fading love,  
 There Phœnix like, beneath her eye,  
 Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die.

Know, hapless flow'r, that thou shalt find  
 More fragrant roses there,  
 I see thy with'ring head reclin'd  
 With envy and despair,  
 One common fate we both must prove,  
 You die with envy, I with love.

---

## S O N G    XXXIV.

**H**OW gentle was my Damon's air,  
 Like sunny beams his golden hair,  
 His voice was like the nightingale's,  
 More sweet his breath than flow'ry vales;  
 How hard such beauties to resign,  
 And yet that cruel task is mine.

D

On



On ev'ry hill, in ev'ry grove,  
 Along the margin of each stream,  
 Dear conscious scenes of former love,  
 I mourn, and Damon is my theme.  
 The hills, the groves, the streams remain,  
 But Damon there I seek in vain.

From hill, from dale, each charm is fled,  
 Groves, flocks, and fountains please no more.  
 Each flow'r in pity droops its head ;  
 All nature does my loss deplore :  
 All, all reproach the faithless swain,  
 Yet Damon still I seek in vain.

## S O N G XXXV.

**H**OW happy a state does the miller possess,  
 Who wou'd be no greater, nor fears to be less ;  
 On his mill and himself he depends for support,  
 Which is better than servilely cringing at court.

What tho' he all dusty, and whiten'd does go,  
 The more he is powder'd, the more like a beau ;  
 A clown in this dress may be honest far  
 Than a courtier who struts in his garter and star.

Tho'

[ 33 ]

Tho' his hands are so daub'd they're not fit to be seen  
The hands of his betters are not very clean;  
A palm more polite may as dirtily deal,  
Gold in handling will stick to the fingers like meal.

What then if a pudding for dinner he lacks,  
He cribs without scruple from other men's sacks;  
In this of right noble example he brags,  
Who borrow as freely from other men's bags.

Or should he endeavour to heap an estate,  
In this too he mimicks the tools of the state;  
Whose aim is alone their own coffers to fill,  
As all his concern's to bring grist to his mill.

He eats when he's hungry, and drinks when he's dry,  
And down when he's weary contented does lye;  
Then rises up cheerful to work and to sing:  
If so happy a miller, then who'd be a king?

---

S O N G    XXXVI.

**H**OW pleasant a sailor's life passes,  
Who roams o'er the wat'ry main;  
No treasure he ever amasses,  
But cheerfully spends all his gain.  
We're strangers to party and faction,  
To honour and honesty true,  
And would not commit a base action,  
For power and profit in view.

D 2

Chorus.

Chorus. Then why should we quarrel for riches,  
 Or any such glittering toys?  
 A light heart and a thin pair of breeches  
 Go thorough the world, brave boys.

The world is a beautiful garden,  
 Enrich'd with the blessings of life,  
 The toiler with plenty rewarding,  
 Which plenty too often breeds strife.  
 When terrible tempests assail us,  
 And mountainous billows affright,  
 No grandeur or wealth can avail us,  
 But skilful industry steers right.  
 Cho. Then why should, &c.

The courtier's more subject to dangers,  
 Who rules at the helm of the state,  
 Than we, who to politics strangers,  
 Escape the snares laid for the great.  
 The various blessings of nature,  
 In various nations we try;  
 No mortals than us can be greater,  
 Who merrily live till we die.  
 Cho. Then why should, &c.

## S O N G XXXVII.

**L**ET's be jovial, fill our glasses,  
 Madnefs 'tis for us to think  
 How the world is rul'd by asses,  
 And the wise are sway'd by chink.

Let not such vain thoughts oppress us,  
 Riches are to them a snare ;  
 We are all as rich as Cræsus,  
 Drink away, and drive off care.

Wine will make us fresh as roses,  
 And our sorrows quite forget ;  
 Come let's fuddle all our noses,  
 Drink ourselves quite out of debt.  
 When grim death is looking for us,  
 We're carousing o'er our bowls,  
 Bacchus joining in the chorus,  
 Cries, death begone! here's none but souls.  
 God-like Bacchus thus commanding,  
 Trembling death away shall fly,  
 Ever after understanding,  
 Drinking souls can never die.

---

S O N G. XXXVIII. Set by Dr. ARNE.

**W**HEN forc'd from dear Hebe to go,  
 What anguish I felt at my heart !  
 And I thought (but it might not be so)  
 She was sorry to see me depart ;  
 She cast such a languishing view,  
 My path I could scarcely discern,  
 And so sweetly she bad me adieu,  
 I thought that she bade me return.

Methinks she might like to retire  
 To the grove I had labour'd to rear;  
 For whatever I heard her admire,  
 I hasted and planted it there.  
 Her voice such a pleasure conveys,  
 So much I her accents adore,  
 Let her speak, and whatever she says,  
 I'm sure still to love her the more.

And now, ere I haste to the plain,  
 Come, shepherds, and sing of her lays;  
 I could lay down my life for the swain,  
 That would sing me a song in her praise;  
 While he sings, may the maids of the town  
 Come flocking, and listen the while;  
 Nor on him let Hebe once frown,  
 Tho' I cannot allow her to smile.

To see, when my charmer goes by,  
 Some hermit peep out of his cell,  
 How he thinks of his youth, with a sigh,  
 How fondly he wishes her well!  
 On him she may smile, if she please,  
 It will warm the cold bosom of age;  
 Yet cease, gentle Hebe, O cease,  
 Such softness may ruin the sage.

I've stole from no flow'rets that grow,  
 To paint the dear charms I approve;  
 For what can a blossom bestow,  
 So sweet, so engaging as love?

I sing in a rustical way,  
 A shepherd, and one of the throng;  
 Yet Hebe approves of my lay,  
 Go, poets, and envy my song.

---

## SONG XXXIX.

**L**OVE's a gentle, generous passion,  
 Source of all sublime delights;  
 Which, with mutual inclination,  
 Two fond hearts in one unites.

What are titles, pomp, or riches,  
 If compar'd with true content?  
 That false joy which now bewitches,  
 When obtain'd, we may repent.

Lawless passion brings vexation,  
 But a chaste and constant love  
 Is a glorious emulation  
 Of the blissful state above.

---

## SONG XL.

**L**ET the grave, and the gay,  
 Enjoy life how they may,  
 My pleasures their pleasures surpass;  
 Go the world well or ill,  
 'Tis the same with me still,  
 If I have but my friend and my glass.

The lover may sigh,  
 The courtier may lie,  
 And Cræsus his treasure amass;  
 All the joys are but vain,  
 That are blended with pain;  
 So I'll stand by my friend and my glass.

New life wine inspires,  
 And creates new desires,  
 And oft wins the lover his lass,  
 Or his courage prepares  
 To disdain the nymph's airs,  
 So I'll stand by my friend and my glass.

The earth sucks the rain,  
 The sun draws the main,  
 With the earth we are all in a class,  
 Then enliven the clay,  
 Let us live while we may,  
 And I'll stand by my friend and my glass.

'Tis friendship and wine,  
 Only life can refine;  
 We care not what'er come to pass,  
 With courtiers, or great men,  
 There's none of us statemen;  
 Come here's to our friend and our glass.

SONG



## S O N G XLI.

**Y**E belles and beaux, attend my song,  
 I'll tell you something new ;  
 Perhaps you'll smile, and think me wrong ;  
 Tho' strange, you'll find it true.  
 In days of yore, historians say,  
 'Twas wisdom bore the prize ;  
 But modern times have chang'd the lay,  
 'Tis folly to be wise.

Let no grave Cynic take offence,  
 And think me too unkind ;  
 All boast of wisdom's but pretence,  
 Our passions make us blind.  
 Observe, at church, the learned priest,  
 He bids you temp'rance prize ;  
 Yet o'er his bottle, at a feast,  
 'Tis folly to be wise.

No more those musty rules pursue,  
 Once taught in heathen schools ;  
 Believe me (for I tell you true)  
 The ancients were but fools.  
 As thro' life's stream we glide along,  
 We different passions prize ;  
 But be the burden of my song,  
 'Tis folly to be wise.

## S O N G XLII.

**T**HE sun from the east tips the mountains with  
 gold,  
 And the meadows all spangled with dew-drops be-  
 hold ;

The

The lark's early matin proclaims the new day,  
 And the horn's cheerful summons rebukes our delay :  
 With the sports of the field there's no pleasure can vie.  
 While jocund we follow the hounds in full cry.

Let the drudge of the town make riches his sport,  
 And the slave of the state hunt the smiles of the  
 court ;

Nor care nor ambition our patience annoy,  
 But innocence still give us zeal to our joy.  
 With the sports of the field, &c.

Mankind are all hunters in various degree ;  
 The priest hunts a living, the lawyer a fee ;  
 The doctor a patient, the courtier a place,  
 Tho' often, like us, they're flung out with disgrace.  
 With the sports of the field, &c.

The cit hunts a plumb, the soldier hunts fame ;  
 The poet a dinner, the patriot a name ;  
 And the artful coquette, tho' she seems to refuse,  
 Yet, in spite of her airs, she her lover pursues.  
 With the sports of the field, &c.

Let the bold and the busy hunt glory and wealth,  
 All the blessing we ask, is the blessing of health ;  
 With hounds and with horns, thro' the woodlands  
 to roam,  
 And when tir'd abroad, find contentment at home.  
 With

With the sports of the field there's no pleasure can  
vie,  
While jocund we follow, the hounds in full cry.

---

## S O N G XLIII.

THE virgin, when soften'd by May,  
Attends to the villager's vows,  
The birds fondly bill on the spray,  
And poplars embrace with their boughs.  
On Ida bright Venus may reign,  
Ador'd for her beauty above;  
We shepherds, that dwell on the plain,  
Hail May, as the mother of love.

From the west, as it wantonly blows,  
Fond Zephyr caresses the vine;  
The bee steals a kiss from the rose,  
And willows and woodbines entwine;  
The pinks by the rivulet's side,  
That border the vernal alcove,  
Bend downward, and kiss the soft tide,  
For May is the mother of love.

May tinges the butterfly's wing,  
He flutters in bridal array;  
If the larks and the linnets now sing,  
Their music is taught them by May;

The

The stock-dove, recluse with her mate,  
 Conceals her fond bliss in the grove,  
 And murmuring, seems to repeat,  
 That May is the mother of love.

The goddess will visit ye soon,  
 Ye virgins, be sportive and gay ;  
 Get your pipes, oh ! ye shepherds, in tune,  
 For music must welcome the May ;  
 Would Damon have Phillis prove kind,  
 And all his keen anguish remove,  
 Let him tell her soft tales, and he'll find,  
 That May is the mother of love.

---

## S O N G XLIV.

ONCE the gods of the Greeks, at ambrosial feast  
 Large bowls of rich nectar were quaffing ;  
 Merry Momus among them was sat as a guest,  
 (Homer says the celestials lov'd laughing ;)  
 On each in the synod the humourist droll'd,  
 So none could his jokes disapprove ;  
 He sung, reparteed, and some smart stories told,  
 At last thus began upon Jove.

“ Sire ! Atlas, who long has the universe bore,  
 “ Grows grievously tired of late ;  
 “ He says that mankind are much worse than before,  
 “ So he begs to be eas'd of their weight.”  
 Jove, knowing the earth on poor Atlas was hurl'd,  
 From his shoulders commanded the ball,

Gave

Gave his daughter Attraction the charge of the world,  
And she hung it up in her hall.

Miss, pleas'd with the present, review'd the globe  
round,

To see what each climate was worth;  
Like a di'mond the whole with an atmosphere bound,  
And she variously planted the earth:  
With silver, gold, jewels, she India endow'd;  
France and Spain she taught vineyards to rear;  
What suited each clime on each clime she bestow'd,  
And FREEDOM she found flourish'd here.

Four cardinal virtues she left in this isle,  
As guardians to cherish the root;  
The blossoms of LIBERTY 'gan then to smile,  
And Englishmen fed on the fruit;  
Thus fed, and thus bred, from a bounty so rare,  
O preserve it as free as 'twas given;  
We will while we've breath; nay, we'll grasp it in  
death,  
Then return it untainted to heaven.

---

### S O N G XLV.

**T**O ease his heart, and own his flame,  
Blithe Jocky to young Jenny came;  
But, tho' she lik'd him passing weel,  
She careless turn'd her spinning wheel.

She

Her milk-white hand he did extol,  
 And prais'd her fingers long and small :  
 Unusual joy her heart did feel ;  
 But still she turn'd her spinning wheel.

Then round about her slender waist  
 He clasp'd his arms, and her embrac'd ;  
 To kiss her hand he down did kneel ;  
 But yet she turn'd her spinning wheel.

With gentle voice she bid him rise ;  
 He bless'd her neck, her lips, and eyes ;  
 Her fondness she could scarce conceal ;  
 Yet still she turn'd her spinning wheel.

Till, bolder grown, so close he press'd,  
 His wanton thought she quickly guess'd ;  
 Then push'd him from the rock and reel,  
 And angry turn'd her spinning wheel.

At last, when she began to chide,  
 He swore he meant her for his bride ;  
 'Twas then her love she did reveal,  
 And flung away her spinning wheel.

### S O N G XLVI.

**J**OLLY mortals, fill your glasses,  
 Noble deeds are done by wine ;  
 Scorn the nymph and all her graces,  
 Who'd for love or beauty pine ?

Look

Look within the bowl that's flowing,  
 And a thousand charms you'll find,  
 More than Phillis has, tho' going  
 In the moment to be kind.

Alexander hated thinking,  
 Drank about at council-board :  
 He subdued the world by drinking,  
 More than by his conqu'ring sword.

---

## SONG XLVII.

**I**F love's a sweet passion. how can it torment ?  
 If bitter, O tell me whence comes my content !  
 Since I suffer with pleasure, why should I complain.  
 Or grieve at my fate, since I know 'tis in vain ?  
 Yet so pleasing the pain is, so soft is the dart,  
 That at once it both wounds me and tickles my heart.

I grasp her hand gently, look languishing down,  
 And by passionate silence I make my love known :  
 But, oh ! how I'm blest when so kind she does prove,  
 By some willing mistake to discover her love ;  
 When, in striving to hide, she reveals all her flame,  
 And our eyes tell each other what neither dare name !

How pleasing is beauty ! how sweet are her charms !  
 How delightful her embraces ! how peaceful her arms !  
 Sure there's nothing so easy as learning to love ;  
 'Tis taught us on earth, and by all things above :  
 And to beauty's bright standard all heroes must yield,  
 For 'tis beauty that conquers and keeps the fair field.

SONG



## SONG XLVIII.

**I**F wine be a cordial, why does it torment?  
 If a poison, oh tell me, whence comes my content?  
 Since I drink it with pleasure, why should I complain?  
 Or repent ev'ry morn, when I know 'tis in vain:  
 Yet so charming the glass is, so deep is the quart,  
 That at once it both drowns and enlivens the heart,

I take it off briskly, and when it is down,  
 By my jolly complexion I make my joy known.  
 But oh! how I'm blest! when so strong it does prove,  
 By its sovereign heat to expel that of love;  
 When in quenching the old, I create a new flame,  
 And am wrapt in such pleasures as still wants a name.

---

## SONG XLIX.

## RECITATIVE.

**N**EAR a thick grove, whose deep embow'ring  
 shade  
 Seem'd most for love and contemplation made,  
 A crystal stream with gentle murmurs flows,  
 Whose flow'ry banks are form'd for soft repose;  
 Thither retir'd from Phoebus' sultry ray,  
 And lull'd in sleep, fair Iphigenia lay.  
 Cymon a clown, who never dreamt of love,  
 By chance was stumping to the neighb'ring grove;  
 He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,  
 And whistled as he went, for want of thought;

But

But when he first beheld the sleeping maid,  
 He gap'd—he star'd—her lovely form survey'd;  
 And while with artless voice he sweetly sung,  
 Beauty and nature thus inform'd his tongue.

## AIR.

The stream that glides with murmurs by,  
 Whose glassy bosom shews the sky,  
 Completes the rural scene,  
 But in thy bosom, charming maid,  
 All heav'n itself is sure display'd,  
 Too lovely Iphigene,

## RECITATIVE.

She wakes and starts—poor Cymon trembling stands,  
 Down falls the staff from his unnerved hands;  
 Bright excellence, said he, dispel all fear;  
 Where honour's present, sure no danger's near.  
 Half rais'd, with gentle accent, she replies,  
 Oh, Cymon! if 'tis you, I need not rise;  
 Thy honest heart no wrong can entertain;  
 Pursue thy way, and let me sleep again.  
 The clown, transported, was not silent long,  
 But thus with extacy pursued his song.

## AIR.

Thy jetty locks, that careless break,  
 In wanton ringlets, down thy neck;  
 Thy love-inspiring mien,  
 Thy swelling bosom, skin of snow,  
 And taper shape, inchant me so,  
 I die for Iphigene.

## E

## RECITATIVE.

## RECITATIVE.

Amaz'd, she listens, nor can trace from whence  
 The former clod is thus inspir'd with sense;  
 She gazes—finds him comely, tall, and strait,  
 And thinks he might improve his aukward gait;  
 Bids him be secret, and next day attend,  
 At the same hour, to meet his faithful friend.  
 Thus mighty love could teach a clown to plead;  
 And nature's language surest will succeed.

## AIR.

Love's a pure, a sacred fire,  
 Kindling gentle, chaste desire;  
 Love can rage itself controul,  
 And elevate the human soul.  
 Depriv'd of that, our wretched state  
 Had made our lives of too long date;  
 But blest with beauty, and with love,  
 We taste what angels do above,

---

## SONG L.

## RECITATIVE.

**T**WAS at the gate of Calais, Hogarth tells,  
 Where sad despair and famine always dwells,  
 A meagre Frenchman, madame Granfire's cook,  
 As home he steer'd his carcase, that way took;  
Bending

Bending beneath the weight of sam'd fir-loin,  
 On whom in vain he often wish'd to dine,  
 Good father Dominic by chance came by,  
 With rosy gills, round paunch, and greedy eye;  
 Who, when he first beheld the greasy load,  
 His benediction on it he bestow'd;  
 And as the solid fat his fingers press'd,  
 He lick'd his chaps, and thus the knight address'd

Arr.

*(A lovely lass to a friar came, &c.)*

O rare roast beef! lov'd by all mankind,  
 If I was doom'd to have thee,  
 When dress'd and garnish'd to my mind,  
 And swimming in thy gravy;  
 Not all thy country's force combin'd  
 Should from my fury save thee.

Renown'd fir-loin, oft times decreed  
 The theme of English ballad;  
 On thee ev'n kings have deign'd to feed,  
 Unknown to Frenchman's palate:  
 Then how much doth thy taste exceed  
 Soup-meagre, frogs and fallad!

RECITATIVE.

A half-starv'd soldier, shirtless, pale and lean,  
 Who such a sight before had never seen,  
 Like Garrick's frighted Hamlet, gaping stood,  
 And gaz'd with wonder on the British food.

His morning's mess forsook the friendly bowl,  
 And in small streams along the pavement stole.  
 He heav'd a sigh, which gave his heart relief,  
 And then in plaintive tone declar'd his grief.

AIR.

(Foot's Minuet.)

Ah, sacre Dieu! vat do I see yonder,  
 Dat looks so tempting red and vite?  
 Begar it is de roast beef from Londre;  
 O! grant to me van letel bite.

But to my guts if you give no heeding,  
 And cruel fate dis boon denies;  
 In kind compassion unto my pleading,  
 Return, and let me feast my eyes.

RECITATIVE.

His fellow-guard, of right Hibernian clay,  
 Whose brazen front his country did betray,  
 From Tyburn's fatal tree had hither fled,  
 By honest means to gain his daily bread.  
 Soon as the well known prospect he descry'd,  
 In blubb'ring accents dolefully he cry'd.

AIR.

## AIR.

*(Ellen a Reen.)*

Sweet beef, that now causes my stomach to rise,  
 Sweet beef, that now causes my stomach to rise,

So taking thy sight is,

My joy that so light is,

To view thee, by pailfuls runs out of my eyes.

While here I remain my life's not worth a farthing,

While here I remain my life's not worth a farthing.

Ah, hard-hearted Loui!

Why did I come to you;

The gallows, more kind, would have sav'd me from  
 starving.

## RECITATIVE.

Upon the ground hard by poor Sawney fate,  
 Who fed his nose, and scratch'd his ruddy pate;  
 But when Old England's bulwark he espy'd,  
 His dear lov'd mull, alas! was thrown aside:  
 With lifted hand he bless'd his native place,  
 Then scrubb'd himself, and thus bewail'd his case.

## AIR.

*(The Broom of Cowdenknows.)*

How hard, oh! Sawney, is thy lot,

Who was so blithe of late,

To see such meat as can't be got,

When hunger is so great!

O the beef! the bonny bonny beef,  
 When roasted nice and brown;  
 I wish I had a slice of thee,  
 How sweet it would gang down.

Ah, Charley! hadst thou not been seen,  
 This ne'er had happ'd to me;  
 I would the de'el had pick'd mine ey'n,  
 Ere I had gang'd wi' thee.  
 O the beef, &c.

#### RECITATIVE.

But, see, my muse to England takes her flight,  
 Where health and plenty socially unite;  
 Where smiling freedom guards great George's throne,  
 And whips, and chains, and tortures are not known.  
 Tho' Britain's fame in loftiest strains should ring,  
 In rustic fable give me leave to sing.

#### AIR.

As once on a time a young frog, pert and vain,  
 Beheld a large ox grazing o'er the wide plain,  
 He boasted his size he could quickly attain.  
 O the roast beef of Old England,  
 And O the Old English roast beef.

Then eagerly stretching his weak little frame,  
 Mamma, who stood by, like a knowing old dame,  
 Cry'd, "Son, to attempt it you're surely to blame."  
 O the roast beef, &c.

But



But deaf to advice he for glory did thirst ;  
 An effort he ventur'd more strong than the first,  
 'Till swelling and straining too hard, made him burst.  
     O the roast beef, &c.

Then Britons, be valiant, the moral is clear ;  
 The ox is Old England ; the frog is monsieur,  
 Whose puffs and bravadoes we need never fear.  
     O the roast beef, &c.

For while by our commerce and arts we are able  
 To see the sir-loin smoaking hot on our table,  
 The French may e'en burst like the frog in the fable.  
     O the roast beef of Old England,  
     And O the Old English roast beef.

---

## S O N G   L I.

**M**Y temples with clusters of grapes I'll entwine,  
 And barter all joy for a goblet of wine ;  
 In search of a Venus no longer I'll run,  
 But stop and forget her at Bacchus's tun.

Yet why this resolve to relinquish the fair ?  
 'Tis a folly with spirits like mine to despair ;  
 For what mighty charms can be found in a glass,  
 If not fill'd to the health of some favourite lass ?

'Tis woman whose charms ev'ry rapture impart,  
 And lend a new spring to the pulse of the heart:  
 The miser himself (so supreme is her sway)  
 Grows a convert to love, and resigns her his key.

At the sound of her voice, sorrow lifts up her head,  
 And poverty listens well pleas'd from her shed;  
 While age, in an extacy hobbling along,  
 Beats time with his crutch to the tune of her song.

Then bring me a goblet from Bacchus's hoard,  
 The largest and deepest that stands on his board;  
 I'll fill up a brimmer, and drink to the fair;  
 'Tis the thirst of a lover, and pledge me who dare.

---

## S O N G   LII.

**Y**E mortals, whom fancies and troubles perplex,  
 Whom folly misguides, and infirmities vex;  
 Whose lives hardly know what it is to be blest;  
 Who rise without joy, and lie down without rest;  
     Obey the glad summons, to Lethe repair,  
     Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care.

Old maids shall forget what they wish for in vain,  
 And young ones the rover they cannot regain;  
 The rake shall forget how last night he was cloy'd,  
 And Chloe again be with passion enjoy'd:  
     Obey then the summons, to Lethe repair,  
     And drink an oblivion to trouble and care.

The

The wife at one draught shall forget all her wants,  
 And drench her fond fool to forget her gallants;  
 The troubled in mind shall go cheerful away,  
 And yesterday's wretch be quite happy to-day:  
     Obey then the summons, to Lethe repair,  
     Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care.

---

## S O N G   L I I I .

**W**HEN Phœbus the tops of the hills does adorn,  
     How sweet is the sound of the echoing horn!  
 When the antling stag is rouz'd with the sound,  
 Erecting his ears, nimbly sweeps o'er the ground,  
 And thinks he has left us behind on the plain:  
 But still we pursue, and now come in view of the  
     glorious game.

O see how again he rears up his head,  
 And winged with fear, he redoubles his speed:  
 But, oh! 'tis in vain 'tis in vain, that he flies,  
 That his eyes lose the huntsman, his ears lose the  
     cries:  
 For now his strength fails him, he heavily flies,  
 And he pants, till well-scented hounds surrounded  
     he dies.

S O N G

## S O N G   L I V .

**W**ITH women and wine I defy ev'ry care,  
 For life without these is a bubble of air;  
 Each helping the other, in pleasure I roll,  
 And a new flow of spirits enlivens my soul,

Let grave sober mortals my maxims condemn,  
 I never shall alter my conduct for them;  
 I care not how much they my measures decline,  
 Let 'em have their own humour, and I will have mine.

Wine prudently us'd will our senses improve,  
 'Tis the spring-tide of life, and the fuel of love;  
 And Venus ne'er look'd with a smile so divine,  
 As when Mars bound his head with a branch from  
       the vine.

Then come, my dear charmer, thou nymph half-  
       divine,  
 First pledge me with kisses, next pledge me with wine;  
 Then giving and taking, in mutual return,  
 The torch of our loves shall eternally burn.

But should'st thou my passion for wine disapprove,  
 My bumper I'll quit to be blest with thy love;  
 For rather than forfeit the joys of my lass,  
 My bottle I'll break, and demolish my glass.

## SONG LV.

COME, come, my good shepherds, our flocks we  
must shear;

In your holiday suits with your lasses appear:  
The happiest of folks are the guiltless and free;  
And who are so guiltless, so happy, as we?

We harbour no passions by luxury taught;  
We practice no arts with hypocrisy fraught:  
What we think in our hearts you may read in our eyes,  
For, knowing no falsehood, we need no disguise.

By mode and caprice are the city dames led;  
But we all the children of nature are bred:  
By her hands alone we are painted and drest,  
For the roses will bloom when there's peace in the  
breast.

The giant, ambition, we never can dread;  
Our roofs are too low for so lofty a head;  
Content and sweet cheerfulness open our door;  
We smile with the simple, and feed with the poor.

When love has possess'd us, that love we reveal;  
Like the flocks that we feed are the passions we feel;  
So harmless and simple we sport and we play,  
And leave to fine folk to deceive and betray.

## S O N G LVI.

**W**HEN Britain first at heav'n's command,  
 Arose from out the azure main,  
 This was the charter of the land,  
 And guardian angels sung the strain :  
 Rule, Britannin, Britannia, rule the waves,  
 For Britons never will be slaves.

The nations, not so blest as thee,  
 Must in their turns, to tyrants fall,  
 Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free,  
 The dread and envy of them all.  
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,  
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke,  
 As the loud blast that tears the skies,  
 Serves but to root thy native oak.  
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame ;  
 All their attempts to bend thee down,  
 Will but arouse, thy gen'rous flame,  
 And work their woe, and thy renown.  
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign,  
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine,  
 All thine shall be the subject main,  
 And ev'ry shore it circles, thine.  
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

The muses, still with freedom found,  
 Shall to thy happy coast repair,  
 Bless'd isle! with matchless beauties crown'd,  
 And manly hearts to guard the fair.  
 Rule, Britannia, Britannia, rule the waves,  
 For Britons never will be slaves.

---

## SONG LVII.

**B**Y my sighs you may discover  
 What soft wishes touch my heart;  
 Eyes can speak, and tell the lover  
 What the tongue must not impart.

Blushing shame forbids revealing,  
 Thoughts your breast may disapprove,  
 But 'tis hard, and past concealing,  
 When we truly, fondly love.



## SONG LVIII.

**H**E comes, he comes, the hero's come!  
 Sound, sound the trumpet, beat, beat the drum;  
 From port to port, let cannons roar,  
 He's welcome to the British shore.

Prepare, prepare, your songs prepare;  
 Loud, loudly rend the echoing air;  
 From pole to pole your joys resound,  
 May virtue be with glory crown'd.

---

## SONG LIX.

**W**HEN Bibb thought fit from the world to  
 retreat,  
 As full of champagne as an egg's full of meat,  
 He wak'd in the boat, and to Charon he said,  
 He would be row'd back, for he was not yet dead.  
 "Trim the boat, and sit quiet!" stern Charon  
 reply'd;  
 "You may have forgot—you were drunk when you  
 dy'd."

---

## SONG LX.

**H**Appy's the love which meets return,  
 When in soft flames souls equal burn;  
 But words are wanting to discover  
 The torments of a hopeless lover.  
 Ye registers of heav'n, relate,  
 If looking o'er the rolls of fate,  
 Did you there see me mark'd to marrow  
 Mary Scot, the flower of Yarrow?

Ah no ! her form's too heavenly fair,  
 Her love the gods above must share ;  
 While mortals with despair explore her,  
 And at a distance due adore her.  
 O lovely maid ! my doubts beguile,  
 Revive and bless me with a smile :  
 Alas ! if not, you'll soon debar-a  
 Sighing swain the banks of Yarrow.

But hush, ye fears, I'll not despair,  
 My Mary's tender as she's fair ;  
 Then I'll go tell her all my anguish,  
 She is too good to let me languish :  
 With success crown'd, I'll not envy  
 The folks who dwell above the sky ;  
 When Mary Scot's become my marrow,  
 We'll make a paradise on Yarrow.

---

## SONG LXI.

CAN love be controul'd by advice ?  
 Can madness and reason agree ?  
 O MOLLY who'd ever be wise,  
 If madness is loving of thee ?

Let sages pretend to despise  
 The joys they want spirits to taste ;  
 Let me seize on old Time as he flies,  
 And the blessings of life while they last.

Dull

Dull wisdom but adds to our cares ;  
 Brisk love will improve ev'ry joy :  
 Too soon we may meet with grey hairs ;  
 Too late may repent being coy.

Then MOLLY, for what should we stay,  
 Till all our best blood does run cold ?  
 Our youth we can have but to day,  
 We may always find time to grow old.

---

## S O N G LXII.

**S**URE Sally is the loveliest lass  
 That e'er gave shepherd glee ;  
 Not May-day, in its morning-dress,  
 Is half so fair as she ;  
 Let poets paint the Paphian queen,  
 And fancy'd forms adore ;  
 Ye bards, had ye my Sally seen,  
 You'd think on those no more.

No more ye'd prate of Hybla's hill,  
 Where bees their honey sip,  
 Did ye but know the sweets that dwell  
 On Sally's love-taught lip :

But ah ! take heed, ye tuneful swains,  
 The ripe temptation shun ;  
 Or else like me you'll wear her chains,  
 Like me you'll be undone.

Once in my cot secure I slept,  
 And lark-like hail'd the morn ;  
 More sportive than the kids I kept,  
 I wanton'd o'er the lawn :  
 To ev'ry maid love-tales I told,  
 And did my truth aver ;  
 Yet ere the parting kifs was cold  
 I laugh'd at love and her.

But now the gloomy grove I seek,  
 Where love-lorn shepherds stray ;  
 There to the winds my grief I speak,  
 And sigh my soul away :  
 Nought but despair my fancy paints,  
 No dawn of hope I see ;  
 For Sally's pleas'd with my complaints,  
 And laughs at love and me.

Since these my poor neglected lambs,  
 So late my only care,  
 Have lost their tender fleecy dams,  
 And stray'd I know not where ;  
 Alas ! my ewes, in vain ye bleat ;  
 My lambkins lost, adieu !  
 No more we on the plains shall meet,  
 For lost's your shepherd too.

## S O N G LXIII.

**T**HE women all tell me I'm false to my lass,  
 That I quit my poor Chloe, and stick to my glass  
 But to you, men of reason, my reasons I'll own ;  
 And, if you don't like them, why—let them alone.  
 F Altho'

Altho' I have left her the truth I'll declare ;  
 I believe she was good, and I'm sure she was fair ;  
 But goodness and charms in a bumper I see,  
 That make it as good and as charming as she.

My Chloe had dimples and smiles, I must own :  
 But, tho' she could smile, yet in truth she could frown :  
 But tell me, ye lovers of liquor divine,  
 Did you e'er see a frown in a bumper of wine ?

Her lilies and roses were just in their prime ;  
 Yet lilies and roses are conquer'd by time ;  
 But in wine, from its age, such a benefit flows,  
 That we like it the better, the older it grows.

They tell me, my love would in time have been cloy'd,  
 And that beauty's insipid when once 'tis enjoy'd ;  
 But in wine I both time and enjoyment defy ;  
 For the longer I drink, the more thirsty am I.

Let murders, and battles, and history prove  
 The mischiefs that wait upon rivals in love ;  
 But in drinking, thank heav'n, no rival contends ;  
 For the more we love liquor, the more we are friends.

She too might have poison'd the joy of my life  
 With nurses, and babies, and squalling and strife ;  
 But my wine neither nurses nor babies can bring ;  
 And a big belly'd bottle's a mighty good thing.

We

We shorten our days when with love we engage;  
 It brings on diseases, and hastens old age;  
 But wine from grim death can its votaries save,  
 And keep out t'other leg, when there's one in the  
 grave.

Perhaps, like her sex, ever false to her word,  
 She had left me, to get an estate, or a lord;  
 But my bumper (regarding nor title nor pelf)  
 Will stand by me when I can't stand by myself.

Then let my dear Chloe no longer complain;  
 She's rid of her lover, and I of my pain;  
 For in wine, mighty wine, many comforts I spy;  
 Should you doubt what I say, take a bumper and try.

---

# SONG LXIV.

**N**O longer let whimsical songsters compare  
 The merits of wine with the charms of the  
 fair;

I appeal to the men to determine between  
 A tun belly'd Bacchus and beauty's fair queen.

The pleasures of drinking henceforth I resign;  
 For tho' there is mirth, yet there's madness in wine;  
 Then let not false sparkles our senses beguile;  
 'Tis the mention of Chloe that makes the glass smile.

Her beauties with rapture my senses inspire,  
 And the more I behold her the more I admire !  
 But the charms of her temper and mind I adore ;  
 These virtues shall bless me when beauty's no more.

How happy our days when with love we engage !  
 'Tis the transport of youth ; 'tis the comfort of age ;  
 But what are the joys of the bottle, or bowl ?  
 Wine tickles the taste, love enraptures of the soul !

A sot as he riots in liquor, will cry,  
 The longer I drink, the more thirsty am I.  
 From this fair confession, 'tis plain my good friend,  
 You're a toper eternal, and drink to no end.

Your big-belly'd bottle may ravish your eye,  
 But how foolish you look when your bottle is dry !  
 From woman, dear woman, sweet pleasure must spring ;  
 Nay, the Stoics must own it—she is the best thing.

Yet some praises to wine we may justly afford ;  
 For a time it will make one as great as a lord ;  
 But woman, for ever, gives transport to man,  
 And I'll love dear sex—aye, as long as I can.

---

### S O N G L X V .

**Y**E belles and ye flirts, and ye pert little things,  
 Who trip in this frolicsome round,  
 Pray tell me from whence this indecency springs,  
 The sexes at once to confound ?

What .



What means the cock'd hat, and the masculine air,  
 With each motion design'd to perplex;  
 Bright eyes were intended to languish, not stare,  
 And softness the test of your sex—dear girls.

The girl who on beauty depends for support  
 May call ev'ry art to her aid;  
 The bosom display'd, and the petticoat short,  
 Are samples she gives of her trade.  
 But you on whom fortune indulgently smiles,  
 And whom pride has preserv'd from the snare,  
 Should slyly attack us with coyness and wiles,  
 Not with open and insolent air,—brave girls.

The Venus, whose statue delights all mankind,  
 Shrinks modestly back from the view,  
 And kindly should seem, by the artist design'd,  
 To serve as a model for you.  
 Then learn, with her beauties, to copy her air;  
 Nor venture too much to reveal;  
 Our fancies will paint what you cover with care,  
 And double each charm you conceal—sweet girls.

The blushes of morn, and the mildness of May,  
 Are charms which no art can procure;  
 Oh! be but yourselves, and our homage we'll pay,  
 As / o ur empire is solid, and sure;

But if, Amazon-like, you attack your gallants,  
 And put us in fear of our lives,  
 You may do very well for sisters and aunts;  
 But believe me, you'll never be wives—poor girls.

---

## S O N G LXVI.

**W**ELL met, pretty nymph, says a jolly young  
 swain  
 To a lovely young shepherdess crossing the plain;  
 Why so much in haste? (now the month it was May)  
 Shall I venture to ask you fair maiden which way?  
 Then straight to this question the nymph did reply,  
 With a smile in her look, and a leer in her eye,  
 I came from the village, and homeward I go;  
 And now, gentle shepherd, pray why would you  
 know?

I hope, pretty maid, you won't take it amiss,  
 If I tell you the reason of asking you this;  
 I would see you safe home, (now the swain was in love)  
 Of such a companion if you would approve.  
 Your offer, kind shepherd, is civil, I own,  
 But I see no great danger in going alone;  
 Nor yet can I hinder, the road being free  
 For one as another, for you as for me.

No danger in going alone, it is true,  
 But yet a companion is pleasanter too;  
 And if you could like (now the swain he took heart)  
 Such an one as me, mistress, we never would part.

Oh!

Oh! that's a long word, said the shepherdess then;  
 And I've often heard say, there's no minding you men:  
 You'll say and unsay, you'll flatter, and woo;  
 Then leave a young maiden, the first thing you do.

Oh! judge not so harshly, the shepherd reply'd;  
 To prove what I say, I will make you my bride;  
 To-morrow the parson (well said, little swain),  
 Shall join both our hands, and make one of us twain;  
 Then what the nymph answer'd to this is not said;  
 But the very next morn to be sure they were wed:  
 Sing hey diddle, ho diddle, hey diddle down;  
 Now when shall we see such a wedding in town?

---

### S O N G LXVII.

O Sandy, why leav'st thou thy Nelly to mourn?  
 Thy presence can ease me,  
 When naething can please me;  
 Now dowie I sigh on the banks of the burn,  
 Or thro' the wood, Laddie, until thou return.

The woods now are bonny, and mornings are clear,  
 While lav'rocks are singing,  
 And primroses springing,  
 Yet nane of them pleases mine eye or mine ear,  
 When throw the wood, Laddie, ye dinna appear.

That I am forsaken some spare not to tell,  
 I'm fash'd wi' their scorning  
 Baith ev'ning and morning,  
 Their jeering goes aft to my heart wi' a knell,  
 When throw the wood, Laddie, I wander my fell.

Then stay, my dear Sandy, no longer away,  
 But quick as an arrow,  
 Haste here to thy marrow,  
 Wha's living in langour 'till that happy day,  
 When throw the wood, Laddie, we'll dance, sing and  
 play.

---

## S O N G LXVIII.

**I**N a plain pleasant cottage, conveniently neat,  
 With a mill, and some meadows—(a freehold  
 estate)

A well meaning miller by labour supplies  
 Those blessings that nature to grand ones denies ;  
 No passions to plague him, no cares to torment,  
 His constant companions are health and content :  
 Their lordships, in lace, may take note, if they will,  
 For he's honest—tho' daub'd with the dust of his mill.

Ere the larks early carol salutes the new day,  
 He springs from his cottage, as jocund as May ;  
 He cheerfully whistles, regardless of care,  
 Or sings the last ballad he bought at the fair :

While

While courtiers are toil'd in the cobwebs of state,  
 Or bribing elections, in hopes to be great ;  
 No fraud, nor ambition, his bosom e'er fill,  
 Contented he works if there's gift for his mill.

On Sunday, bedeck'd in his home-spun array,  
 At church he's the loudest to chant or to pray ;  
 Sits down to a dinner of plain English food ;  
 And, tho' simple the pudding, his appetite's good :  
 At night, when the priest and exciseman are gone,  
 He quaffs at the ale-house with Roger and John ;  
 Then returns to his pillow, and dreams of no ill,  
 —No monarch's more blest than the man of the mill.

---

## S O N G   L X I X .

**G**AY Damon long study'd my heart to obtain,  
 The prettiest young shepherd that pipes on the plain ;  
 I'd hear his soft tale, then declare 'twas amiss,  
 And I often said No, when I long'd to say Yes.

Last Valentine's day to our cottage he came,  
 And brought me two lambkins to witness his flame ;  
 Oh ! take these, he cry'd, thou more fair than their  
                   fleece ;

I could hardly say No, tho' asham'd to say Yes.

Soon after, one morning, we sat in the grove ;  
 He press'd my hand hard, and in sighs breath'd his  
                   love ;

Then tenderly ask'd, if I'd grant him a kiss ?  
 I design'd to have said No, but mistook, and said Yes.

At

At this, with delight, his heart danc'd in his breast;  
 Ye gods, he cry'd, Chloe will now make me blest;  
 Come, let's to the church, and share conjugal bliss;  
 To prevent being teaz'd, I was forc'd to say Yes.

I ne'er was so pleas'd with a word in my life;  
 I ne'er was so happy as since I'm a wife;  
 Then take, ye young damsels, my counsel in this,  
 You must die all old maids, if you will not say Yes.

---

## S O N G LXX.

**S**EE the conquering hero comes,  
 Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;  
 Sports prepare, the laurel bring,  
 Songs of triumph to him sing.

See the godlike youth advance,  
 Breath the flutes, and lead the dance;  
 Myrtle wreaths and roses twine,  
 To deck the hero's brow divine.

---

## S O N G LXXI.

**T**HE gaudy tulip swells with pride,  
 And rears its beauties to the sun,  
 With Heav'n born tints of Iris bow;  
 While low the vi'let springs beside,  
 As in the shade it strives to shun  
 The hand of some rapacious foe.

Of worth intrinsic, small the store  
 That from the tulip can arise,  
 When parted from its glowing bed :  
 While hid, the vi'let charms the more,  
 Like incense in its native skies,  
 When cropt to grace the virgin head.

Then think, ye fair ones, how these flow'rs  
 Are wrought in nature's various robe ;  
 Where pride declines, and merit thrives,  
 Your virgin dignity o'er-pow'rs  
 The heroes of the conquer'd globe,  
 But sweet compliance makes ye wives.

## S O N G LXXII.

**A**T Totterdown-hill there dwelt an old pair,  
 And 't may be they dwell there still,  
 Much riches indeed didn't fall to their share,  
 They kept a small farm and a mill ;  
 But fully contented with what they did get,  
 They knew not of guile or of arts ;  
 One daughter they had, and her name it was Bet,  
 And she was the pride of their hearts.

Nut brown were her locks, her shape it was strait,  
 Her eyes were as black as a sloe ;  
 Her teeth were milk white, full smart was her gait,  
 And sleek was her skin as a doe ;

All



All thick were the clouds, and the rain it did pour,  
 No bit of true blue could be spy'd,  
 A child, wet and cold, came and knock'd at the door;  
 Its mam it had lost, and it cry'd.

Young Bet was as mild as the mornings of May,  
 The babe she hugg'd close to her breast;  
 She chaf'd him all over, he smil'd as he lay,  
 She kiss'd him and lull'd him to rest;  
 But who do you think she had got for her prize?  
 Why love, the fly master of arts;  
 No sooner he wak'd, but he dropp'd his disguise,  
 And shew'd her his wings, and his darts.

Quoth he, I am love; but yet be not afraid,  
 Tho' all I make shake at my will,  
 So good, and so kind, have you been, my fair maid,  
 No harm shall you feel from my skill;  
 My mother ne'er dealt with such fondness by me,  
 A friend you shall find in me still?  
 Take my quiver and shoot, be greater than she,  
 The Venus of Totterdown-hill.

---

## S O N G LXXIII.

**W**HERE shall Celia fly for shelter,  
 To what secret grove or cave?  
 Sighs and sonnets sent to melt her,  
 From the young, the gay, the brave;

The

Tho' with prudish airs she starch her,  
 Still she longs and still she burns;  
 Cupid shoots like Hayman's archer,  
 Wherefoe'er the damsel turns.

Virtue, youth, good sense, and beauty,  
 If discretion guides us not,  
 Sometimes are the ruffian's booty,  
 Sometimes are the booby's lot;  
 Now they're purchas'd by the trader,  
 Now commanded by the peer;  
 Now some subtle, mean invader,  
 Wins the heart, or gains the ear.

O discretion, thou'rt a jewel,  
 Or our grand mamma's mistake;  
 Stint inflam'd by baiting fuel,  
 Always careful and awake;  
 Would you keep your pearls from trampers,  
 Weigh the licence, weigh the banns;  
 Mark my song upon your samplers,  
 Wear it on your knots and fans.

---

### S O N G LXXIV.

**N**O nymph that trips the verdant plains  
 With Sally can compare;  
 She wins the hearts of all the swains,  
 And rivals all the fair;

The

The beams of Sol delight and cheer,  
 While summer seasons roll ;  
 But Sally's smiles can all the year  
 Give pleasure to the soul.

When from the east the morning ray  
 Illumes the world below,  
 Her presence bids the god of day,  
 With emulation glow ;  
 Fresh beauties deck the painted ground,  
 Birds sweeter notes prepare ;  
 The playful lambkins skip around,  
 And hail their sister fair.

The lark but strains his liquid throat,  
 To bid the maid rejoice,  
 And mimicks, (while he swells his note)  
 The sweetness of her voice ;  
 The fanning Zephyrs round her play,  
 While Flora sheds perfume,  
 And ev'ry flow'ret seems to say,  
 I but for Sally bloom.

The am'rous youth her charms proclaim,  
 From morn to eve their tale ;  
 Her beauty and unspotted fame  
 Make vocal every vale ;  
 The stream meand'ring thro' the mead,  
 Her echo'd name conveys ;  
 And ev'ry voice, and ev'ry reed,  
 Is tuned to Sally's praise.

No more shall blithsome las and swain  
 To mirthful wake resort,  
 Nor ev'ry May-morn on the plain  
 Advance in rural sport:  
 No more shall gush the purling rill,  
 Nor music wake the grove,  
 Nor flocks look snow-like on the hill,  
 When I forget to love.

---

## SONG LXXV.

**W**HY heaves my fond bosom; ah! what can it  
 mean?

Why flutters my heart that was once so serene?

Why this sighing and trembling when Daphne is  
 near;

Or why, when she's absent, this sorrow and fear?

Methinks I for ever with wonder could trace

The thousand soft charms that embellish her face;

Each moment I view her, new beauties I find;

With her face I am charm'd, but enslav'd by her  
 mind.

Untainted with folly, unsway'd by pride,

There native good-humour and virtue reside;

Pray heaven that virtue thy soul may supply,

With compassion for him, who without thee must die.

---

## SONG LXXVI.

**T**HE las of Peaty's mill.

So bonny, blyth, and gay,

In spite of all my skill,

Hain stole my heart away.

When

When tedding of the hay,  
 Bare-headed, on the green,  
 Love 'midst her locks did play,  
 And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms, white, round, and smooth ;  
 Breasts rising in their dawn ;  
 To age it would give youth,  
 To press 'em with his hand.  
 Thro' all my spirits ran  
 An ecstasy of blifs,  
 When I such sweetness fand  
 Wrapt in a balmy kifs.

Without the help of art,  
 Like flowers which grace the wild,  
 She did her sweets impart  
 Whene'er she spoke or smil'd ;  
 Her looks they were so mild,  
 Free from affected pride,  
 She me to love beguil'd ;  
 I wish'd her for my bride.

Oh ! had I all that wealth  
 Hopetoun's high mountains fill,  
 Insur'd long life and wealth,  
 And pleasures at my will ;  
 I'd promise and fulfil,  
 That none but bonny she,  
 The lass of Peaty's mill,  
 Should share the same wi' me.

S O N G

## SONG LXXVII.

## RECITATIVE.

TO Handel's pleasing notes, as Chloe sung  
 The charms of heav'nly liberty,  
 A bird, till then with bondage pleas'd,  
 With ardour panted to be free ;  
 His prison broke, he seeks the distant plain ;  
 Yet, ere he flies, tunes forth this parting strain ;

## AIR.

Whilst to the distant vale I wing,  
 Nor wait the slow return of spring,  
 Rather in leafless groves to dwell,  
 Than in my Chloe's warmer cell ;  
 Forgive me, mistress, since, by thee,  
 I first was taught sweet liberty.

Soon as the welcome spring shall chear,  
 With genial warmth, the drooping year,  
 I'll tell, upon the topmost spray,  
 Thy sweeter notes improv'd my lay,  
 And, in my prison, learn'd from thee  
 To warble forth sweet liberty.

Waste not on me an useless care ;  
 That kind concern let Strephon share ;  
 Slight are my sorrows, slight my ills,  
 To those which he, poor captive ! feels,  
 Who, kept in hopeless bonds by thee,  
 Yet strives not for his liberty.

## SONG LXXVIII.

## RECITATIVE.

THE whistling ploughman hails the blushing  
 dawn,  
 The thrush melodious drowns the rustic note,  
 Loud sings the black bird thro' resounding groves,  
 And the lark soars to meet the rising sun.

## AIR.

Away, to the copse lead away ;  
 And now, my boys, throw off the bounds ;  
 I'll warrant he shews us some play ;  
 See, yonder he skulks thro' the grounds.  
 Then spur your brisk coursers, and smoke 'em my  
 blood.  
 'Tis a delicate scent-lying morn ;  
 What concert is equal to that of the woods,  
 Betwixt echo, the hounds and the horn.

Each earth see he tries at vain,  
 In cover no safety can find ;  
 So he breaks it, and scours amain,  
 And leaves us at distance behind.  
 O'er rocks, and o'er rivers, and hedges we fly,  
 All hazard and danger we scorn ;  
 Stout reynard we'll follow until that he die ;  
 Cheer up the good dogs with the horn.

And



And now he scarce creeps thro' the dale,  
 All parch'd from his mouth hangs his tongue;  
 His speed can no longer avail,  
 Nor his life can his cunning prolong.  
 From our staunch and fleet pack 'twas in vain that  
     he fled,  
 See his brush falls bemir'd, forlorn;  
 The farmers with pleasure behold him lie dead,  
 And shout to the sound of the horn.

---

## S O N G LXXIX.

T O speak my mind of womankind,  
     In one word 'tis this,  
 By nature they're design'd  
     To say and do amiss.

Be they maids, be they wives,  
 Alike they plague our lives;  
 Wanton, headstrong, cunning, vain,  
 Born to cheat, and give men pain.

Their study, day and night,  
 Is mischief, their delight;  
 And if we should prevent,  
 At one door, their intent,  
 They quickly turn about,  
 And find another out.

## SONG LXXX.

**F**LY swiftly ye minutes, till Comus receive  
 The nameless soft transports that beauty can  
 give;  
 The bowl's frolic joys let him teach her to prove;  
 And she, in return, yield the raptures of love.

Without love and wine, wit and beauty are vain,  
 Pow'r and grandeur insipid, and riches a pain;  
 The most splendid palace grows dark as the grave;  
 Love and wine, give ye gods! or take back what ye  
 gave.

---

## SONG LXXXI.

**M**Y blifs too long my bride denies;  
 Apace the wasting summer flies;  
 Nor yet the wintry blasts I fear;  
 Nor storms, nor night, shall keep me here.

What may, for strength, with steel compare  
 Oh! love has fetters stronger far;  
 By bolts of steel are limbs confin'd,  
 But cruel love enchains the mind.

No longer, then, perplex thy breast;  
 When thoughts torment, the first are best;  
 'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to stay;  
 Away, my jessy, haste away.

SONG

## SONG LXXXII.

**L** OVELY nymph, assuage my anguish ;  
 At your feet a tender swain  
 Prays you will not let him languish ;  
 One kind look would ease his pain.

Did you know the lad who courts you,  
 He not long need sue in vain ;  
 Prince of song, of dance and sports—you  
 Scarce will meet his like again.

---

## SONG LXXXIII.

**W** HEN I drain the rosy bowl,  
 Joy exhilarates my soul ;  
 To the nine I raise my song,  
 Ever fair, and ever young ;  
 When full cups my cares expel,  
 Sober counsel then farewell ;  
 Let the winds, that murmur, sweep  
 All my sorrows to the deep.

When I drink dull time away,  
 Jolly Bacchus. ever gay,  
 Leads me to delightful bow'rs  
 Full of fragrance, full of flow'rs,  
 When I quaff the sparkling wine,  
 And my locks with roses twine,  
 Then I praise life's rural scene,  
 Sweet, sequester'd, and serene.

When I drink the bowl profound,  
 Richest fragrance flowing round,  
 And some lovely nymph detain,  
 Venus then inspires the strain;  
 When from goblets deep and wide  
 I exhaust the gen'rous tide,  
 All my soul unbends—I play,  
 Gamesome with the young and gay.

---

## S O N G LXXXIV.

**N**O nymph that trips the verdant plains,  
 With Sally can compare;  
 She wins the hearts of all the swains,  
 And rivals all the fair;  
 The beams of Sol delight and chear,  
 While summer seasons roll;  
 But Sally's smiles can all the year  
 Give pleasure to the soul.

When from the east the morning ray,  
 Illumes the world below,  
 Her presence bids the god of day  
 With emulation glow:  
 Fresh beauties deck the painted ground,  
 Birds sweeter notes prepare;  
 The playful lambkins skip around,  
 And hail the sister fair.

The lark but strains his livid throat,  
 To bid the maid rejoice,  
 And mimicks, while he swells his note,  
 The sweetness of her voice:

The

The fanning Zephyrs round her play,  
 While Flora sheds perfume,  
 And ev'ry flow'ret seems to say,  
 I but for Sally bloom.

The am'rous youths her charms proclaim,  
 From morn to eve their tale;  
 Her beauty and unspotted fame  
 Make vocal every vale;  
 The stream meand'ring thro' the mead,  
 Her echo'd name conveys;  
 And ev'ry voice, and ev'ry reed,  
 Is tun'd to Sally's praise.

No more shall blithsome lads and swain  
 To mirthful wake resort,  
 Nor ev'ry May morn on the plain  
 Advance in rural sport:  
 No more shall gush the purling rill,  
 Nor music wake the grove,  
 Nor flocks look snow-like on the hill,  
 When I forget to love.

# SONG LXXXV.

## RECITATIVE.

**H**ARK, the horn calls away;  
 Come the grave, come the gay;  
 Wake to music that wakens the skies,  
 Quit the bondage of sloth, and arise.

## AIR.

From the east breaks the morn,  
 See the sun-beams adorn  
 The wild heath, and the mountains so high,  
 Shrilly opes the staunch hound,  
 The steed neighs to the sound,  
 And the floods and the vallies reply.

Our fore-fathers so good,  
 Prov'd their greatness of blood,  
 By encoun'ring the hart and the boar,  
 Ruddy health bloom'd the face,  
 Age and youth urg'd the chace,  
 And taught woodlands and forests to roar,

Hence, of noble descent,  
 Hills and wilds we frequent,  
 Where the bosom of nature's reveal'd,  
 Tho' in life's busy day,  
 Man of man makes a prey,  
 Still let our's be the prey of the field.

With the chace full in fight,  
 Gods! how great the delight!  
 How our mortal sensations refine!  
 Where is care, where is fear?  
 Like the winds, in the rear,  
 And the man's lost in something divine,

Now

Now to horse, my brave boys :  
 Lo! each pants for the joys  
 That anon shall enliven the whole,  
 Then at eve we'll dismount,  
 Toils and pleasures recount,  
 And renew the chace over the bowl.

---

## SONG LXXXVI.

**A** Dawn of hope my soul revives,  
 And banishes despair ;  
 If yet my dearest Damon lives,  
 Make him, ye gods, your care.

Dispel these gloomy shades of night,  
 My tender grief remove ;  
 Oh! send some chearing ray of light,  
 And guide me to my love.

Thus, in a secret friendly shade,  
 The pensive Celia mourn'd,  
 While courteous Echo lent her aid,  
 And sigh for sigh return'd.

When, sudden Damon's well known face  
 Each rising fear disarms,  
 He eager springs to her embrace,  
 She sinks into his arms.



## SONG LXXXVII.

WHO has e'er been at Baldock must needs  
 know the mill,  
 At the sign of the horse, at the foot of the hill,  
 Where the grave and the gay, the clown and the beau,  
 Without all distinction promiscuously go,

This man of the mill has a daughter so fair,  
 With so pleasing a shape, and so winning an air,  
 That once on the ever-green bank as she stood,  
 I'd swore she was Venus just sprung from the flood;

But looking again, I perceiv'd my mistake;  
 For Venus, tho' fair, has the looks of a rake,  
 While nothing but virtue and modesty fill  
 The more beautiful looks of the lass of the mill;

Prometheus stole fire, as the poets all say,  
 To enliven that mass which he modell'd of clay:  
 Had Polly been with him, the beams of her eyes  
 Had sav'd him the trouble of robbing the skies;

Since first I beheld the dear lass of the mill,  
 I can never be quiet but do what I will,  
 All day and all night I sigh, and think still  
 I shall die if I have not the lass of the mill.

## SONG LXXXVIII.

**Y**ES, I'm in love, I feel it now,  
 And Celia has undone me;  
 And yet, I swear I can't tell how  
 The pleasing plague stole on me:  
 'Tis not her face that love creates,  
 For there no graces revel;  
 'Tis not her shape, for there the fates,  
 Have rather been uncivil.

'Tis not her air, for sure in that  
 There's nothing more than common;  
 And all her sense is only chat,  
 Like any other woman;  
 Her voice, her touch, might give th' alarm;  
 'Tis both perhaps, or neither;  
 In short, 'tis that provoking charm,  
 Of Celia altogether.

---

## SONG LXXXIX.

**W**OULD you taste the noon-tide air,  
 To yon fragrant bow'r repair,  
 Where woven with the poplar bough,  
 The mantling vine will shelter you;  
 Down each side a fountain flows,  
 Tinkling, murm'ring, as it goes,  
 Lightly o'er the mossy ground.  
 Sultry Phæbus scorching round.

Round

Round the languid herds, and sheep;  
 Stretch'd o'er sunny hillocks, sleep;  
 While on the hyacinth and rose  
 The fair does all alone repose.  
 All alone; yet in her arms  
 Your breast shall beat to love's alarms,  
 Till, blest and blessing you shall own,  
 The joys of love are joys alone.

---

## S O N G X C.

**M**Y fond shepherds of late were so blest,  
 Their fair nymphs were so happy and gay,  
 That each night they went safely to rest,  
 And they merrily sung thro' the day:  
 But, ah what a scene must appear?  
 Must the sweet rural pastimes be o'er?  
 Shall the tabor no more strike the ear?  
 Shall the dance on the green be no more?

Must the flocks from their pastures be led?  
 Must the herds go wild straying abroad?  
 Shall the looms be all stopp'd in each shed,  
 And the ships be all moor'd in each road?  
 Must the arts be all scatter'd around,  
 And shall commerce grow sick of her tide?  
 Must religion expire on the ground,  
 And shall virtue sink down by her side?

## SONG XCI.

GO, tuneful bird, that glad'st the skies,  
 To Daphne's window speed thy way ;  
 And there on quivering pinions rise,  
 And there thy vocal art display.

And if she deign thy notes to hear,  
 And if she praise thy matin song,  
 Tell her the sounds that soothe her ear,  
 To Damon's native plains belong.

Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd,  
 The bird from Indian groves may shine ;  
 But ask the lovely partial maid,  
 What are his notes compar'd to thine ?

Then bid her treat yon witlefs beau,  
 And all his flaunting race with scorn ;  
 And lend an ear to Damon's woe,  
 Who sings her praise, and sings forlorn.

---

## SONG LXXCII.

THERE was a maid, and she went to the mill,  
 Sing, trolly, lolly, lolly, lolly, lo.  
 The mill turn'd round, but the maid stood still,  
 Oh ho ! did she so ? did she so ?

The miller he kiss'd her, away she went;

Sing, trolly, &c.

The maid was well pleas'd, and the miller content;

Oh ho! was he so? &c.

He danc'd and he sung, while the mill went clack;

Sing, trolly, &c.

And he cherish'd his heart with a cup of old sack,

Oh ho! did he so? &c.

### S O N G    XCIII.

THE heavy hours are almost past,

That part my love and me;

My longing eyes may hope at last

Their only only wish to see.

But how, my DELIA, will you meet

The man you've lost so long?

Will love in all your pulses beat,

And tremble on your tongue?

Will you in ev'ry look declare

Your heart is still the same,

And heal each idly anxious care,

Our fears in abience frame?

Thus, DELIA, thus I paint the scene,

When we shall shortly meet,

And try what yet remains between

Of loit'ring time to cheat.

But

But if the dream that soothes my mind  
 Shall false and groundless prove;  
 If I am doom'd at length to find  
 You have forgot to love;  
 All I of VENUS ask is this,  
 No more to let us join,  
 But grant me here the flatt'ring bliss,  
 To die and think thee mine.

---

## SONG XCIV.

WHEN all the Attic fire was fled,  
 And all the Roman virtue dead,  
 Poor Freedom lost her seat;  
 The Gothic mantle spread a night,  
 That damp'd fair virtue's fading light,  
 The Muses lost their mate.

Where should they wander, what new shore  
 Had yet a laurel left in store?  
 To this blest isle they steer;  
 Soon the Parnassian choir was heard,  
 Soon Virtue's sacred form appear'd,  
 And Freedom soon was here.

The lazy monk has left his cell,  
 Religion rings her hallow'd bell,  
 She calls thee now by me,  
 Hark! her sweet voice all plaintive sounds,  
 See, she receives a thousand wounds,  
 If shielded not by thee.

## SONG XCV.

**I**N April, when primroses paint the sweet plain,  
 And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain,  
 The yellow-hair'd laddie would oftentimes go  
 To wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn trees  
     grow.

There under the shade of an old sacred thorn,  
 With freedom he sung his loves evening and morn;  
 He sang with so soft and enchanting a sound,  
 That sylvans and fairies, unseen, danc'd around.

The shepherd thus sung, though young MAYA be  
     fair,  
 Her beauty is dash'd with a proud, scornful air;  
 But SUSIE was handsome, and sweetly could sing,  
 Her breath like the breezes, perfum'd in the spring.

That MADDIE, in all the gay bloom of her youth,  
 Like the moon was inconstant, and never spoke truth;  
 But SUSIE was faithful, good-humour'd, and free,  
 And fair as the goddesses that sprung from the sea.

That mama's fine daughter, with all her great  
     dow'r,  
 Was awkwardly airy, and frequently four:  
 Then sighing, he wish'd, would parents agree,  
 The witty, sweet SUSIE his mistress might be.



## S O N G XCVI.

'TIS a twelvemonth ago, nay, perhaps they are  
twain,  
Since THYRSIS neglected the nymphs of the plain,  
And would tempt me to walk the gay meadows along,  
To hear a soft tale, or to sing him a song.

What at first was but friendship soon grew to a flame;  
In my heart it was love, in the youth's 'twas the same;  
From each other our passion we sought not to hide,  
But who should love most was our contest and pride.

But Prudence soon whisper'd us "Love not too  
well,  
" For envy has eyes, and a tongue that will tell;  
" And a flame, without fortune's rich gifts on its side,  
" The grave ones will scorn, and a mother must chide."

Afraid of rebukes, he his visits forbore,  
And we promis'd to think of each other no more;  
Or to tarry, with patience, a season more kind;  
So I put the dear shepherd quite out of my mind.

But love breaks the fences I vainly had made,  
Grows deaf to all censure, and will be repaid;  
If we sigh for each other, ah! quit not your care;  
Condemn the God CUPID, but bless the fond pair.

## S O N G XCVII.

**I**N story we're told  
 How our monarchs of old  
 O'er France spread their royal domain ;  
 But no annals can shew  
 Their pride laid so low,  
 As when great George the Second did reign, brave  
 boys !

Of Roman and Greek,  
 Let Fame no more speak,  
 How their arms the old world did subdue ;  
 Thro' the nations around,  
 Let our trumpets now found,  
 How Britons have conquer'd the new, brave boys

East, west, north, and south,  
 Our cannon's loud mouth,  
 Shall the rights of our monarch maintain :  
 On America's strand,  
 Amherst limits the land,  
 And Boscawen gives law on the main, brave boys !

Each port and each town  
 We still make our own ;  
 Cape Breton, Crown Point, Niagar,  
 Guadaloupe, Senegal,  
 And Quebec's mighty fall,  
 Shall prove we've no equal in war, brave boys !

Though Conflans did boast,  
 He'd conquer our coast,  
 Our thunder soon made monsieur mute ;      Brave

Brave Hawke wing'd his way,  
 Then bounc'd on his prey,  
 And gave him an English salute, brave boys!

At Minden you know  
 How we conquer'd the foe,  
 While homeward their army now steals;  
 Tho' they cry'd British bands  
 Are too hard for our hands,  
 Begar we can beat them in heels, Morbleu!

While our heroes from home  
 For laurels now roam,  
 Should their flat-bottom'd boats but appear;  
 Our militia shall shew  
 No wooden-shoe foe,  
 Can with freemen in battle compare, brave boys!

Our fortunes and lives,  
 Our children and wives,  
 To defend is the time now or never;  
 Then let each volunteer  
 To the drum head repair;  
 King George and Old England for ever, brave boys!

---

### S O N G XCVIII.

**D**EAREST KITTY, kind and fair,  
 Tell me when, and tell me where;  
 Tell thy fond and faithful swain  
 When we thus shall meet again?

shall STREPHON fondly see  
 Beauties only found in thee?  
 Kifs thee, prefs thee, toy and play,  
 All the happy live long day:  
 Dearest KITTY? kind and fair,  
 Tell me when, and tell me where?

All the happy day, 'tis true,  
 Bless'd, but only when with you,  
 Nightly STREPHON sings alone,  
 Sighs till HYMEN makes us one.  
 Tell me then, and ease my pain,  
 Tell thy fond and faithful swain,  
 When the priest shall kindly join  
 KITTY's trembling hand to mine?  
 Dearest KITTY! kind and fair,  
 Tell me when? ——— I care not where.

---

## S O N G XCIX.

DEAR CHLOE, come give me sweet kisses,  
 For sweeter no girl ever gave;  
 But why, in the midst of my blisses,  
 Do you ask me how many I'd have?  
 I am not to be stinted in pleasure,  
 Then prithee dear CHLOE, be kind;  
 For since I love thee beyond measure,  
 To numbers I'll ne'er be confin'd.

Count the bees that on Hybla are playing,  
 Count the flowers that enamel the fields,  
 Count the flocks that on Tempe are straying,  
 Or the grain that rich Sicily yields;  
 Count how many stars are in heaven,  
 Go number the sands on the shore,  
 And when so many kisses you've given,  
 I still shall be asking for more.

To a heart full of love let me hold thee,  
 A heart which, dear CHLOE, is thine;  
 In my arms I'd for ever enfold thee,  
 And twist round thy neck like a vine:  
 What joy can be greater than this is?  
 My life on thy lips shall be spent:  
 But the wretch who can number his kisses  
 Will always with few be content.

---

## SONG C.

**F**AIR KITTY beautiful and young,  
 And wild as colt untam'd,  
 Bespoke the fair from whom she sprung,  
 With little rage inflam'd:  
 Inflam'd with rage at sad restraint,  
 Which wise mamma ordain'd;  
 And sorely vex'd to play the saint,  
 Whilst wit and beauty reign'd.  
 Must lady JENNY frisk about,  
 And visit with her cousins?  
 At balls must she make all the rout,  
 And bring home hearts by dozens?

What has she better, pray, than I?  
 What hidden charms to boast?  
 That all mankind for her should die,  
 Whilst I am scarce a toast.

Dearest mamma, for once let me  
 Unchain'd my fortune try;  
 I'll have my earl as well as she,  
 Or know the reason why.  
 Fondness prevail'd, mamma gave way,  
 KITTY, at heart's desire,  
 Obtain'd the chariot for a day,  
 And set the world on fire.

---

S O N G    C I.

**D**EAR MOLLY, I love you, I hope there's no  
 harm in that;  
 For you are so sprightly, and witty, and charming,  
 that  
 Whenever I see you my heart it goes pit-a-pat,  
 And I'm grown lean and dry, who was once so sleek  
 and fat.  
 Save me, save me, dear MOLLY save me.  
 Or I will hang myself, if you'll not have me.

I'm grown a meer sloven, who once was a flirting  
 fop;  
 My fine coal black hair is chang'd to a dirty mop;  
 My face is grown parch'd, like an over-done mutton  
 chop,

That

That can of gravy not yield you a single drop.  
 Gravy, gravy, one drop of gravy,  
 E'en just as brown and dry looks your poor DAVY.

When first I was ask'd to take tea with my MOLLY  
 dear,  
 I put on my Kerry-stone buckles and solitaire,  
 I sent for the barber, and cry'd "Shave me, do you  
 hear,"  
 And I'll give you six-pence to drink out in ale and  
 beer.  
 Shave me, shave me, powder and shave me;  
 Make me look spruce and fine, then MOLLY'll  
 have me.

Then straight to the place of appointment I hurry'd  
 me,  
 Where her bright eyes and sweet looks they so wor-  
 ry'd me,  
 That from that moment I thought of no other she,  
 And now most humbly I crave you my bride to be.  
 Crave you, crave you—Oh how I crave you,  
 For my bride from this hour, dear MOLLY I  
 crave you.

'Then if you'll consent, you sweet little knave you,  
 I will your husband be, and never leave you;  
 My surname is DROPE, and my christian name's DAVY  
 And when we are married we'll go to Glenavy,  
 'Navy, 'Navy, go to Glenavy;  
 Then who'll be so happy as MOLLY and DAVY?



## S O N G C H.

**D** Espairing beside a clear stream,  
 A shepherd forsaken was laid,  
 And whilst a false nymph was his theme,  
 A willow supported his head :  
 The wind that blew over the plain  
 'To his sighs with a sigh did reply,  
 And the brook in return to his pain  
 Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas! silly swain that I was,  
 Thus sadly complaining he cry'd,  
 When first I beheld that fair face,  
 'Twere better by far I had dy'd :  
 She talk'd, and I bless'd the dear tongue,  
 When she smil'd, 'twas a pleasure too great;  
 I listen'd, and cry'd, when she sung,  
 Was nightingale ever so sweet ?

How foolish was I to believe,  
 She could doat on so lowly a clown !  
 Or that her fond heart would not grieve  
 To forsake the fine folks of the town :  
 To think that a beauty so gay,  
 So kind and so constant would prove,  
 To go clad like our maidens in grey,  
 And live in a cottage on love.

What tho' I have skill to complain,  
 Tho' the Muses my temples have crown'd ?  
 What tho' when they hear my soft strain,  
 The virgins sit weeping around ?

Ah

Ah COLIN! thy hopes are in vain,  
 Thy pipe and thy laurel resign;  
 Thy fair one inclines to a swain,  
 Whose music is sweeter than thine.

And you, my companions so dear,  
 Who sorrow to see me betray'd,  
 Whatever I suffer, forbear,  
 Forbear to accuse the false maid:  
 If thro' the wide world I should range,  
 'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;  
 'Twas her's to be false, and to change,  
 'Tis mine to be constant, and die.

If while my hard fate I sustain,  
 In her breast any pity is found,  
 Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,  
 And see me laid low in the ground;  
 The last humble boon that I crave,  
 Is to shade me with cypress and yew;  
 And when she looks down on my grave,  
 Let her own that her shepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,  
 And deck her in golden array,  
 Be finest at every fine show,  
 And frolic it all the long day;  
 While COLIN, forgotten and gone,  
 No more shall be heard of, or seen,  
 Unless when beneath the pale moon,  
 His ghost shall glide over the green.

## S O N G CIII.

**R**ESOLV'D, as her poet, of CELIA to sing,  
For emblems of beauty I search'd thro' the  
spring;

To flowers soft blooming compar'd the sweet maid,  
But flowers, tho' blooming, at evening may fade :  
Of sunshine and breezes, I next thought to write,  
Of breezes so calm, and of sunshine so bright ;  
But these with my fair no resemblance will hold,  
For sun sets at night, and the breezes grow cold.

The clouds of mild evening array'd in pale blue  
While the sun-beams behind them peep'd glittering  
thro' ;

Tho' to rival her charms can they never arise,  
Yet methought they look'd something like CELIA's  
sweet eyes.

These beauties are transient, but CELIA's will last,  
When spring, and when summer, and autumn are past ;  
For sense and good humour, no season disarms,  
And the soul of my CELIA enlivens her charms.

At length on a fruit-tree, a blossom I found,  
Which beauty display'd, and shed fragrance around,  
I then thought the Muses had smil'd on my prayer,  
This blossom, I cry'd, will resemble my fair ;  
These colours so gay, and united so well,  
This delicate feature, and ravishing smell,  
Be her person's dear emblem ; but where shall I find  
In nature a beauty that equals her mind ?

This

This blossom now pleasing, at summer's gay call  
 Must languish at first, and must afterwards fall;  
 But behind it the fruit, its successor, shall rise  
 By nature disrob'd of its beauteous disguise :  
 So CELIA, when youth, that gay blossom, is o'er,  
 By her virtues improv'd, shall engage me the more;  
 Shall recal ev'ry beauty that brighten'd her prime,  
 When her merit is ripen'd by love and by time.

---

## S O N G   C I V.

I Made love to KATE, long I sigh'd for she,  
 Till I heard of late, she'd a mind to me :  
 I met her on the green in her best array,  
 So pretty she did seem, she stole my heart away ;  
 Oh then we kiss'd and press'd, were we much to  
     blame ?  
 Had you been in my place, you'd have done the  
     same.

As I fonder grew, she began to prate,  
 Quoth she, I'll marry you, if you will marry KATE ;  
 But then I laugh'd, and swore I lov'd her more than  
     so,  
 For ty'd each to a rope's end, 'tis tugging to and fro :  
 Again we kiss'd and press'd, were we much to blame ?  
 Had you been in my place, you'd have done the same.

Then

Then she sigh'd, and said, she was wond'rous sick,  
 DICKY KATY led, KATY she led DICK;  
 Long we toy'd and play'd, under yonder oak,  
 KATY lost the game, though she play'd in joke;  
 For there we did, alas! what I dare not name,  
 Had you been in my place, you'd have done the  
 same.

---

## S O N G   C V.

**M**Y dearest life, were you my wife,  
 How happy should I be;  
 And all my care, in peace and war,  
 Should be to pleasure thee.  
 When up and down, from town to town,  
 We jolly foldiers rove,  
 Then you, my queen, in Chaife Marine,  
 Shall move like queen of love.

Your love I prize beyond the skies,  
 Beyond the spoils of war,  
 Wouldst thou agree to follow me  
 In humble baggage car;  
 For happiness, tho' in distress,  
 In soldiers wives is seen,  
 And pride in coach has more reproach  
 Than love in Chaife Marine.

Oh do not hold your love in gold,  
 Nor set your heart on gain;  
 Behold the great with all their state,  
 Their lives are care and pain:

In house or tent I pay no rent,  
 Nor care nor trouble see,  
 And ev'ry day I get my pay,  
 And spend it merrily.

Love not those knaves, great fortune's slaves,  
 Who lead ignoble lives,  
 Nor deign to smile on men so vile,  
 Who fight none but their wives ;  
 For Britain's right and you we fight,  
 And ev'ry ill defy,  
 Should but the fair reward our care  
 With love and constancy.

If sighs nor groans, nor tender moans,  
 Can win your harden'd heart,  
 Let love in arms, with all his charms,  
 Then take a foldier's part ;  
 With fife and drum, we soldiers come,  
 And all the pomp of war,  
 Then don't think mean of Chaise Marine,  
 'Tis love's triumphant car.

# SONG CVI.

**W**HAT shepherd or nymph of the grove  
 Can blame me from dropping a tear,  
 Or lamenting aloud as I rove,  
 Since SYLVIA no longer is here ?

My

My flocks, if at random, they stray,  
 What wonder, since she's from the plain?  
 Her hand they were wont to obey,  
 She rul'd both the sheep and the swain.

Can I ever forget how we stray'd  
 To the foot of yon neighbouring hill,  
 To the bow'r we had built in the shade,  
 Or the river that runs by the mill?  
 There sweet by my side as she lay,  
 And heard the fond stories I told,  
 How sweet was the thrush from the spray!  
 Or the bleating of lambs from the fold!

How oft would I spy out a charm  
 Which before had been hid from my view!  
 And while arm was enfolded in arm,  
 My lips to her lips how they grew!  
 How oft the sweet contest would last,  
 Till the hours of retirement and rest!  
 What pleasures and pains each had pass'd,  
 Who longest had lov'd, and who best!

No changes of place or of time  
 I felt when my fair one was near,  
 Alike was each weather or clime,  
 Each season that chequer'd the year,  
 In Winter's rude lap did we freeze?  
 Did we melt on the bosom of May?  
 Each morn brought contentment and ease,  
 If we rose up to work, or to play.

She



She was all my fond wishes could ask,  
 She had all the kind gods could impart,  
 She was nature's most beautiful task,  
 The despair and the envy of art.  
 There all that is worthy to prize  
 In all that is lovely is drest ;  
 For the graces were thron'd in her eyes,  
 And the virtues all lodg'd in her breast.

---

## S O N G   C V I I .

**H**OW little do the landsmen know,  
 Of what we sailors feel,  
 When waves do mount and winds do blow !  
 But we have hearts of steel ;  
 No danger can affright us,  
 No enemy shall flout ;  
 We'll make the monsieurs right us,  
 So tofs tne can about.

Stick close to orders, messmates,  
 We'll plunder, burn, and sink,  
 Then France have at your first-rates,  
 For Britons never shrink ;  
 We'll rummage all we fancy,  
 We'll bring them in by scores,  
 And MOLL, and KATE and NANCY,  
 Shall roll in louis-d'ors.

While here at Deal we're lying  
 With our noble commodore,  
 We'll spend our wages freely, boys  
 And then to sea for more ;

In peace we'll drink and sing, boys,  
 In war we'll never fly;  
 Here's a health to GEORGE our king, boys,  
 And the royal family.

---

## S O N G C V I I I.

ASK if yon damask rose be sweet,  
 That scents the ambient air;  
 Then ask each shepherd that you meet,  
 If dear SUSANNA's fair.

Say, will the vulture quit his prey,  
 And warble thro' the grove?  
 Bid wanton linnets quit the spray;  
 Then doubt thy shepherd's love.

The spoils of war let heroes share,  
 Let pride in splendour shine;  
 Ye bards, unenvy'd laurels wear,  
 Be fair SUSANNA mine.

---

## S O N G C I X.

ASK me not how calmly I  
 All the cares of life defy?  
 How I baffle human woes?  
 Woman, woman, woman knows.

You may live and laugh, as I;  
 You, like me, may cares defy;  
 All the pangs the heart endures,  
 Woman, woman, woman cures.

Ask me not of empty toys,  
 Feats of arms, and drunken joys;  
 I have pleasure more divine,  
 Woman, woman, woman's mine.

Rapture more than folly knows,  
 More than fortune e'er bestows;  
 Flowing bowls, and conquer'd fields,  
 Woman, woman, woman yields.

Ask me not of woman's arts,  
 Broken vows and faithless hearts,  
 Tell the wretch, who pines and grieves,  
 Woman, woman, woman lives.

All delights the heart can know,  
 More than folly can bestow;  
 Wealth of worlds, and crowns of kings,  
 Woman, woman, woman brings.

## SONG CX.

Contented, I am, and contented I'll be,  
 For what can this world more afford,  
 Than a girl that will sociably sit on my knee,  
 And a cellar with liquor well stor'd,

My brave boys, &c,  
 My

My vault door is open'd, descend every guest,  
 Tap that cask, ay, that wine we will try,  
 'Tis as sweet as the lips of your love to the taste,  
 And as bright as her cheeks to the eye.

In a piece of slit hoop I my candle have stuck,  
 'Twill light us each bottle to hand,  
 The foot of my glass I on purpose have broke,  
 For I hate that a bumper should stand:

Astride on a butt, as a butt should be stro'd,  
 I sit my companions among,  
 Like grape-blessing Bacchus, the good fellow's god,  
 And a sentiment give, or a song.

We are dry where we sit, tho' the oozing drops seem,  
 The moist walls with wet pearls to emboss,  
 From the arch, mouldy cobwebs in Gothic taste stream  
 Like stucco work cut out of moss.

My cellar's my camp, my soldiers, my flasks,  
 All gloriously rang'd in review;  
 When I cast my eyes round, I consider my casks  
 As kingdoms I've yet to subdue.

I charge glass in hand, and my empire maintain,  
 No antient more patriot-like bled;  
 Each drop in defence of delight I will drain,  
 And myself for my bucks I'll drink dead.

Sound that pipe, 'tis in tune, and those b. ins are we  
fill'd,

View the heap of Champagne in your rear ;  
Yon bottles are Burgundy, see how they're pil'd  
Like artillery, tier over tier.

'Tis my will when I die, not a tear shall be shed,  
No Hic JACET be grav'd on my stone,  
But pour o'er my coffin a bottle of red,  
And write, that His DRINKING is done.

---

### S O N G C X I.

**T**HAT JENNY's my friend, my delight and my  
pride,  
I always have boasted, and seek not to hide ;  
I dwell on her praises wherever I go :  
They say I'm in love, but I answer, no, no.

At evening oft-times with what pleasure I see  
A note from her hand—I'll be with you at tea !  
My heart how it bounds when I hear her below,  
But say not 'tis love, for I answer, no, no.

She sings me a song, and I echo its strain,  
Again I cry JENNY, sweet JENNY again ;  
I kiss her sweet lips, as if there I would grow,  
But say not 'tis love, for I answer, no, no.

She tells me her faults, as she sits on my knee,  
 I chide her, and swear she's an angel to me ;  
 My shoulder she taps, and still bids me think so,  
 Who knows but she loves, tho' she answers no, no ?

From beauty and wit and good humour how I  
 Should prudence advise, and compel me to fly ;  
 Thy bounty, O fortune, make haste to bestow,  
 And let me deserve her, or still I'll say no.

---

### S O N G CXII.

**S**AVE women and wine there is nothing in life  
 That can bribe honest souls to endure it ;  
 When the heart is perplex'd, and surrounded with  
 care,

Dear women and wine only cure it.

Come on, then, my boys, we'll have women and  
 wine,

And wisely to purpose employ them ;  
 He's a fool that refuses such blessings divine,  
 Whilst vigour and health can enjoy them.

Our wine shall be old, bright, and sound, my dear  
 Jack,

To heighten our am'rous fires ;  
 Our girls plump and sound shall kiss with a smack,  
 And gratify all our desires.

S O N G

## S O N G CXIII.

**M**Y banks are all furnish'd with bees,  
 Whose murmur invites one to sleep;  
 My grottoes are shaded with trees,  
 And my hills are white over with sheep:  
 I seldom have met with a loss,  
 Such health do my mountains bestow;  
 My fountains are bordered with moss,  
 Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

I have found out a gift for my fair,  
 I have found where the wood-pidgeons breed;  
 But let me that plunder forbear;  
 She'll say 'twas a barbarous deed,  
 For he ne'er could be true she averr'd,  
 Who could rob a poor bird of its young:  
 I lov'd her the more when I heard  
 Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

But where does my Phyllida stray,  
 And where are her grots, and her bow'rs?  
 Are the groves and the valleys as gay,  
 And the shepherds as gentle as ours?  
 The groves may perhaps be as fair,  
 And the face of the valleys as fine;  
 The swains may in manners compare,  
 But their love is not equal to mine.



## SONG CXIV.

ALL in the Downs our fleet was moor'd,  
 The streamers waving in the wind,  
 When black-ey'd Susan came on board,  
 O! where shall I my true-love find?  
 Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,  
 If my sweet William sails among your crew?

William, who high, upon the yard,  
 Rock'd by the billows to and fro,  
 Soon as her well-known voice he heard,  
 He sigh'd and cast his eyes below,  
 The cord slides swiftly thro' his glowing hands,  
 And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high-pois'd in air,  
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast,  
 If chance his mate's shrill voice he hear,  
 He drops at once into her nest.  
 The noblest captain in the British fleet  
 Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

O Susan! Susan! lovely dear!  
 My vows shall ever true remain;  
 Let me wipe off that falling tear.  
 We only part to meet again.  
 Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be  
 The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe

Believe not what the landmen say,

Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;

They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,

In ev'ry port a mistress find:

Yes, yes, believe them when they tell you so,

For thou art present wherefoe'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,

Thine eyes are seen in di'monds bright;

Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale;

Thy skin is ivory so white:

Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view,

Wake in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Tho' battle calls me from thy arms,

Let not my pretty Susan mourn;

Tho' cannons roar, yet safe from harms

William shall to his dear return:

Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,

Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,

The sails their swelling bosoms spread;

Nolonger must she stay on board;

They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head:

Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land,

Adieu! she cry'd and wav'd her lily hand.

## S O N G CXV.

**T**HURSDAY in the morn the nineteenth of May  
 Recorded for ever the famous ninety-two,  
 Brave Russel did discern by dawn of day,  
 The lofty sails of France advancing now;  
 All hands aloft, aloft, let English valour shine,  
 Let fly a Culverin a signal for the line;  
 Let every man supply his gun,  
 Follow me, and you'll see,  
 That the battle will be soon begun.

Tourville on the main triumphant roll'd  
 To meet the gallant Russell in combat on the deep;  
 He led a noble train of heroes bold,  
 To sink the English admiral and his fleet.  
 Now every valiant mind to victory doth aspire,  
 The bloody fight's begun, the sea is all on fire;  
 And mighty fate stood looking on,  
 Whilst a flood, all of blood,  
 Fill'd the scuppers of the Rising-sun.

Sulphur, smoke and fire, disturbing the air,  
 With thunder and wonder affright the Gallic shore;  
 Their regulated bands stood trembling near,  
 To see their lofty streamers now no more;  
 At six o'clock, the red the smiling victors led,  
 To give a second blow, the fatal overthrow;  
 Now death and horror equal reign,  
 Now they cry, run or die,  
 British colours ride the vanquish'd main.

See they fly amaz'd thro' rocks and sands,  
 One danger they grasp at to shun the greater fate;  
 In vain they cry for aid to weeping lands,  
 The nymphs and sea-gods mourn their lost estate;  
 For evermore adieu, thou dazzling Rising-Sun,  
 From thy untimely end thy master's fate begun;  
 Enough, thou mighty god of war!  
 Now we sing, blest the king,  
 Let us drink to every English ear.

---

## SONG CXVI.

**O** Greedy Midas I've been told,  
 That what you touch you turn to gold;  
 O! had I but a pow'r like thine,  
 I'd turn whate'er I touch to wine.

Each purling stream should feel my force,  
 Each fish my fatal power mourn,  
 And wond'ring at the mighty change,  
 Should in their native regions burn.

Nor should there any dare to approach  
 Unto my mantling sparkling vine,  
 But first should pay their rites to me,  
 And stile me only God of wine.

SONG

## S O N G CXVII.

**T** O dear Amaryllis young Strephon had long  
 Declar'd his fix'd passion, and dy'd for in song ;  
 He went, one May morning, to meet in the grove,  
 By her own dear appointment, this goddess of love ;  
 Mean time in his mind all her charms heran o'er,  
 And doated on each——can a lover do more ?

He waited, and waited, then, changing his strain,  
 'Tis fury, and rage, and despair, and disdain !  
 The sun was commanded to hide his dull light,  
 And the whole course of nature was alter'd downright  
 'Twas his hapless fortune to die and adore,  
 But never to change——can a lover do more ?

Cleora, ithapp'd, was by accident there ;  
 No rose-bud so tempting, no lily so fair :  
 He press'd her white hand—next her lips he essay'd ;  
 Nor would she deny him, so civil the maid :  
 Her kindly compliance his peace did restore,  
 And dear Amaryllis——was thought of no more.

## S O N G CXVIII.

**O** N E evening Good Humour took Wit as his  
 guest,  
 Resolv'd to indulge in a sensible feast ;  
 Their liquor was claret, and Friendship their host,  
 And mirth, song, and sentiment garnish'd each toast.  
 Derry down, down, down derry down.

But

But while, like true bucks, they enjoy'd their design ;

For the joy of a buck lies in love, wit, and wine ;  
Alarm'd, they all heard at the door a loud knock,  
And the watchman hoarse bellow'd, 'twas past twelve  
o'clock.

Derry down, &c.

They nimbly ran down, the disturbing dog found,  
And up stairs they brought the impertinent hound ;  
When brought to the light, how much were they  
pleas'd,

To see 'twas the grey glutton Time they had seiz'd.  
Derry down, &c.

His glass; was his lanthorn, his scythe, as his pole,  
And his single lock dangled a-down his smooth scull ;  
My friends, quoth he, coughing, I thought fit to  
knock,

And bid you be gone; for 'tis past twelve o'clock.

Derry down, &c.

Says the venom'd tooth savage, on this advice fix,  
Though nature strikes twelve, folly still points to six;  
He longer had preach'd, but no longer they'd bear it ;  
So hid him, at once, in a hoghead of clarer.

Derry down, &c.

The

This is right, call'd out Wit; while you're yet in your  
prime,

There's nothing like claret for killing of Time:  
Huzza, reply'd Love, now no more can he knock;  
Or impertinent tell us 'tis past twelve o'clock.

Derry down, &c.

Since Time is confin'd to our wine, let us think,  
By this maxim we're sure of our time when we drink:  
With bumpers, my lads, let our glasses be prim'd,  
Now we're certain our drinking is always well tim'd.

Derry down, &c.

### S O N G CXIX.

**S**INCE pleasure's in fashion, and life but a jest,  
In spite of misfortune, I'll laugh with the  
best;

Let the dull, who repute it a weakness to smile,  
Arraign my opinion, my morals revile,  
While I know that my bosom is free from a flaw,  
I'll keep up the chorus of ha-ha-ha-ha.

Determin'd to leap o'er the bar of controul,  
No rivet shall close up my freedom of soul;  
If care, or ill-nature, should come in my reach,  
And foaming with rage, like a methodist preach;  
While I know that my bosom is free from a flaw,  
I'll trip up their heels and cry ha-ha-ha-ha.

To



To be happy, I'll laugh as the minutes advance,  
Mirth! play thou the fiddle, I warrant I'll dance;  
But sweeter the music will float in the air,  
If Lucy, my good-temper'd Lucy, be there;  
She knowing my bosom quite free from a flaw,  
Will join the sweet tune of love's ha-ha-ha-ha.

I'll laugh through the world, in defiance of strife,  
For laughter's an oil to the fallad of life;  
I'll make daddy Time, as he passes in haste,  
Look over his shoulder and long for a taste;  
Then, friends, while your bosoms are free from a  
flaw,  
Swell round the gay chorus of ha-ha-ha-ha.

S O N G CXX.

**S**HE tells me with claret she cannot agree,  
And she thinks of a hoghead whene'er she sees  
me ;  
For I smell like a beast, and therefore must I  
Resolve to forsake her, or claret deny :  
Must I leave my dear bottle, that was always my  
friend,  
And I hope will continue so to my life's end ?  
Must I leave it for her, 'tis a very hard task ;  
Let her go to the devil, bring t'other full flask.

## Had

Had she tax'd me with gaming, and bid me forbear,  
 'Tis a thousand to one I had lenth'ner an ear;  
 Had she found out my Chloris up three pair of stairs,  
 I had baulk'd her and gone to St. James's to pray'rs;  
 Had she bade me read homilies three times a day,  
 She perhaps had been humour'd, with little to say,  
 But at night to deny me a cup of dear red,  
 Let her go to the devil, there's no more to be said.

---

## S O N G CXXI.

**W** I T H horns and with hounds I awaken the  
 day,  
 And hie to the wood-land walk away;  
 I tuck up my robe, and am buskin'd soon,  
 And tye to my forehead a waxing moon;  
 I course the fleet stag, unkennel the fox,  
 And chace the wild goats o'er summits of rocks;  
 With shooting and hooting we pierce through the sky,  
 And echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry.

---

## S O N G LXXXIX.

**Y** E medley of mortals who make up this throng,  
 Spare your wit for a moment, and list to my song,  
 What you would not expect here; my wit shall be new,  
 And what is more strange, ev'ry word shall be true.  
 Sing tantara-rara, truth all, truth all.

Not

Not a toy in the shop you'll buy cheaper than mine;  
 Send your lasses to me, and you'll spare all your coin;  
 The ladies alone will pay dear for their skill,  
 For if they will hear me, their tongues must lie still.  
 Sing tantara-rara, mute all, &c.

Tho' revels are scorn'd by the grave and the wise,  
 Yet they practice all day what they seem to despise.  
 Examine mankind from the great to the small,  
 Each mortal's disguis'd, and the world is a ball.  
 Sing tantara-rara, masks all, &c.

The parson brim-full of October and grace,  
 With a long taper pipe, and round ruddy face,  
 Will rail at our doings; but when it is dark  
 The Parson's disguis'd, and led home by the clerk.

The fierce roaring blade, with long sword and cock'd  
 hat,  
 With blood he'll do this, and zounds he'll do that;  
 When he comes to his trial, he fails in his part,  
 And shows that his looks are but masks to his heart:

The beau that acts the rake, and will talk of amours  
 Shows letters from wives and appointments from  
 whores;  
 But a creature so modest avoids all disgrace;  
 For how would he blush, should he come face to face.

The

The courtier and patriot, 'mongst other fine things,  
Will talk of their country and love to their kings;  
But the mask will drop off, if you shake but the pelf,  
And show king and country all center'd in self.

With an outside of virtue, miss Squeamish the prude,  
If you touch her, she faints, if you speak you are rude:  
Thus she's prim, and she's coy, tho' virtue she's none,  
And perhaps she's caress'd by the coachman, or John.

With a grave mask of wisdom say physic and law,  
In your case there's no fear, in your cause there's no  
flaw;

'Till death and the judge have decreed, they look big,  
And you find you have trusted a full-bottom'd wig.

Thus life is no more than a round of deceit,  
Each neighbour will find that his next is a cheat;  
But if, O ye mortals, these tricks ye pursue,  
You first eat yourselves, then the devil cheats you.  
Sing tanrara-rara, that's all.

---

### S O N G CXXII.

**P**HILLIS, as her wine she sipp'd in,  
Gaily talking with her swain,  
Into her hand he sily slipp'd in,  
Tol, lol, lol, lol,  
A full glass of brisk champagne.

Why

Why so coy, said he, and fickle,  
 Must I always sigh in vain ;  
 Must I never hope to tickle,  
 Tol, lol, &c.  
 Your ear with a merry strain ?

Long have I been tofs'd and fretting  
 Like a sailor on the main ;  
 Sure, at length, 'tis time to get in,  
 Tol, lol, &c.  
 To the port I hope to gain.

Hearts you take delight in stealing,  
 Of new conquests still are vain :  
 Torture others, whilst I'm feeling,  
 Tol, lol, &c.  
 Pleasure that is void of pain.

Won at length, she listend kindly  
 And from love could not refrain ;  
 So in the nick the nymph was finely,  
 Tol, lol, &c.  
 Fitted for her cold disdain.

### S O N G CXXIII.

**B**Y Chreesht and saint Patrick, going home late last  
 night,  
 About two in the morning, I was put in a fright ;  
 K Comes

Comes a dog in a doublet, stripp'd all to his shirt,  
And throws down poor Teague very clean in the dirt.

Then firing his pistol direct on my faish,  
Stand still, you damn'd dog, or you're dead on the  
plaish:

De'l tauke him for me, for his favour and graish,  
For ne'er was dear joy in more sorrowful caish.

Confounded and speechless, bold as hero I cry'd,  
Your rogueship one day will at Tyburn be try'd:  
If Teague catch you again at such vile tricks as these,  
He will swear, joy, upon you his Majesty's peash.

Thus threaten'd he shivilly cry'd, my dear honey,  
I'll not hurt thee at all but present me thy money.  
My money, dear joy, 'tis Teague's foul—he's undone;  
Well e'en take it all—for by Chreesht I have none.

### S O N G CXXIV.

**Y**E virgins attend,  
Believe me your friend,  
And with prudence attend to my plan;  
Ne'er let it be said,  
There goes an old Maid,  
But get marry'd as fast as you can.

As

As soon as you find  
 Your hearts are inclin'd  
 To beat quick at the sight of a man ;  
 Then choose out a youth  
 With honour and truth,  
 And get marry'd as fast as you can.

For age like a cloud,  
 Your charms will soon shroud,  
 And this whimsical life's but a span ;  
 Then maids, make your hay,  
 While Sol darts his ray,  
 And get marry'd as fast as you can.

The treacherous rake  
 Will artfully take  
 Ev'ry method poor girls to trepan ;  
 But baffle the snare,  
 Make virtue your care,  
 And get marry'd as fast as you can.

And when Hymen's bands  
 Have join'd both your hands,  
 The bright flame still continue to fan ;  
 Ne'er harbour the stings  
 That jealousy brings  
 But be constant and blest'd while you can.



## SONG CXXV.

**I**N days of yore, when on the plain  
 Queen Mab, with all her fairy train,  
 In sportive gambols took delight,  
 By Cynthia's borrow'd silver light,  
 If e'er your grandames did amiss,  
 The punishment, ye fair, was this.

Was lady Mary ever known  
 To toy with Celadon alone ;  
 Did avarice her bosom fill,  
 With passions strong for dear quadrille ;  
 Or did her heart for dancing beat,  
 Then blister'd were her hands and feet.

If once too small her ruff she wore,  
 Her petticoat too short before ;  
 Or if to catch the gazer's sight,  
 She us'd the arts of red and white ;  
 The little spiteful pigmy crew  
 Were sure to pinch her black and blue.

But far more happy days ensue,  
 The British dames of sixty-two  
 Are not afraid of rigid elves,  
 They know no guardians but themselves ;  
 The tell-tale race at length subdu'd,  
 Hear me, nor think the lesson rude.

Since

Since present times are just as bad,  
 And ev'ry one at pleasure mad;  
 This method I should think the best,  
 To keep a fairy in your breast,  
 Who ne'er for trifles should make war,  
 But when you chance to go too far.

---

## S O N G CXXVI.

**T**O THER day as I sat in the sycamore shade,  
 Young Damon came whistling along,  
 I trembled—I blush'd—a poor innocent maid!  
 And my heart caper'd up to my tongue.  
 Silly heart, I cry'd, fie! What a flutter is here!  
 Young Damon designs you no ill;  
 The shepherd's so civil you've nothing to fear,  
 Then prythee, fond urchin, lie still.

Sly Damon drew near, and knelt down at my feet,  
 One kiss he demanded—No more!  
 But urg'd the soft pressure with ardour so sweet,  
 I could not begrudge him a score.  
 My lambkins I've kiss'd, and no change ever found,  
 Many times as we play'd on the hill:  
 But Damon's dear lips made my heart gallop round,  
 Nor would the fond urchin lie still.

When the sun blazes fierce, to the sycamore shade,  
 For shelter, I'm sure to repair;  
 And, virgins, in faith, I'm no longer afraid,  
 Altho' the dear shepherd be there.  
 At ev'ry fond kiss that with freedom he takes,  
 My heart may rebound if it will;  
 There's something so sweet in the bustle it makes,  
 I'll die ere I bid it lie still.

---

## S O N G CXXVII.

**I**N penance for past folly,  
 A pilgrim blithe and jolly,  
 Sworn foe to melancholy,  
 Set out strange lands to see;  
 With cockle shells on hat brim,  
 Staffs, beads and scrip, in that trim,  
 Befitting of a pilgrim,  
 Begging for charity.

With unshod feet he traces  
 His way through wilds and chaces,  
 And sundry dismal places,  
 In hopes some roof to see;  
 But when that he could find no  
 House nor hut to go to,  
 Was ever pilgrim put so  
 To it for charity.

But

But now when most dejected,  
Kind heaven, when least expected,  
A maiden's steps directed,

Whence come you, Sir, said she?  
Full many a weary step, sweet,  
And all with these poor bare feet.  
O could I, by your help, meet  
Lodging for charity.

With courteous voice and accent,  
Says she, I see you're quite spent,  
Yet what I say is well meant,

Pray lodge to-night with me.  
This favour is excessive;  
No speeches, Sir, while I live,  
If I have ought I can give,  
'Tis given in charity.

He ey'd her charms whilst eating,  
And call'd her love and sweeting,  
With many a tender greeting,  
So kind a heart had he.

Kind Sir, says she, you're tir'd,  
'Tis time you were retir'd,  
Nor beds nor rooms are hir'd,  
But lent in charity.

My tenement is brittle,  
 And is, I fear, too little,  
 It fits me to a tittle,  
     So in at once went he.  
 Through many a town and city  
 I've been, and O! the pity,  
 Ne'er met a room so pretty,  
     Nor so much charity.

Nine days he past in clover,  
 So well he play'd the lover,  
 She thought it too soon over,  
     And will you go? said she.  
 But, gentle Pilgrim, should you  
 Return, you know I would do  
 As much as woman could do,  
     To shew my charity.

## S O N G CXXVII.

### RECITATIVE.

**T**HE festive board was met, the social band,  
 Round fam'd Anacreon took their silent stand,  
 My sons (began the sage) be this the rule;  
 No brow austere must dare approach my school,  
 Where Love and Bacchus jointly reign within;  
 Old Care begone, here sadness is a sin.

AIR:

## AIR.

Tell me not the joys that wait  
 On him that's learn'd, or him that's great :  
 Wealth and wisdom I despise,  
 Cares surround the rich and wise :  
 The queen that gives soft wishes birth,  
 And Bacchus god of wine and mirth,  
 Me their friend and fav'rite own,  
 I was born for them alone :  
 Bus'ness, title, pomp and state,  
 Give them to the fools I hate.

But let love, let life be mine,  
 Bring me women, bring me wine ;  
 Speed the dancing hours away,  
 Mind not what the grave ones say ;  
 Gaily let the minutes fly,  
 In wit and freedom, love and joy ;  
 So shall love and life be mine ;  
 Bring me women, bring me wine.

## SONG CXXVIII.

**H**AIL England, old England, for glory re-  
 nown'd,  
 In arms, as in arts, so transcendently crown'd,  
 'Tis thine, strict to honour, no treaties to break ;  
 'Tis thine to revenge, when that honour's at stake ;

'Tis

Then now rouze, ye brave, draw the sword, point  
the lance,  
And bid the bold cannon hurl thunder to France.

C H O R U S.

Huzza ! huzza ! huzza ! O ye Britons ; to conquest  
pursue ;  
For the trumpet of vict'rys uplifted for you.

Hark ! truth speaks already, our heroes prevail ;  
The rouz'd English lion makes Gallia turn pale :  
Thy cunning, O ! France, its own fate will decree ;  
Success, lo ! dawns on us by land and by sea ;  
And wide o'er the main shall the British flag fly,  
To forcethat submission which pride would deny.  
Huzza, &c.

Britannia rejoices your ardour to see ;  
My sons, fight, she cries, 'tis for freedom and me ;  
Tho' Gallic ambition alliance explore ;  
You've conquer'd them now, whom you've conquer'd  
before ;  
And triumph these truths to all nations shall sing,  
The ocean is George's, and George is our king.  
Huzza, &c.

S O N G



## SONG CXXIX.

**N**OT far from town a country squire  
 An open hearty blade,  
 Had long confes'd a strong desire  
 To kiss the chamber maid.  
 One summer's noon quite full of glee.  
 He led her to the shade,  
 And all beneath the mulb'ry tree,  
 He kiss'd the chamber maid.

The parson's spouse, from window high,  
 The am'rous pair survey'd,  
 And softly with'd, none can deny,  
 She'd been the chamber maid;  
 When all was o'er, poor Betty cry'd,  
 Kind sir, I'm much afraid,  
 That woman there will tell your bride,  
 You've kiss'd her chamber maid.

The squire conceiv'd a lucky thought  
 That she might not upbraid,  
 And instantly the lady brought,  
 Where he had kiss'd the maid:  
 Then all beneath the mulb'ry tree  
 Her ladyship was laid,  
 And three times sweetly kiss'd was she  
 Just like her chamber maid.

Next morning came the parson's wife,  
 For scandal was her trade,  
 I saw your squire, ma'm, on my life,  
 Great with your chamber maid:  
 When, cry'd the lady, where and how?  
 I'll soon discharge the jade:  
 Beneath the mulb'ry tree, I vow,  
 He kiss'd your chamber maid.

This falshood, cry'd her ladyship,  
 Shall not my spouse degrade,  
 'Twas I chanc'd there to make a slip,  
 And not my chamber maid;  
 Both parties parted in a pet,  
 Not trusting what was said,  
 And Betty keeps her service yet,  
 The pretty chamber maid.

---

### S O N G CXXX.

I F truth can fix thy wav'ring heart,  
 Let Damon urge his claim,  
 He feels the passion void of art,  
 The pure, the constant flame.

Tho' fighting swains their torments tell,  
 Their sensual love contemn;  
 They only prize the beauteous shell,  
 But slight the inward gem.

Possession

Possession cures the wounded heart,  
 Destroys the transient fire ;  
 But when the mind receives the dart,  
 Enjoyment whets desire.

By age your beauty will decay,  
 Your mind improves with years ;  
 As when the blossoms fade away,  
 The rip'ning fruit appears.

May heaven and Silvia grant my suit,  
 And bless the future hour,  
 That Damon who can taste the fruit,  
 May gather ev'ry flower !

---

# SONG CXXXI.

**A** DIEU ye groves, adieu ye plains  
 All nature mourning lies ;  
 See gloomy clouds, and thickning rains,  
 Obscure the lab'ring skies :  
 See from afar the impending storm  
 With sudden haste appear ;  
 See winter comes, a dreary form,  
 To rule the falling year.

No more the lambs with gamesome bound,  
 Rejoice the gladden'd light ;  
 No more the gay enamell'd ground,  
 Or sylvan scenes delight :  
 Thus ZEPHALINDA, much lov'd maid,  
 Thy early charms shall fail ;  
 The rose must droop, the lily fade  
 And winter soon prevail.

Again the lark, sweet bird of May,  
 May rise on active wing ;  
 Again the sportive herds may play,  
 And hail reviving Spring :  
 But youth, my fair, sees no return ;  
 The pleasing bubble's o'er,  
 In vain its fleeting joys you mourn,  
 They fall to bloom no more.

Haste then, dear girl, that time improve  
 Which art can ne'er regain,  
 In blissful scenes of mutual love,  
 With some distinguish'd swain ;  
 So shall life's Spring, like jocund May,  
 Pass smiling and serene ;  
 Tho' Summer, Autumn, glide away,  
 And Winter close the scene.

S O N G

## S O N G CXXXII.

**S**ICK of the town, fair Delia flew  
 To Contemplation's rural seat ;  
 Adieu, the cry'd, vain world, adieu,  
 Fools only study to be great :  
 The book, the lamp, the hermit's cell,  
 The moss-grown roof, the matted floor ;  
 All these she had——'twas mighty well ;  
 But yet she wanted something more.

Back to the busy world again  
 She soon return'd, in hopes to find  
 Ease for imaginary pain,  
 Quiet of heart, and peace of mind ;  
 Gay scenes of grandeur ev'ry hour,  
 By turns her fickle fancy fill ;  
 The world seem'd all within her pow'r ;  
 But yet she wanted something still.

Cities and groves by turns were try'd ;  
 'Twas all ye fair, an idle tale,  
 Delia at length became a bride,  
 A bride to Damon of the vale :  
 Behold at once the gloom was clear'd ;  
 Damon was kind ;—and from that hour  
 Each place a paradise appear'd,  
 And Delia wanted nothing more.

S O N G

## S O N G CXXXIII.

YE warblers, while Strephon I mourn,  
 To cheer me your harmony bring ;  
 Unless, since my shepherd is gone,  
 You cease, like poor Phillis, to sing ;  
 Each flower declines its sweet head,  
 Nor odours around me will throw,  
 While ev'ry soft lamb on the mead  
 Seems kindly to pity my woe.

Each rural amusement I try  
 In vain to restore my past ease ;  
 What charm'd when my Strephon was by,  
 Has now lost the power to please ;  
 Ye seasons that brighten the grove,  
 Not long for your absence we mourn ;  
 But Strephon neglects me and love,  
 He roves, and will never return.

As gay as the spring is my dear,  
 And sweet as all flowers combin'd ;  
 His smiles like the summer can cheer,  
 Ah ! why then, like winter unkind ?  
 Unkind he is now I can prove,  
 But tender to others can be ;  
 To Celia and Chloe makes love,  
 And only is cruel to me.

S O N G

## S O N G CXXXIV.

SAY, cruel Iris, pretty rake,  
 Dear mercenary beauty,  
 What annual off'ring shall I make  
 Expressive of my duty?

My heart, a victim to thine eyes,  
 Should I at once deliver,  
 Say, would the angry fair one prize  
 The gift, who slights the giver?

A bill, a jewel, watch, or toy,  
 My rivals give—and let 'em :  
 If gems or gold impart a joy,  
 I'll give them—when I get 'em.

I'll give—but not the full-blown rose,  
 Or rose-bud more in fashion ;  
 Such short-liv'd off'rings but disclose  
 A transitory passion :

I'll give thee something yet unpaid,  
 Not less sincere, than civil :  
 I'll give thee—Ah ! too charming maid,  
 I'll give thee—to the devil.



## SONG CXXXV.

**W**HILE gentlefolks strut in their silver and  
fattins,

We poor folks are tramping in straw hats and pattens;

Yet as merrily old English ballads can sing o,

As they at their opperores outlandish lingo ;

Calling out, bravo, ankcoro, and caro,

Tho'f I will sing nothing but Bartlemew fair o.

Here was, first of all, crowds against other crowds  
driving,

Like wind and tide meeting, each contrary striving ;

Shrill fiddling, sharp fighting, and shouting and  
shrieking,

Fifes, trumpets, drums, bagpipes, and barrow-girls  
squeaking,

Come my rare round and sound, here's choice of  
fine ware o,

Though all was not found sold at Bartlemew fair o.

There were drolls, hornpipe dancing, and showing  
of postures,

With frying black puddings, and op'ning of oysters ;

With salt-boxes solos, and gallery folks squawling ;

The tap-houfe-guests roaring, and mouth-pieces  
bawling.

Pimps, pawnbrokers, strollers, fat landladies, sailors,

Bawds, bailiffs, jilts, jockies, thieves, tumblers,  
and taylors.

Here's

Here's Punch's whole play of the gun-powder plot,  
 Sir,  
 With beasts all alive, and pease-porridge all hot,  
 Sir;  
 Fine sausages fry'd, and the black on the wire;  
 The whole court of France, and nice pig at the fire,  
 Here's the up-and-downs, who'll take a seat in the  
 chair o?  
 Tho' there's more ups and downs than at Bartlemew  
 fair o.

Here's Whittington's cat, and the tall dromedary,  
 The chaise without horses, and queen of Hangary;  
 Here's the merry-go-rounds, come who rides, come  
 who rides, Sir?  
 Wine, beer, ale, and cakes, fine-eating besides, Sir,  
 The fam'd learned dog that can tell all his letters,  
 And some men, as scholars, are not much his betters.

This world's a wide fair, where we ramble 'mong  
 gay things;  
 Our persons like children are tempted by playthings;  
 By sound and by show, by trash and trumpery,  
 The fal-lals of fashion, and Frenchify'd frumpery.  
 What is life but a droll, rather wretched than rare o?  
 And thus ends the ballad of Bartlemew fair o.

## S O N G CXXXVI.

**P**H O! pox of this nonsense, I prithee give o'er,  
 And talk of your Phillis and Chloe no more;  
 Their face, and their air, and their mien, what a  
 rout!

Here's to thee, my lad, push the bottle about,

Let finical fops play the fool and the ape;  
 They dare not confide in the juice of the grape:  
 But we, honest fellows—'death! who'd ever think  
 Of puling for love, while he's able to drink?

'Tis wine, only wine, that true pleasure bestows;  
 Our joys it increaseth, and lightens our woes;  
 Remember what toppers of old us'd to sing,  
 The man that is drunk is as great as a king,

If Cupid assaults you, there's law for his tricks;  
 Anacreon's cases see, page twenty-six:  
 The precedent's glorious, and just by my soul;  
 Lay hold on, and drown the young dog in a bowl.

What's life but a frolic, a song, and a laugh?  
 My toast shall be this, whilst I've liquor to quaff;  
 May mirth and good fellowship always abound,  
 Boys, fill up a bumper, and let it go round.

S O N G

## S O N G CXXXVII.

**A**S COLIN rang'd early one morning in spring,  
 To hear the wood choristers warble and sing,  
 Young PHÆBE he saw there supinely was laid;  
 And thus in sweet melody sung the fair maid.

Of all my experience how vast the amount,  
 Since fifteen long winters I fairly can count;  
 Was ever poor damsel so sadly betray'd,  
 To live to these years, and yet still be a maid?

Ye heroes, triumphant by land and by sea,  
 Sworn vot'ries to love, yet unmindful of me;  
 Of prowess approv'd, of no dangers afraid,  
 Will you stand by like dastards, and see me a maid?

Ye counsellors sage, who with eloquent tongue,  
 Can do what you please, both with right and with  
                   wrong;  
 Can it be by law or by equity said,  
 That a comely young girl ought to die an old maid?

Ye learned physicians, whose excellent skill  
 Can save or demolish, can heal or can kill;  
 'To a poor forlorn damsel contribute your aid,  
 Who is sick, very sick, of remaining a maid.

Ye fops, I invoke not to list to my song,  
 Who answer no end, and to no sex belong;  
 Ye echoes of echo, and shadows of shade,  
 For if I had you, I might still be a maid.

Poor COLIN was melted to hear her complain,  
 Then whisper'd relief like a kind-hearted swain;  
 And PHÆBE well-pleas'd is no longer afraid  
 Of being neglected, and dying a maid.

---

## SONG CXXXVIII.

WHEN tutor'd by mother, she oftentimes  
 said,  
 'There's money bid for thee, girl, hold up thy head;  
 She laid out my work with a housewifely care,  
 And making a mark, bid me stick a pin there.

The humour so pleas'd me, however absurd,  
 That, 'in spight of my teeth, it became a cant word;  
 And once, when the parson had ended his pray'r,  
 I could not help calling out, stick a pin there.

He came to my mother, and loudly complain'd;  
 His pardon I ask'd, but my sorrow was feign'd;  
 And before he could clap his fat bum in a chair,  
 I sily stoop'd down, and did stick a pin there.

I met my dear JACK in a field of new hay,  
 He kiss'd me, and teas'd me with amorous play;  
 A green gown he gave me, and swore it was fair:  
 Hold, firrah said I, would you stick a pin there?

He often attempted to rifle my charms,  
 As often I push'd the dear youth from my arms:  
 But sooner or later he'll baffle my care,  
 For JACK is the lad—but stick a pin there.

---

### S O N G CXXXIX.

**W**HEN ORPHEUS went down to the regions  
 below,  
 Which men are forbidden to see,  
 He tun'd up his lyre, as old histories shew,  
 To set his EURYDICE free.

All hell stood amaz'd, that a person so wise  
 Should so rashly endanger his life,  
 And venture so far, but how vast their surprize!  
 When they heard that he came for his wife,

To find out a punishment due to the fault,  
 Old PLUTO long puzzl'd his brain;  
 But hell had not torments sufficient, he thought,  
 So he gave him his wife back again.

But pity succeeding soon vanquish'd his heart,  
 And pleas'd with his playing so well,  
 He took her again, in reward for his art :  
 Such power had music in hell !

---

## S O N G CXL.

**F**AIR HEBE I left with a cautious design,  
 To escape from her charms, and to drown 'em  
 in wine :

I try'd it, but found, when I came to depart,  
 The wine in my head, and still love in my heart.

I repair'd to my reason, intreated her aid,  
 Who paus'd on my case, and each circumstance  
 weigh'd,

Then gravely pronounc'd, in return to my pray'r,  
 That HEBE was fairest of all that was fair.

That's a truth, I reply'd, I've no need to be taught,  
 I came for your counsel to find out a fault.  
 If that's all, quoth Reason, return as you came,  
 To find fault with HEBE would forfeit my name :

What hopes then, alas ! of relief from my pain,  
 While like lightning she darteth thro' each throbbing  
 vein,  
 My senses surpriz'd in her favour took arms,  
 And reason confirms me a slave to her charms.



## SONG CXLI.

COME, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we  
steer,  
To add something more to this wonderful year;  
To honour we call you, not press you like slaves;  
For who are so free, as we sons of the waves?

## C H O R U S.

*Heart of oak are our ships, heart of oak are our men,  
We always are ready,  
Steady, boys, steady;  
We'll fight and we'll conquer again, and again.*

We ne'er see our foes, but we wish them to stay;  
They never see us, but they wish us away;  
If they run, why we follow, and run them ashore,  
For if they won't fight us, we cannot do more.

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes,  
They'll frighten our women, our children and beaux,  
But should their flat-bottoms in darkness get o'er,  
Still Britons they'll find, to receive them ashore.

We'll still make them run, and we'll still make  
sweat,  
In spite of the devil, and Brussels gazette;  
Then cheer up, my lads, with one voice let us sing,  
Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, and king.

## S O N G CXLII.

**C**OME, jolly BACCHUS, God of wine,  
 Crown this night with pleasure:  
 Let none at cares of life repine,  
 To destroy our pleasure:  
 Fill up the mighty sparkling bowl,  
 That ev'ry true and loyal soul  
 May drink and sing, without controul,  
 To support our pleasure.

Thus, mighty BACCHUS, shalt thou be  
 Guardian to our pleasure,  
 That under thy protection we  
 May enjoy new pleasure;  
 And as the hours glide away,  
 We'll in thy name invoke their stay,  
 And sing thy praises, that we may  
 Live and die with pleasure.

---

## S O N G CXLIII.

**Y**E Gods, ye gave to me a wife,  
 Out of your grace and favour  
 To be the comfort of my life,  
 And I was glad to have her;

But

But if your providence divine  
 For greater bliss design her;  
 To obey your will at any time,  
 I am ready to resign her.

---

## S O N G CXLIV.

O F all states in life so various,  
 Marriage sure is most precarious;  
 'Tis a maze so strangely winding,  
 Still we are new mazes finding;  
 'Tis an action so severe,  
 That nought but death can set us clear;  
 Happy's the man from wedlock free,  
 Who knows to prize his liberty:  
     Were men wary  
     How they marry,  
 We should not be by half so full of misery.

---

## S O N G CXLV.

Y E fair married dames, who so often deplore  
 That a lover once blest'd is a lover no more,  
 Attend to my counsel, nor blush to be taught  
 That Prudence must cherish what Beauty has caught.

The

The bloom of your cheek, and the glance of your  
eye,  
Your roses and lilies may make the men sigh;  
But roses and lilies, and sighs pass away,  
And passion will die as your beauties decay.

Use the man that you wed like your fav'rite guittar,  
Tho' there's music in both, they are both apt to jar;  
How tuneful and soft from a delicate touch,  
Not handled too roughly, nor play'd on too much!

The sparrow and linnet will feed from your hand,  
Grow tame by your kindness, and come at command,  
Exert with your husband the same happy skill,  
For hearts, like your birds, may be tam'd to your  
will.

Be gay and good-humour'd, complying and kind,  
Turn the chief of your care from your face to your  
mind,  
'Tis there that a wife may her conquests improve,  
And HYMEN shall rivet the fetters of love.

---

## S O N G CXLVI.

**O**N the white cliffs of Albion, see Fame where she  
stands.  
And her shrill swelling notes reach the neighbouring  
lands:  
Of the natives free-born, and their conquests she sings;  
The happiest of men with the greatest of kings.

GEORGE

GEORGE the Third she proclaims, his vast glory  
 repeats,  
 His undismay'd legions, invincible fleets ;  
 Whom nor castles or rocks can from honour retard,  
 Since e'en death for their king they with scorn disre-  
 gard.

O ! but see a cloud bursts and an angel appears !  
 'Tis Peace, lovely virgin, dissolved in tears !  
 " Say Fame, (cry'd the maid) is't not time to give  
 " o'er,  
 " With sieges and famine, explosions and gore ?"

His just right to assert hath the king amply try'd,  
 Nor his wisdom or strength can opponents abide ;  
 Then no longer in rage let dread thunders be hurl'd,  
 But leave him to me, and give peace to the world.

'Tis done, and great GEORGE is to mercy inclin'd,  
 The blest word is gone forth for the good of man-  
 kind ;  
 'Tis the act of a Briton to beat, then to spare,  
 And our king is a Briton—deny it who dare.

(To HODGSON and KEPPEL let bumpers next  
 smile,  
 And to all our brave troops who have taken Belleisle ;  
 May they meet just reward, and with courage ad-  
 vance,  
 Still to humble the pride and the power of France.)

Charge

Charge your glasses lip high, and drink health to  
 the king,  
 To the duke and the princess, and make the air ring;  
 May the days of great GEORGE be all happy and long;  
 And the man still be right who yet never was wrong.

---

## S O N G CXLVII.

**W**HERE's my swain so blythe and clever?  
 Why d'ye leave me all in sorrow?  
 Three whole days are gone for ever,  
 Since you said you'd come to-morrow.  
 If you lov'd but half as I do,  
 You'd been here with looks so bonny:  
 Love has flying wings, I well know,  
 Not for ling'ring lazy JOHNNY.

What can he be now a doing?  
 Is he with the lasses maying?  
 He had better here be wooing,  
 Than with others fondly playing.  
 Tell me truly where he's roving,  
 That I may no longer sorrow;  
 If he's weary grown of loving,  
 Let him tell me so to-morrow.

Does some fav'rite rival hide thee,  
 Let her be the happy creature,  
 I'll not plague myself to chide thee,  
 Nor dispute with her a feature,

But

But I can't, nor will not tarry,  
 Nor will kill myself with sorrow.  
 I may lose the time to marry,  
 If I wait beyond to-morrow.

Think not, shepherd, thus to brave me,  
 If I'm yours away no longer;  
 If you won't another'll have me,  
 I may cool, but not grow fonder.  
 If your lovers, girls, forsake ye,  
 Whine not in despair and sorrow,  
 Bless'd another lad may make ye,  
 Stay for none beyond to-morrow.

---

### S O N G CXLVIII.

**T**HE world, my dear MYRA, is full of deceit,  
 And Friendship's a jewel we seldom can meet;  
 How strange does it seem that in searching around,  
 This source of content is so rare to be found.  
 O! Friendship, thou balm and rich sweetner of life,  
 Kind parent of ease, and composer of strife;  
 Without thee, alas! what are riches and pow'r,  
 But empty delusions, the joys of an hour.

How much to be priz'd and esteem'd is a friend,  
 On whom we may always with safety depend;  
 Our joys when extended will always encrease,  
 And griefs when divided are hush'd into peace:

When



When fortune is smiling what crouds will appear,  
 Their kindness to offer and friendship sincere;  
 Yet change but the prospect, and point out distress,  
 No longer to court you they eagerly press.

---

## S O N G CXLIX.

**S**URE a lass in her bloom at the age of nineteen  
 Was ne'er so distress'd as of late I have been;  
 I know not, I vow, any harm I have done,  
 But my mother oft tells me she'll have me a nun.

Don't you think it a pity a girl such as I  
 Should be sentenc'd to pray, and to fast, and to cry?  
 With ways so devout I'm not like to be won,  
 And my heart it loves frolic too well for a nun.

To hear the men flatter, and promise, and swear,  
 Is a thousand times better, to me, I declare;  
 I can keep myself chaste, nor by wiles be undone,  
 Nay besides I'm too handsome, I think, for a nun.

Not to love, nor be lov'd, oh I never can bear!  
 Nor yield to be sent to——one cannot tell where;  
 To live or to die in this case were all one,  
 Nay I sooner would die than be reckon'd a nun.

Perhaps

Perhaps but to teaze me, she threatens me so,  
 I'm sure were she me, she would stoutly say no;  
 But if she's in earnest, I from her will run,  
 And be marry'd in spite, that I mayn't be a nun.

---

## S O N G   C L.

## RECITATIVE.

**A**S tink'ring TOM thro'th' streets his trade did cry,  
 He saw his lovely SYLVIA passing by;  
 In dust-cart high advanc'd the nymph was plac'd,  
 With the rich cinders round her lovely waist;  
 'TOM with up-lifted hands th' occasion blest,  
 And thus in soothing strains the maid address.

## AIR.

Oh SYLVIA, while you drive your carts,  
 To pick up dust, you steal our hearts,  
 You take our dust, and steal our hearts.

That mine is gone, alas! is true,  
 And dwells among the dust with you,  
 And dwells among the dust with you.

Oh lovely SYLVIA, ease my pain,  
 Give me the heart you stole again,  
 Give me my heart out of your cart,  
 Give me my heart you stole again.

## RECITATIVE.

**SYLVIA** advanc'd above the rabble rout,  
 Exulting, roll'd her sparkling eyes about ;  
 She heav'd her swelling breast as black as sloe,  
 And look'd disdain on little folks below ;  
 To Tom she nodded as the cart drove on,  
 And then, resolv'd to speak, she cry'd, Stop, **JOHN**.

## A I R

Shall I, who ride above the rest,  
 Be by a paltry crowd oppress'd ?  
 Ambition now my soul does fire,  
 The youths shall languish and admire ;  
 And ev'ry girl, with anxious heart,  
 Shall long to ride, long to ride, long to ride,  
     in my dust-cart,  
 And ev'ry girl, with anxious heart,  
 Shall long to ride in my dust-cart.

---

## S O N G   C L I.

**F**ROM the man whom I love, tho' my heart I  
     disguise,  
 I'll freely describe the wretch I despise ;  
 And if he has sense but to balance a straw,  
 He will sure take a hint from the picture I draw.

A wit without sense, without fancy a beau ;  
 Like a parrot he chatters, and struts like a crow,  
 A peacock in pride, in grimace a baboon ;  
 In courage a hind, in conceit a Gascoon.

As a vulture rapacious, in falsehood a fox ;  
 Inconstant as waves, and unfeeling as rocks ;  
 As a tyger ferocious, perverse as a hog ;  
 In mischief an ape, and in fawning a dog.

In a word, to sum up all his talents together,  
 His heart is of lead, and his brains are of feather,  
 Yet if he has sense but to ballance a straw,  
 He will sure take a hint from the picture I draw.

---

### S O N G   C L I I .

**D**I O G E N E S surly and proud  
 Who snar'd at the Macedon youth,  
 Delighted in wine that was good,  
     Because in good wine there is truth ;  
 But growing as poor as was Job,  
     And unable to purchase a flask,  
 He chose for his mansion a tub,  
     And liv'd by the scent of the cask.

**H**E R A C L I T U S would not deny  
 To tittle and cherish his heart,  
 And when he was maudlin, would cry,  
     Because he had empty'd his quart ;  
 'Tho' some are so foolish to think,  
     That he wept at men's follies and vice,  
 'Twas only his fashion to drink  
     Till the liquor flow'd out of his eyes.

DEMOCRITUS always was glad  
 Of a bumper to cherish his soul,  
 And would laugh like a man that was mad,  
 When over a good flowing bowl;  
 As long as his cellar was stor'd,  
 The liquor he'd merrily quaff,  
 And when he was drunk as a lord,  
 At those that were sober he'd laugh.

COPERNICUS too like the rest,  
 Believ'd there was wisdom in wine,  
 And fancy'd a cup of the best  
 Made reason the brighter to shine;  
 With wine he replenish'd his veins,  
 And made his philosophy reel,  
 And fancy'd the world, like his brains,  
 Turn'd round like a chariot wheel.

ARISTOTLE, that master of arts,  
 Had been but a dunce without wine,  
 And what we ascribe to his parts,  
 Is due to the juice of the vine;  
 His belly, most writers agree,  
 Was as big as a watering-trough;  
 He therefore leap'd into the sea,  
 Because he'd have liquor enough.

Old PLATO was reckon'd divine,  
 He fondly to wisdom was prone;  
 But had it not been for good wine,  
 His merits had never been known.

By

By wine we are generous made,  
 It furnishes fancy with wings,  
 Without it we ne'er should have had  
 Philosophers, poets, or kings.

---

## S O N G CLIII.

**N** E A R the side of a pond, at the foot of a hill,  
 A free hearted fellow attends on his mill:  
 Fresh health blooms her strong rosey hue o'er his face,  
 And honesty gives e'en to awkwardness grace,  
 Beslour'd with his meal does he labour and sing,  
 And regaling at night he's as blest as a king;  
 After heartily eating, he takes a full swill  
 Of liquor home brew'd, to success of his mill.

He makes no nice scruple of toll for his trade,  
 For that's an excise to his industry paid;  
 His conscience is free; and his income is clear,  
 And he values not them of ten thousand a year;  
 He's a freehold sufficient to give him a vote,  
 At elections he scorns to accept of a groat:  
 He hates your proud place-men; and do what they  
     will,  
 They ne'er can seduce the staunch man of the mill.

On Sunday he talks with the barber and priest,  
 And hopes that our statesmen do all for the best;  
 That the Spaniards shall ne'er interrupt our free trade,  
 Nor good British coin be in subsidies paid;

He fears the French navy and commerce increase,  
 And he wishes poor Germany still may have peace ;  
 Tho' Old England, he knows, may have strength and  
     have skill  
 To protect all her manors, and save his own mill.

With this honest hope he goes home to his work,  
 And if water is scanty he takes up his fork,  
 And over the meadows he scatters his hay,  
 Or with the stiff plough turns up furrows of clay.  
 His harvest is crown'd with a good English glee,  
 That his country may ever be happy and free ;  
 With his hand and his heart to king GEORGE does  
     he fill,  
 And may all loyal souls act the man of the mill.

---

## S O N G    C L I V .

**T**HE lilies of France, and the brave English rose,  
     Could never agree, as old history shews ;  
 But our EDWARDS and HENRYS those lilies have  
     torn,  
 And in their rich standards such ensigns have borne,  
 To shew that Old England, beneath her strong lance,  
 Has humbled the pride and the glory of France.

What would these monsieurs ? would they know  
     how they ran,  
 Only look at the annals of glorious queen ANNE :

We



We beat them by sea, and we beat them by land,  
 When MALBRO' and RUSSEL enjoy'd the command;  
 We'll beat them again, boys, so let them advance,  
 Old England despises the insults of France.

Then let the grand monarch assemble his host,  
 And threaten invasion to England's fair coast;  
 We bid them defiance, so let them come on,  
 Have at them, their business will quickly be done;  
 Monseurs, we will teach you a new English dance  
 To our grenadiers march, that will frighten all  
 France.

Let's take up our muskets, and gird on our swords,  
 And monsieur shall find us as good as our words;  
 Beat drums, trumpets found, and huzza for our king,  
 Then welcome BELLEISLE, with what troops thou  
 can'st bring:  
 Huzza! for Old England, whose strong pointed  
 lance  
 Shall humble the pride and the glory of France.

# SONG CLV.

**T**O take in good part the squeeze of the hand'  
 That language of lovers, who dare not de-  
 mand,  
 And then with another as close and as dear,  
 You've made him believe his happiness near,  
 Then to tell him, then to tell him,  
 Then to tell him a tale of a cock and a bull,  
 That you meant no such thing, but was playing the  
 fool.

The tread on the toe, to admit and be free,  
 And straight to reply with the toe-repartee ;  
 To expreis with your eyes your inward desires,  
 And thus with full hopes to kindle his fires, &c.

When he wants to disclose what he dare not reveal,  
 When he looks very silly, and means a great deal,  
 When he thinks, (if e'er thinking should enter his  
     brain)  
 You'll grant him his wish, the ease of his pain, &c.

To let him inraptur'd proceed on to bliss,  
 To suffer the snatch or the theft of a kifs ;  
 When coyness retreating, unwillingly flies,  
 When sighs answer murmurs, and eyes talk to eyes,  
     Then to tell him, &c.

# SONG CLVI.

**A** *Taylor* there was, and he liv'd in a garret,  
 Who ne'er in his days tasted champaigne or  
     claret,  
 With high soups, or ragouts, he never was fed,  
 But *cabbage*, believe me, was his daily bread.  
     *Derry down, down.*

His work he pursu'd without any repining,  
 When bless'd with a pint of *three thread's* for his lining ;  
 Till CUPID, whose arrows most cruelly treat us,  
 With a *semstres's bodkin* destroy'd his *quistus*.

No longer a *birthnight* affords any pleasure,  
 His *patterns* lie scatter'd, in tatters his *measure* :  
 His *bills*, he contrives not with *items* to swell ;  
*Silk, twist, tape, and buckram*, he ~~tears~~ them to  
*hell.*

CUPID pitying his case, at length flew to his aid,  
 And help'd him to *fine-draw* the hole he had made ;  
 He bade him be bold, and not stand like a mute,  
 Whoe'er finish'd without first beginning his *suit* ?

He visits the *femstrefs* with awkward address,  
 Protests on her kindness *hung* his happiness ;  
 But she scornfully sneer'd at his speeches and wheedle,  
 For she, lack-a-day, was as sharp as a *needle.*

He told her on hon'able terms he was come,  
 And begg'd he might soon be inform'd of his doom ;  
 Unless she'd consent to be shortly his wife,  
 The Fates *shears* should soon cut off his *remnant* of life.

Do you think, cry'd the *femstrefs*, I'll take for a  
*spouse,*  
 One whom no one esteems three *skips of a louse* ?  
 Advance in your favour whatever you can,  
*A taylor is but the ninth part of a man.*

The taylor proceeded with lying, intreating,  
 And making such speeches which scarce bear repeat-  
*ing ;*  
 A woman unmarried was useless, he said ;  
 Was just like a *needle without any thread.*

When

When the priest should have tack'd them together,  
 he cry'd,  
 For her palate, when dainty, he'd nicely provide ;  
 Tho' to turkeys and capons he could not aspire,  
 She might always be sure of a *goose* at the *fire*.

As she work'd he commended her fingers so nimble !  
 And swore that her eyes were more bright than her  
*thimble*.

Tho' small was his wit, he so acted his part,  
 That (I know not how it was) he *cabbag'd* her heart.

Away hand in hand to the chapel they went ;  
 Nor appear'd in her visage the least discontent ;  
 None but death could the conjugal knot have unty'd ;  
 For *cross legg'd* together they sat till they died.

## S O N G. CLVII.

COME, my bucks, let's to-night be devoted to  
 drinking,  
 To-morrow's too soon to be troubled with thinking ;  
 Inspir'd by Bacchus, I'll sing to his praise,  
 And crown with the bumper, instead of the bays,  
 Sing Tantararara Bucks all.

From Bacchus our name is, tho' some say from Jove,  
 For he was the first (like a buck) who made love ;  
 To a bull for the sake of Europa he turns,  
 And bequeath'd to the man she should marry, his  
 horns.

'Tis

'Tis by women each buck at true honour arrives,  
The first race of bucks were made bucks by their  
wives ;

When for glory the Greeks round the world us'd to  
roam,

Each wife, a true buck, dubb'd her husband at home.

Had the son of fair Thetis, instead of the brine,  
Been plung'd over head in a hoghead of wine,  
He'd have march'd among mortals secure from all  
evil,

A buck, when he's drunk, is a match for the devil.

But why should the ancients still fill up my lays ?  
'Tis fit that a modern, a modern should please.  
With claret my rosy-crown'd temples I'll 'noint,  
And a health take to him who first drank a half-pint.

Were grapes on the mount of Parnassus but grow-  
ing,

Or Helicon's conduit with French claret flowing,  
Nay, would Phœbus but drink like an honest good  
fellow,

Like Bacchus we'd honour his buckship Apollo.

What are misses, the muses, to nine mouldy casks ?  
Or the tea-table's splendor, to splendid full flasks ?  
What is Pegasus good for ? Yes, he shall be mine ;  
I'll keep him as porter to fly for my wine.

In daisy-deck'd meads, when the birds whistle  
 round,  
 How shrill is their music, how simple the sound ?  
 Give me a bell's tinkle, a fat landlord's roar,  
 And a good fellow's order, Boy, six bottles more.

Can music or verse, love or landscape bestow  
 A six-bottle sound, or a six-bottle show ?  
 Could I meet them at midnight, their bottoms I'd try,  
 Who first should give out, faith, the bottles or I.

This tuning and piping no longer I'll bear it,  
 What's all pipes of music to one pipe of claret ?  
 By my soul, bucks, I love it, and why, would you  
 know ?  
 Drink only as I've done, you'll all like it too.

---

## S O N G CLVIII.

**W** H E N Bacchus, the patron of love, wit, and  
 mirth,  
 With vineyards had planted the face of the earth,  
 Tho' nations turn'd rebels, and broke from his sway,  
 Some, drunk with his bounty deny'd to obey.  
 Derry down, &c.

He harness'd his tygers, he marshall'd his force,  
 Silenus was sutler, lord Pan led the horse ;  
 The Ganges they pass'd, came in sight of the foe,  
 And struck them all dead, without striking a blow.

'Twas

'Twas Pan did the feat, put their troops in a  
fright,  
For he sily stole into their camp over night;  
And while they lay sleeping, not dreaming such matter,  
He drew off their wine, fill'd their flasks up with  
water.

Next morn when they 'woke, and their bottles  
pull'd out,  
The first gulp they took put them all to the rout;  
They trembled from monarch to meanest mechanic,  
From whence comes the phrase, to put men in a panic.

Ye heroes of Europe, whose martial parade  
Attracts the soft sense of each drefs-tempted maid,  
Well judge of this scheme, and impartial declare,  
Could you with mere water march fearless to war?

The buck of the Greeks, Alexander by name,  
As much by his drinking as fighting got fame;  
He was sure of the victory, lads, you must think,  
Who drank but to conquer, and conquer to drink.

By foul pale-fac'd villains, who only drank water,  
Great Cæsar was dragg'd to the senate-house slaughter;  
Had they drank what they ough, they'd have dropt  
their design,  
And no more spilt his blood, than we bucks spill  
our wine.

'Tis



'Tis by maxims more noble we nourish our youth,  
 Kept constant to claret, they're constant to truth,  
 On the virtues of wine we may safely depend,  
 He, who sticks to his bottle, will stick to his friend.

'Tis wine (like the sun) that invig'rates our hours,  
 Wine blooms our complexions, as Sol blooms the  
     flow'rs;  
 And as birds grateful sing, when he spreads his bright  
     rays,  
 So, we bucks, in full chorus, chant bright claret's  
     praise.

Mark each rose, when the sun's from the horizon fled,  
 Shuts his leaves, dewy weeps, and hangs heavy his  
     head;  
 When his wine's gone, each buck thus as sad will be-  
     come,  
 Folds his arms, gives a sigh, hides his head, and  
     skulks home.

### S O N G   C L I X .

**T**HOU' I love you, yet think not my judgment  
     so weak  
 To doat on your waist, or your rose dimpl'd cheek;  
 The black curling locks which your white neck inlay,  
 Your love-pouting lips, or your eye-darting ray:  
 'Tis not for those charms which so common are seen,  
 'Tis something more secret,—but guess what I mean.

Platonics

Platonics corporeal embraces disdain,  
 Their mental enjoyments no passion profane;  
 The mind of a mistress perhaps may enchant,  
 Yet still flesh and blood will meer flesh and blood want;  
 Each sex sighs for more to see and be seen,  
 What more is't they sigh for? who—guess what I  
 mean.

Can a dinner's warm steam fill the hungry with  
 cheer?  
 Or the sight of a bank dry up poverty's tear?  
 The jingling of guineas, or fame of a feast,  
 They care not to hear of, unless they could taste:  
 'Tis thus with the lover, not what he has seen,  
 But what he can taste of, that's—guess what I mean.

We wise-seeming mortals, five senses retain  
 In the pay of the will, to be pimps to the brain;  
 One sense, like the serpent, devours all the rest,  
 As man's most inclin'd to hear, see, smell or taste:  
 But to touch is the point,—yet I'll not be obscene,  
 For to touch is no more than to—guess what I mean.

How sweet the sensation! how thrilling the bliss,  
 When breast joining breast, we blend souls in a kiss!  
 Ah madness the lover, the fair all delight,  
 Ev'ry sense then in one extatic unite:  
 What's that sense of all senses? why—here drops  
 the scene,  
 'Tis something that's certain,—but guess what I mean.

S O N G

## S O N G   CLX.

**A**T St. Ofsythe by the mill,  
 There lives a lovely las ;  
 Oh ! had I her good-will,  
 How gaily life would pass !  
 No bold intruding care  
 My blifs should e'er destroy,  
 Her smiles would gild despair,  
 And brighten every joy.

Like nature's rural scene,  
 Her artlefs beauties charm ;  
 Like them with joy ferene,  
 Our wifhing hearts they warm :  
 Her wit, with sweetness crown'd,  
 Steals every fenfe away ;  
 The lift'ning fwains around  
 Forget the fhort'ning day.

Health, freedom, wealth and eafe,  
 Without her taitelefs are ;  
 She gives them power to pleafe,  
 And makes them worth our care ;  
 Is there, ye fates, a blifs  
 Reserv'd my future fhare,  
 Indulgent hear my wifh,  
 And grant it all in her.

## SONG CLXI.

A Cobler there was, and he liv'd in a stall,  
 Which serv'd him for parlour, for kitchen,  
 and hall,  
 No coin in his pocket, no care in his pate,  
 No ambition had he, nor duns at his gate :  
 Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Contented he work'd, and he thought himself happy,  
 If at night he could purchase a jug of brown nappy ;  
 How he'd laugh then, and whittle, and sing too most  
 sweet,  
 Saying, just to a hair I've made both ends to meet :

But love, the disturber of high-and of low,  
 That shoots at the peasant as well as the beau ;  
 He shot the poor cobbler quite thorough the heart,  
 I wish he had hit some more ignoble part :

It was from a cellar this archer did play,  
 Where a buxom young damsel continually lay ;  
 Her eyes shone so bright when she rose ev'ry day,  
 That she shot the poor cobbler quite over the way :

He sung her love-songs as he sat at his work,  
 But she was as hard as a Jew or a Turk :  
 Whenever he spake, she would flounce and would  
 flier,  
 Which put the poor cobbler quite into despair :

He took up his awl that he had in the world,  
 And to make away with himself was resolv'd ;  
 He pierc'd thro' his body instead of the sole,  
 So the cobbler he dy'd, and the bell it did toll.

And now in good will I advise, as a friend,  
 All cobblers take warning by this cobbler's end :  
 Keep your hearts out of love, for we find by what's past,  
 That love brings us all to an end at the last.

---

## S O N G CLXII.

**B**USY, curious, thirsty fly,  
 Drink with me, and drink as I,  
 Freely welcome to my cup,  
 Could'st thou sip and sip it up :  
 Make the most of life you may,  
 Life is short and wears away.

Both alike are mine and thine,  
 Hast'ning quick to their decline,  
 Thine's a summer, mine's no more,  
 Tho' repeated to threescore ;  
 Threescore summers when they're gone,  
 Will appear as short as one.

---

## S O N G CLXIII.

**B**Y the gaily circling glass,  
 We can see how minutes pass ;  
 By the hollow cask we're told  
 How the waining night grows old :

Soon,

Soon, too soon, the busy day,  
 Drives us from our sports away.  
 What have we with day to do?  
 Sons of care! 'twas made for you.

---

## S O N G CLXIV.

**B**LEST as th' immortal gods is he,  
 The youth who fondly sits by thee,  
 And hears and sees thee all the while,  
 Softly speak and sweetly smile!  
 So spoke the eastern maid;  
 (Like thine, seraphic were her charms)  
 That in CIRCASSIA's vineyard stray'd,  
 And blest the wisest monarch's arms.

A thousand fair, of high desert,  
 Strove to inchant the am'rous king,  
 But the Circassian gain'd his heart,  
 And taught the royal bard to sing.  
 CLARINDA thus our song inspires,  
 And claims the smooth and softest lays;  
 But while each charm our bosom fires,  
 Words seem too few to sound her praise.

Her mind in ev'ry grace compleat,  
 To paint, surpasses human skill:  
 Her majesty, mixt with the sweet,  
 Let seraphs sing her if they will.

Whilst wond'ring, with a ravish'd eye,  
 They all that's perfect in her view,  
 Viewing a sister of the sky,  
 To whom an adoration's due,

---

## S O N G CLXV.

COME all ye young lovers, who wan with  
 despair,  
 Compose idle sonnets, and sigh for the fair.  
 Who puff up their pride, by enchanting their charms,  
 And tell them 'tis heaven to lie in their arms;  
 Be wise by example, take pattern from me,  
 For let what will happen, by Jove I'll be free.

Young DAPHNE I saw, in the net I was caught,  
 I ly'd, and I flatter'd, as custom had taught;  
 I press'd her to bliss, which she granted full soon;  
 But the date of my passion expir'd with the moon,  
 She vow'd she was ruin'd; I said it might be;  
 I'm sorry, my dear, but by Jove I'll be free.

The next was young PHILLIS, as bright as the  
 morn;  
 The love that I proffer'd, she treated with scorn,  
 I laugh'd at her folly, and told her my mind,  
 That none can be handsome, but such as are kind;  
 Her pride and ill-nature was lost upon me;  
 For, in spite of fair faces, by Jove I'll be free.



Let others call marriage the harbour of joys,  
 Calm peace I delight in, and fly from all noise;  
 Some chuse to be hamper'd, 'tis sure a strange rage;  
 Like birds, they sing best when put in a cage;  
 Confinement's the devil, 'twas ne'er made for me,  
 Let who will be bond-slaves, by Jove I'll be free.

Then let each brisk bumper run over the glass,  
 In a toast to the young and beautiful lass,  
 Who's yielding and easy, prescribes no dull rule,  
 Nor thinks it a wonder a lover should cool;  
 Let us bill like the sparrow, and rove like the bee  
 For in spite of grave lessons, by Jove I'll be free.

---

## S O N G CLXVI.

**F**ORTH from my dark and dismal cell,  
 Or from the dark abyss of hell,  
 Mad Tom is come to view the world again,  
 To see if he can cure his distemper'd brain,

Fears and cares oppress my soul;  
 Hark! how the angry furies howl?  
 Pluto laughs, and Proserpine is glad,  
 To see poor angry Tom of Bedlam bad.

Through the world I wander night and day,  
 To find my straggl'ing senses.  
 In angry mood I met old Time,  
 With his pentateuch of tenses:

When me he spies away he flies,  
 For time will stay for no man:  
 In vain with cries I rend the skies,  
 For pity is not common.

Cold and comfortless I be,  
 Help! help! or else I die!  
 Hark! I hear Apollo's team,  
 The carman 'gins to whistle;  
 Chaste Diana bends her bow,  
 And the boar begins to bristle.

Come Vulcan, with tools and with tackle;  
 And knock off my troublesome shackle;  
 Bid Charles make ready his wain,  
 To bring me my senses again.

Last night I heard the dog-star bark;  
 Mars met Venus in the dark;  
 Limping Vulcan heat an iron-bar,  
 And furiously made at the god of war;  
 Mars with his weapon laid about;  
 Limping Vulcan had got the gout;  
 His broad horns did so hang in his light,  
 That he could not see to aim his blows aright.

Mercury, the nimble post of heaven,  
 Stood still to see the quarrel;  
 Barrel belly'd Bacchus, giant-like,  
 Bestrid a strong-beer barrel;

To me he drank whole butts,  
 Until he burst his guts,  
 But mine were ne'er the wider.  
 Poor Tom is very dry,  
 A little drink for charity.

Hark ! I hear Aëtæon's hounds,  
 The huntsmen whoop and hollow ;  
 Ringwood, Rockwood, Jowler, Bowman,  
 All the chase do follow.

The man in the moon drinks claret,  
 Eats powder'd beef, turnip and carrot ;  
 But a cup of Malaga sack  
 Will fire the bush at his back.

---

## S O N G   CLXVII.

**H**E that will not merry, merry be,  
 With a gen'rous bowl and a toast,  
 May he in Bridewell be shut up,  
 And fast bound to a post.

Let him be merry, merry there,  
 And we'll be merry, merry here :  
 For who can know where we shall go,  
 To be merry another year ?

He that will not merry, merry be,  
 And take his glass in course,  
 May he be oblig'd to drink small beer,  
 With ne'er a penny in's purse.

Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry, merry be,  
 With a comp'ny of jolly boys,  
 May he be plagu'd with a scolding wife,  
 To confound him with her noise.  
 Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry, merry be,  
 With his mistress in his bed,  
 Let him be laid in the church-yard,  
 And me put in his stead.  
 Let him be merry, &c.

---

## S O N G CLXVIII.

**H**OW brimful of nothing's the life of a beau !  
 They've nothing to think of, they've nothing  
 to do ;  
 Nor nothing to talk of, for nothing they know,  
 Such, such is the life of a beau, &c.

For nothing they rise but to draw the fresh air ;  
 Spend the morning in nothing but curling their hair :  
 And do nothing all day, but sing, saunter, and stare,  
 Such, such is, &c,

For nothing, at night, at the play-house they crowd,  
 To mind nothing done there, they always are proud :  
 But to bow and to grin, and talk nothing aloud :  
 Such, such is, &c,

For nothing they run to th' assembly and ball,  
 And for nothing, at cards, a fair partner they call;  
 For they still must be beasted, who've—nothing at all:  
 Such, such is, &c.

For nothing, on Sundays, at church they appear;  
 For they've nothing to hope, nor they've nothing to  
 fear:  
 They can be nothing no where, who—nothing are  
 here;  
 Such, such is, &c.

---

### S O N G CLXIX.

**I**F I live to grow old, as I find I go down,  
 Let this be my fate in a fair country town;  
 May I have a warm house, with a stone at my gate,  
 And a cleanly young girl to rub my bald pate.  
 May I govern my passions with an absolute sway,  
 And grow wiser and better as my strength wears  
 away,  
 Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

In a country town, by a murmuring brook,  
 With the ocean at distance on which I may look;  
 With a spacious plain, without hedge or stile,  
 And an easy pad-nag to ride out a mile.  
 May I govern, &c.

With

With Horace and Petrarch, and one or two more  
Of the best wits that liv'd in the ages before .  
With a dish of roast mutton, not ven'son, nor teal,  
And clean, tho' coarse linnen, at every meal.  
May I govern, &c.

With a pudding on Sunday, with stout humming  
liquor,  
And a remnant of Latin to puzzle the vicar ;  
With a hidden reserve of Burgundy wine,  
To drink the king's health as oft as we dine.  
May I govern, &c.

With courage undaunted may I face my last day ;  
And when I am dead, may the better sort say,  
In the morning when sober, in the ev'ning when  
mellow,  
He is gone, and han't left behind him his fellow ;  
For he govern'd his passions with an absolute sway,  
And grew wiser, and better as his strength wore  
away,  
Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

S O N G CLXX.

IN good king CHARLES's golden days,  
When loyalty had no harm in't,  
A zealous high-church man I was,  
And so I got preferment.

To

To teach my flock I never mis'd,  
 Kings are by God appointed;  
 And those are damn'd that do resist,  
 And touch the Lord's anointed,  
 And this is law I will maintain,  
 Until my dying day, fir,  
 That whatsoever king shall reign,  
 I will be vicar of Bray, fir.

When royal JAMES obtain'd the throne,  
 And pop'ry came in fashion,  
 The penal laws I hooted down,  
 And read the declaration;  
 The church of Rome I found would fit,  
 Full well my constitution,  
 And had become a jesuit,  
 But for the revolution;  
 And this is law, &c.

When WILLIAM was our king declar'd,  
 To ease the nation's grievance;  
 With this new wind about I steer'd,  
 And swore to him allegiance;  
 Old principles I did revoke,  
 Set conscience at a distance;  
 Passive obedience was a joke,  
 And pish for non-resistance;  
 And this is law, &c.

When gracious ANNE ascends the throne,  
 The church of England's glory;  
 Another face of things were seen,  
 And I became a Tory,



Occasional conformists base,  
 I damn'd their moderation,  
 And thought the church in danger was,  
 By such prevarication,  
 And this is law, &c.

When GEORGE in pudding-time came o'er,  
 And mod'rate men look'd big, fir,  
 I turn'd a cat-in-pan once more,  
 And then became a whig, fir;  
 And so preferment I procur'd  
 By our new faith's defender;  
 And always every day abjur'd  
 The pope and the pretender;  
 And this is law, &c.

Th'illustrious house of Hanover,  
 And protestant succession,  
 To these I do allegiance swear,  
 While they can keep possession;  
 For by my faith and loyalty,  
 I never more will falter,  
 And GEORGE my lawful king shall be,  
 Until the time shall alter;  
 And this is law, I will maintain,  
 Until my dying day, fir,  
 That whatsoever king shall reign,  
 I'll be the vicar of Bray, fir,

SONG.

## S O N G   C L X X I .

C O M E, Rosalind, oh, come and see:  
 What pleasures are in store for thee,  
 What pleasures are in store for thee ;  
 The flow'rs in all their sweets appear,  
 The fields their gayest beauties wear.

The joyful birds in ev'ry grove,  
 Now warble out their songs of love,  
 Now warble out their songs of love ;  
 For thee they sing, and roses bloom,  
 And Colin thee invites to come.

Come Rosalind and Colin join ;  
 My tender flocks and all are thine,  
 My tender flocks and all are thine,  
 If love and Rosalind be near,  
 'Tis May and pleasure all the year.

Come, see a cottage and a swain ;  
 Can'tt thou my love or gifts disdain ?  
 Can'tt thou my love or gifts disdain ?  
 Leave all behind, no longer stay,  
 For Colin calls, then haste away.

## S O N G CLXXII.

**W**HEN youth mature to manhood grew,  
 Soon beauty touch'd my heart ;  
 From vein to vein love's lightning flew,  
 With pleasing, painful smart :  
 My bosom dear content forsook,  
 And sooth'd the soft dejection ;  
 The melting eye, the speaking look,  
 Prov'd love and sweet affection.

Unus'd to arts which win the fair,  
 What could a shepherd do ?  
 And to submit to sad despair,  
 Was not the way to woo.  
 At length I told the lovely maid,  
 I hop'd she'd no objection  
 To talk (while round her lambkins play'd)  
 Of love and sweet affection.

A blush my Chloe's cheek bedeck'd,  
 A blush devoid of guile,  
 " And what from me, can you expect ? "  
 She answer'd with a smile.  
 " How many nymphs have been betray'd,  
 " Through want of calm reflection !  
 " Then don't my peace of mind invade  
 " With love and sweet affection."

Dear

Dear maid, I cry'd, mistrust me not,  
 In wedlock's bands let's join;  
 My kids, my kine, my herds, my cot,  
 My soul itself is thine.  
 To church I led the charming fair,  
 To Hymen's kind protection;  
 And now life's dearest joys we share,  
 With love and sweet affection.

---

## S O N G CLXXIII.

**T**H O' my features, I'm told,  
 Are grown wrinkled and old,  
 Dull wisdom I hate and detest;  
 Not a wrinkle is there,  
 Which is furrow'd with care,  
 And my heart is as light as the best.

When I look on my boys,  
 They renew all my joys,  
 Myself in my children I see;  
 While the comforts I find  
 In the kingdom, my mind,  
 Pronounce that my kingdom is free.

In the days I was young,  
 Oh! I caper'd and sung,  
 The lasses came flocking a-pace;  
 But now turn'd of threescore,  
 I can do so no more—  
 Why then let my boy take my place.

Of our pleasures we crack ;  
 For we still love the smack,  
 And chuckle o'er what we have been ;  
 Why should we repine ?  
 You've had your's, I've had mine,  
 And now let our children begin.

---

## S O N G CLXXIV.

*He.* C A S T, my love, thine eyes around,  
 See the sportive lambkins play ;  
 Nature gaily decks the ground,  
 All in honour of the May ;  
 Like the sparrow and the dove,  
 Listen to the voice of love.

*She.* Damon, thou hast found me long  
 List'ning to thy soothing tale,  
 And thy soft persuasive tongue  
 Often held me in the dale ;  
 Take, oh ! Damon, while I live,  
 All which virtue ought to give.

*He.* Not the verdure of the grove,,  
 Not the garden's fairest flow'r,  
 Nor the meads where lovers rove,  
 Tempted by the vernal hour,  
 Can delight thy Damon's eye,  
 If Florella is not by.

*She.*

*She.* Not the water's gentle fall,  
 By the bank with poplars crown'd,  
 Not the feather'd songsters all,  
 Nor the flute's melodious sound  
 Can delight Florella's ear,  
 If her Damon is not near.

*Both.* Let us love, and let us live  
 Like the cheerful season gay ;  
 Banish care, and let us give  
 Tribute to the fragrant May ;  
 Like the sparrow and the dove,  
 Listen to the voice of love.

---

## S O N G CLXXV.

**W**herever I'm going, and all the day long,  
 Abroad or at home, or alone in a throng,  
 I find that my passion's so lively and strong,  
 That your name, when I'm silent, runs still in my  
 song,

Sing Balinamone ora, Balinamone ora,  
 Balinamone ora, a kiss of your sweet lips for me.

Since the first time I saw you I take no repose,  
 I sleep all the day to forget half my woes ;  
 So hot is the flame in my bosom which glows,  
 By St. Patrick I fear it will burn thro' my clothes.  
 Sing Balinamone ora, Balinamone ora,  
 Your pretty black hair for me.

In my conscience, I fear I shall die in my grave,  
Unless you comply, and poor Phelim will have,  
And grant the petition your lover does crave,  
Who never was free till you made him your slave,  
Sing Balinamone ora, Balinamone ora,  
Your pretty black eyes for me.

On that happy day, when I make you my bride,  
With a swinging long sword how I'll strut and I'll  
stride!  
In a coach and six horses with honey I'll ride,  
As before you I walk to the church by your side.  
Sing Balinamone ora, Balinamone ora,  
Your little white fist for me.

---

### S O N G CLXXVI.

**P**USH about the brisk bowl, 'twill enliven the  
heart,  
While thus we sit down on the grass;  
The lover who talks of his sufferings and smart,  
Deserves to be reckon'd an ass.

The wretch who sits watching his ill-gotten pelf,  
And wishes to add to the mass,  
Whate'er the curmudgeon may think of himself,  
Deserves to be reckon'd an ass.

The



The beau, who, so smart, with his well-powder'd  
hair,

An angel beholds in his glass,  
And thinks with grimace to subdue all the fair,  
Deserves to be reckon'd an ass.

The merchant from climate to climate will roam,  
Of Cræsus the wealth to surpass;  
And oft while he's wand'ring, my lady at home  
Claps the horns of an ox on the ass.

The lawyer so grave, when he puts in his plea,  
With forehead well fronted with brags,  
Tho' he talks to no purpose, he pockets your fee;  
There you, my good friend, are the ass.

The formal physician, who knows ev'ry ill,  
Shall last be produc'd in this class;  
The sick man a-while may confide in his skill,  
But death proves the doctor an ass.

Then let us, companions, be jovial and gay,  
By turns take our bottle and lass;  
For he who his pleasure puts off for a day,  
Deserves to be reckon'd an ass.

# S O N G CLXXVII.

**I** Seek not at once in a female to find  
The form of a Venus with Pallas's mind;  
Let the fair one I love have but prudence in view,  
That, tho' she deceive, I may still think her true:

Be her person not beauteous, but pleasing and clean;  
 Let her temper be cloudless, and open her mien;  
 By folly, ill-nature, nor vanity led,  
 Nor indebted to paint,—for white or for red.

May her tongue, that dread weapon in most of the sex,  
 Be employ'd to delight us, and not to perplex;  
 Let her not be too bold, nor frown at a jest,  
 For prudes I despise, and coquettes I detest:  
 May her humour the taste of the company hit,  
 Not affectedly wise, nor too pert with her wit:  
 Go find out the maid that is form'd on my plan,  
 And I'll love her for ever,—I mean, if I can.

# SONG CLXXVIII.

**T**HE breed came forth frae the barn,  
 And she was diting her cheeks;  
 How can I be married to-day,  
 That ha' neither blankets, ne sheets?  
 That ha' neither blankets, ne sheets,  
 And wants a covering too?  
 The breed that has aw things to borrow,  
 Has e'en right muckle to do.  
 Woo'd and marry'd and aw;  
 Marry'd and woo'd and aw;  
 And was she not very weel off,  
 To be woo'd and marry'd and aw?

What

What is the matter? quoth Wolly,  
 Though we be scant o' claiths,  
 We's creep the claiser together,  
 And drive away the fleas.  
 The summer is coming on,  
 And we's get pickles of woo;  
 We's fee a lafs of our ain,  
 And she'll spin blankets enow.

Then up spake the breed's mother,  
 The deel stick aw this preed!  
 I had ne a plack in my pocket,  
 The day I was made a breed.  
 My gown was linsy-winsy,  
 And ne'er a fark at aw;  
 And you ha' gowns and buskins,  
 Mair than ane or twa.

Then up spake the breed's fether,  
 As he came frae the plough:  
 Hawd your tongue, my daughter,  
 And yese get geer enough;  
 The stirk that gaus in the tether,  
 And our brawd bassen yade,  
 To lade your corn in harvest:  
 What wad ye ha', ye jade?

Then up spake the breed's brother,  
 As he came home frae the kye;  
 Wolly wou'd ne'er ha' had you,  
 Had he known you as weel as I.

For you're baith proud and faucy,  
 Ne fit for a poor mon's wife ;  
 Gin I ne'er ha' a better than you,  
 I'se ne'er ha' ane in my life.

Then up spake the breed's sister,  
 As she sat down by the fire ;  
 O, gin I married to-neet,  
 'Tis aw that I'd desire ;  
 But I, poor girl, must live single,  
 And do the best I can ;  
 I did not care what came o' me,  
 So I had but a gude man.

---

## S O N G CLXXIX.

**F**Arewel, Ianthe, faithless maid,  
 Source of my grief and pain ;  
 Who with fond hopes my heart betray'd  
 And fann'd love's kindling flame ;  
 You gave from me thy hand, this morn,  
 To Corydon's rich heir,  
 Who with gay vestments did adorn  
 Thee, false, yet beauteous fair.

Adieu, my native soil ; ye vales,  
 High woods, and tufted hills :  
 Adieu, ye groves and flow'ry dales,  
 Clear streams and crystal rills :

Adieu ;

Adieu ; ye bring into my mind  
 Those past, those happy days,  
 When Iphig found Ianthé kind,  
 And pleasure strew'd his ways.

Ere dawn my homely steps I'll bend,  
 Where distant mountains rise,  
 In hopes that reason there may send  
 That aid she here denies ;  
 That time and absence may efface  
 Her image from my breast,  
 Which, while she there maintains a place,  
 Can never taste of rest.

---

# SONG CLXXX.

**Y**OUNG Colin protests I'm his joy and delight ;  
 He's ever unhappy when I'm from his sight ;  
 He wants to be with me where-ever I go ;  
 The deuce sure is in him for plaguing me so.

His pleasure all day is to sit by my side ;  
 He pipes and he sings, tho' I frown and I chide :  
 I bid him depart ; but he, smiling, says No ;  
 The deuce sure is in him for plaguing me so.

He often requests me his flame to relieve ;  
 I ask him, what favour he hopes to receive ?  
 His answer's a sigh, while in blushes I glow :  
 What mortal beside him would plague a maid so ?

This breast-knot he yesterday brought from the wake,  
 And softly entreated I'd wear for his sake:  
 Such trifles 'tis easy enough to bestow;  
 I sure deserve more for his plaguing me so.

He hands me each eve from the cot to the plain,  
 And meets me each morn to conduct me again;  
 But what's his intention I wish I could know,  
 For I'd rather be marry'd than plagu'd with him so.

---

## S O N G CLXXXI.

**A**S Chloe came into the room t'other day,  
 A peevish began, Where so long could you stay?  
 In your life time you never regarded your hour;  
 You promis'd at two, but—look, child! 'tis four;  
 A lady's watch needs neither figures or wheels;  
 'Tis enough that 'tis loaded with baubles and seals:  
 A temper so heedless no mortal can bear.—  
 Thus far I went on with a resolute air.

Lord, bless me! says she, let a body but speak;  
 Here's an ugly hard rose-bud fall'n into my neck:  
 It has hurt me, and vex'd me, to such a degree;  
 Look here! for you never believe me, pray see,  
 On the left side my breast what a mark it has made!  
 So saying, her bosom she careless display'd:  
 That scene of delight I with wonder survey'd,  
 And forgot ev'ry word I design'd to have said.

## S O N G   CLXXXII.

**N**OW the happy knot is ty'd,  
 Betfy is my charming bride,  
 Ring the bells, and fill the bowl,  
 Revel all without controul.  
 Who so fair as lovely Bet!  
 Who so bless'd as Colinet!

Now adieu to maiden arts,  
 Angling for unguarded hearts;  
 Welcome Hymen's lasting joys,  
 Lispering wanton girls and boys.  
 Girls as fair as lovely Bet,  
 Boys as sweet as Colinet.

Tho' ripe sheaves of yellow corn,  
 Now my plenteous barn adorn;  
 Tho' I've deck'd my myrtle bow'rs  
 With the fairest, sweetest flow'rs;  
 Riper, fairer, sweeter yet,  
 Are the charms of lovely Bet.

Tho' on Sundays I was seen  
 Dress'd like any May-day queen;  
 Tho' six sweethearts daily strove  
 To deserve thy Betty's love,  
 Them I quit without regret,  
 All my joy's in Colinet.



Strike up then the rustic lay,  
 Crown with sports our bridal day;  
 May each lad a mistress find,  
 Like my Betty, fair and kind;  
 And each lass a husband get,  
 Fond and true as Colinet.

Ring the bells, and fill the bowl,  
 Revel all without controul;  
 May the sun ne'er rise or set,  
 But with joy to happy Bet,  
 And her faithful Colinet.

---

### S O N G CLXXXIII.

**T**HE nymph that I lov'd was as cheerful as day,  
 And as sweet as the blossoming hawthorn in May;  
 Her temper was smooth as the down on the dove;  
 And her face was as fair as the mother of love:  
 Tho' mild as the pleasantest Zephyr that sheds  
 And receives gentle odours from flow'ry beds;  
 Yet warm in affection as Phœbus at noon,  
 And as chaste as the silver-white beams of the moon.

Her mind was unfully'd as new-fall'n snow,  
 And as lively as tints from young Iris's bow;  
 As clear as the streams, and as deep as the flood;  
 She, tho' witty, was wise, and tho' beautiful, good;  
 The sweets that each virtue, or grace, had in store,  
 She cull'd as the bee does the bloom of each flower,  
 Which treasur'd for me, Oh! how happy was I!  
 For tho' her's to collect, it was mine to enjoy!

S O N G

## S O N G CLXXXIV.

WITH swords on their thighs the bold yeomen  
 are seen,  
 For their country they arm, their religion, and queen.  
 How glorious their ardour to lay down their lives  
 In defence of their freedom, their children and wives.

Ye tyrants, ye know not what liberty yields,  
 How she guards all our shores, and protects all our  
 fields.

As Hebe she's fair, and as Hercules strong,  
 She's the queen of our mirth, and the joy of our song.

To liberty raise the high cheerful strain,  
 Fill the goblets around to the lords of the main,  
 Eliza is queen, and her brave loyal band  
 Shall drive each invader far out of the land.

---

## S O N G CLXXXV.

MY dear mistress has a heart,  
 Soft as those kind looks she gave me,  
 When, with love's resistless dart,  
 And her eyes, she did enslave me.  
 But her constancy's so weak,  
 She's so wild and apt to wander,  
 That my jealous heart would break,  
 Should we live one day asunder.

Melting joys around her move,  
 Killing pleasures, am'rous blisses ;  
 She can arm her eyes with love,  
 And her lips can seal with kisses :  
 Angels listen when she speaks,  
 She's my delight, all mankind's wonder,  
 But my jealous heart would break,  
 Should we live one day afunder.

---

## S O N G. CLXXXVI.

**O**NCE more I'll tune the vocal shell,  
 To hills and dales my passion tell,  
 A flame which time can never quell,  
 But burns for thee, my Peggy :  
 You, greater bards your lyres should hit ;  
 Then say what subject is more fit,  
 Than to record the sparkling wit  
 And bloom of lovely Peggy.

The sun first rising in the morn,  
 That paints the dew bespangled thorn,  
 Does not so much the day adorn,  
 As does my lovely Peggy.  
 And when in Thetis' lap to rest,  
 He streaks with gold the ruddy west,  
 He's not so beauteous as, undrest,  
 Appears my lovely Peggy.

When

When Zephyr on the vi'let blows,  
 Or breathes upon the damask rose,  
 It does not half the sweets disclose,  
 As does my lovely Peggy :  
 I stole a kiss the other day,  
 And (truit me) nought but truth I say,  
 The fragrance of the blooming May  
 Was not so sweet as Peggy.

Was she array'd in rustic weed,  
 With her the bleating flocks I'd feed,  
 And pipe upon the oaten reed,  
 To please my lovely Peggy ;  
 With her a cottage would delight,  
 All's happy when she's in my sight,  
 But when she's gone, 'tis endless night,  
 All's dark without my Peggy.

While bees from flow'r to flow'r still rove,  
 And linnets warble through the grove,  
 Or stately swans the water love,  
 So long shall I love Peggy ;  
 And when death, with his pointed dart,  
 Shall strike the blow that rives my heart,  
 My words shall be when I depart,  
 Adieu my lovely Peggy.

## SONG CLXXXVII.

YE fair, possess of ev'ry charm  
 To captivate the will ;  
 Whose smiles can rage itself disarm,  
 Whose frowns at once can kill ;  
 Say, will you deign the verse to hear,  
 Where flatt'ry bears no part ;  
 An honest verse, that flows sincere  
 And candid from the heart ?

Great is your pow'r ; but greater yet,  
 Mankind it might engage ;  
 If, as ye all can make a net ;  
 Ye all could make a cage :  
 Each nymph a thousand hearts may take,  
 For who's to beauty blind ?  
 But to what end a pris'ner make,  
 Unless we've strength to bind ?

Attend the counsel often told,  
 Too often told in vain ;  
 Learn that best art, the art to hold,  
 And lock the lover's chain,  
 Gamesters to little purpose win,  
 Who lose again as fast ;  
 Tho' beauty may the charm begin,  
 'Tis sweetness makes it last.

## S O N G CLXXXVIII.

**T**HE mind of a woman can never be known,  
 You never can guess it aright.  
 I'll tell you the reason—she knows not her own,  
 It changes so often ere night.  
 'Twould puzzle Apollo,  
 Her whimsies to follow.  
 His oracle would be a jest;  
 She'll frown when she's kind,  
 Then quickly you'll find,  
 She'll change with the wind,  
 And often abuses  
 The man that she chuses,  
 And what she refuses,  
 Likes best.

---

## S O N G CLXXXIX.

SUMMER.

**W**HEN daisies py'd, and violets blue,  
 And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,  
 And lady-smocks, all silver white,  
 Do paint the meadows with delight;  
 The cuckoo, then, on ev'ry tree,  
 Mocks married men, for thus sings he,  
 Cuckoo! cuckoo! o word of fear,  
 Unpleasing to a married ear.

When

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws ;  
 And merry larks are plowmen's clocks ;  
 When turtles tread, and rooks and daws,  
 And maidens bleach their summer smocks ;  
 The cuckoo, then, on ev'ry tree,  
 Mocks married men ; for thus sings he ;  
 Cuckoo ! cuckoo ! o word of fear,  
 Unpleasing to a married ear.

## WINTER.

When ificles hang by the wall,  
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail ;  
 And Tom bears logs into the hall,  
 And milk comes frozen home in pail :  
 When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,  
 Then nightly sings the staring owl ;  
 Tu-whit-tu-whoo, tu-whit tu-whoo, a merry merry  
                   note,  
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,  
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw :  
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,  
 And Marian's nose looks red and raw :  
 Then roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,  
 And nightly sings the staring owl,  
 Tu-whit-tu-whoo, a merry merry note,  
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.



## S O N G CXC.

**W**ITH early horn salute the morn,  
 That gilds this charming place,  
 With cheerful cries bid echo rise,  
 And join the jovial chace.  
 The vocal hills around,  
 The waving woods,  
 The chrystal floods,  
 All, all return th' enliv'ning sound.

---

## S O N G CXCI.

**A**WAY to the field, see the morning looks  
 grey,  
 And, sweetly bedappled, forebodes a fine day;  
 The hounds are all eager the sport to embrace,  
 And carol aloud to be led to the chace.  
 Then hark, in the morn, to the call of the horn,  
 And join with the jovial crew,  
 While the season invites, with all its delights,  
 The health-giving chace to pursue.  
 How charming the sight when Aurora first dawns,  
 To see the bright beagles spread over the lawns;  
 To welcome the sun, now returning from rest,  
 Their mattins they chant as they merrily quest.  
 Then hark, &c.

But oh! how each bosom with transport it fills,  
 To start just as Phœbus peeps over the hills;  
 While joyous from valley to valley resounds  
 The shouts of the hunters and cry of the hounds.  
 Then hark, &c.

See how the brave hunters, with courage elate,  
 Fly hedges or ditches, or top the barr'd gate.  
 Borne by their bold courfers, no dangers they fear,  
 And give to the winds all vexation and care.  
 Then hark, &c.

Ye cits, for the chace quit the joys of the town,  
 And scorn the dull pleasure of sleeping in down;  
 Uncertain your toil, or for honour or wealth,  
 Ours still is repaid with contentment and health.  
 Then hark, &c.

---

# SONG CXCH.

**C**OME, rouse brother sportsmen, the hunters all  
 cry,  
 We've got a good scent and a fav'ring sky;  
 The horn's sprightly notes, and the lark's early song,  
 Will chide the dull sportsmen for sleeping so long.

Bright Phœbus has shewn us the glimpse of his face,  
 Peep'd in at our windows, and call'd to the chace;  
 He soon will be up, for his dawn wears away,  
 And makes the fields blush with the beams of his ray.

Sweet

Sweet Molly may tease you, perhaps, to lie down;  
 And, if you refuse her, perhaps she may frown;  
 But tell her, that love must to hunting give place,  
 For, as well as her charms, there are charms in the  
     chace.

Look yonder, look yonder, Old Reynard I spy;  
 At his brush nimbly follows brisk Chanter and Fly;  
 They seize on their prey; see his eye-balls they roll;  
 We're in at the death—now let's home to the bowl.

There we'll fill up our glasses, and toast to the king,  
 From a bumper fresh loyalty ever will spring;  
 To George, peace and glory may heavens dispense,  
 And foxhunters flourish a thousand years hence.

---

### S O N G CXCIII.

**D**O you hear, brother sportsman, the sound of  
     the horn,  
 And yet the sweet pleasure decline;  
 For shame, rouse your senses, and ere it is morn,  
     With me the sweet melody join.

Thro' the wood and the valley the traitor we'll rally,  
     Nor quit him till panting he lies;  
 While hounds, in full cry, thro' the hedges shall fly,  
     And chase the swift hare till she dies.

Then saddle your sled, to the meadows and fields  
 Both willing and joyous repair ;  
 No pastime on earth greater happiness yields ;  
 Than chasing the fox or the hare.

For such comforts, my friend, on the sportsman at-  
 tend,  
 No pleasure like hunting is found,  
 For when it is o'er, as brisk as before,  
 Next morning we spurn up the ground.

---

## S O N G CXCIV.

**S**INCE wedlock's in vogue, and stale virgins  
 despis'd,  
 To all bachelors, greeting, these lines are premis'd:  
 I'm a maid that would marry—ah! could I but find  
 (I care not for fortune) a man to my mind.

Not the fair-weather'd fop, fond of fashion and dress;  
 Not the 'squire, who can relish no joys but the chace;  
 Nor the free-thinking rake whom who morals can  
 bind;  
 Neither this, that, nor t'other's the man to my mind.

Not the ruby-fac'd sot, who topos world without end;  
 Nor the drone who can't relish his bottle and friend;  
 Not the fool, that's too fond; nor the churl that's  
 unkind;  
 Neither this, that, nor t'other's the man to my mind.

Not

Not the rich, with full bags, without breeding or  
merit;

Nor the flash that's all fury, without any spirit;

Nor the fine master Fribble, the scorn of mankind;

Neither this, that, nor t'other's the man to my mind.

But the youth whom good sense and good-nature  
inspire;

Whom the brave must esteem, and the fair should  
admire;

In whose heart love and truth are with honour con-  
join'd;

This, this, and no other's the man to my mind.

# S O N G C X C V .

**Y**OUNG Molly, who lives at the foot of the hill,  
And whose fame ev'ry virgin with envy does fill,  
Of beauty is bless'd with so ample a share,  
That men call her the las with the delicate air.

One ev'ning, last May, when I travers'd the grove  
In thoughtless retirement, not dreaming of love,  
I chanc'd to espy the gay nymph, I declare;  
And really she'd got a most delicate air.

By a murmuring brook, by a green mossy bed,  
A chaplet composing, the fair one was laid:  
Surpriz'd and transported, I could not forbear,  
With raptures to gaze on her delicate air.

That moment young Cupid selected a dart,  
 And pierc'd without pity, my innocent heart :  
 And from thence, how to win the dear maid, was my  
     care ;  
 For a captive I fell to her delicate air.

When she saw me she blush'd, and complain'd I was  
     rude,  
 And begg'd of all things that I would not intrude ;  
 I answer'd, I could not tell how I came there.  
 But laid all the blame on her delicate air ;

Said her heart was the prize which I sought to obtain,  
 And hope she wou'd grant it to ease my fond pain.  
 She neither rejected, nor granted my pray'r,  
 But fir'd all my soul with her delicate air.

A thousand times since, I've repeated my suit ;  
 But still the tormentor affects to be mute :  
 Then tell me, ye swains, who have conquer'd the fair,  
 How to win the dear lass with the delicate air.

---

## S O N G CXCVI.

**L**ET the nymph still avoid, and be deaf to the  
     swain,  
 Who in transports of passion affects to complain ;  
 For his rage, not his love, in his frenzy is shown ;  
 And the blast that blows loudest is soon over-blown.

But

But the shepherd, whom Cupid has pierc'd to the heart,  
Will submissive adore, and rejoice in the smart;  
Or, in plaintive soft murmurs, his bosom-felt woe,  
Like the smooth-gliding current of rivers, will flow.

Tho' silent his tongue, he will plead with his eyes,  
And his heart own your sway in a tribute of sighs:  
But when he accosts you, in meadow or grove,  
His tale is so tender, he cooes like the dove.

---

## S O N G CXC VII.

**T**HE western sky was purpled o'er  
With ev'ry pleasing ray,  
And flocks reviving felt no more  
The sultry heat of day,  
When from an hazle's artless bow'r  
Soft warbled Strephon's tongue;  
He blest the scene, he blest the hour,  
While Nancy's praise he sung.

Let fops with sickle falshood range  
The paths of wanton love;  
Whilst weeping maids lament their change,  
And sadden ev'ry grove:  
But endless blessings crown the day  
I saw fair Etham's dale,  
And ev'ry blessing find its way  
To Nancy of the dale.



Her shape was like the reed, so sleek,  
 So taper, strait, and fair;  
 Her dimpled smile, her blushing cheek,  
 How charming sweet they were!  
 Far in the windling vale retir'd,  
 This peerless bud I found;  
 And shadowing rocks and woods conspir'd  
 To fence her beauties round.

That nature in so lone a dell  
 Should form a nymph so sweet,  
 Or fortune to her secret cell  
 Conduct my wand'ring feet!  
 Gay lordlings sought her for their bride;  
 But she would ne'er incline:  
 "Prove to your equals true," she cry'd,  
 "As I will prove to mine.

" 'Tis Strephon, on the mountain's brow,  
 "Has won my right good-will;  
 "To him I gave my plighted vow,  
 "With him I'll climb the hill."  
 Struck with her charms and gentle truth,  
 I clasp'd the constant fair;  
 To her alone I gave my youth,  
 And vow my future care.

## S O N G CXCVIII.

WHEN I enter'd my teens, and threw play-  
things aside,  
I conceiv'd myself woman, and fit for a bride :  
By the men I was flatter'd, my pride to enhance,  
For the maids will believe, and the men will romance.

They swore that my eyes the bright di'mond excell'd,  
Such a face, and such tresses, sure ne'er were beheld !  
That to gaze on my neck was all rapture and trance !  
Ah ! the maids will believe, and the men will romance.

Young Polydore saw me one night at the ball,  
And swore, to my charms he a conquest must fall ;  
On his knees he entreated my hand for a dance ;  
Ah ! the maids will believe, and the men will romance.

He conducted me home, when the pastime was o'er,  
And declar'd he ne'er saw so much beauty before ;  
He ogled and sigh'd, as he saw me advance :  
Ah ! the maids will believe, and the men will romance.

Then day after day I his company had :  
At length he declar'd all his flame to my dad ;  
But my father lov'd money, and woul'd not advance,  
And reply'd to my lover, young men will romance.

But



The pomp of state, the pride of wealth,  
 Says she, I scorn for peace and health,  
 Where honest labour earns her meal;  
 Who tells the flatt'rer's common tale,  
 Can ne'er o'er my true heart prevail,  
 And make me leave my spinning-wheel.

The swain who loves the virtuous mind,  
 Alone can make young Sally kind;  
 For him I'll toil, I'll spin and reel,  
 It is the voice, says he, of love,  
 Come hasten to yon church above;  
 She blush'd and left her spinning-wheel.

---

## S O N G   C C.

**A**T Winchester there was a wedding,  
 The like of it never was seen,  
 Twixt lusty Ralph of Reading,  
 And bonny black Bess of the green:  
 The fiddlers were crowding before,  
 Each lass was as fine as a queen;  
 There was a hundred and more,  
 For all the whole country came in:  
 Brisk Robin led Rose so fair,  
 She look'd like a lily o' the vale,  
 And ruddy-fac'd Harry led Mary,  
 And Roger led bouncing Nell.

With Tommy came smiling Kitty,  
 He help'd her over the stile,  
 And swore there was none so pretty,  
 In forty and forty long mile.  
 Kit gave a green gown to Betty,  
 And lent her his hand to rise ;  
 But Jenny was jeer'd by Watty,  
 For looking blue under the eyes .  
 Thus merrily chatting all,  
 They pass'd to the bride-house along,  
 With Johnny and pretty-fac'd Nancy,  
 The fairest of all the throng.

The bridegroom came out to meet 'em,  
 Afraid the dinner was spoil'd,  
 And usher'd 'em in to treat 'em  
 With bak'd, and roasted, and boil'd.  
 The lads were so frolic and jolly,  
 For each had his love by his side ;  
 But Willy was melancholy,  
 For he had a mind to the bride ;  
 Then Philip begins her health,  
 And turns a beer-glass on his thumbs ;  
 But Jenkin was reckon'd for drinking  
 The best in Christendom.

And now they had din'd, advancing  
 Into the midst of the hall,  
 The fiddlers struck up for dancing,  
 And Jeremy led up the ball :

But

But Margaret kept a quarrel,  
 A lass that was proud of her pelf,  
 Cause Arthur had stol'n her garter,  
 And swore he would tie it himself:  
 She strugl'd, and blush'd, and frown'd,  
 And ready with anger to cry,  
 'Cause Arthur in tying her garter,  
 Had slipp'd his hand too high.

And now, for throwing the stocking,  
 The bride away was led;  
 The bridegroom got drunk, and was knocking  
 For candles to light 'em to bed:  
 But Robin finding him silly,  
 Most friendly took him aside,  
 The while that his wife with Willy  
 Was playing at hooper's-hide;  
 And now the warm game begins,  
 The critical minute was come,  
 And chatting, and billing, and kissing,  
 Went merrily round the room.

Pert Strephon was kind to Betty,  
 And blithe as a bird in the spring;  
 As Tommy was to Kitty,  
 And wedded her with a rush ring:  
 Sukie that danc'd with the cushion,  
 An hour from the room had been gone;  
 And Barnaby knew, by her blushing,  
 That some other dance had been done:  
 And thus of fifty fair maids,  
 That came to the wedding with men,  
 Scarce five of the fifty were left ye,  
 That so did return again.

## S O N G C C I.

**M**Y sweet pretty Mogg, you're as soft as a bog:  
 And wild as a kitten, and wild as a kitten:  
 Those eyes in your face—(O pity my case)  
 Poor Dermot hath smitten, poor Dermot hath smitten.  
 For softer than silk, and as fair as new-milk  
 Your lily white hand is, your lily white hand is:  
 Your shape's like a pail; from your head to your tail,  
 You're strait as a wand is, you're strait as a wand is.

Your lips red as cherries, and your curling hair is  
 As black as the devil, as black as the devil:  
 Your breath is as sweet too as any potatoe,  
 Or orange from Seville, or orange from Seville.  
 When dress'd in your boddice, you trip like a goddess,  
 So nimble, so frisky; so nimble, so frisky:  
 A kiss on your cheek ('tis so soft and so sleek)  
 Would warm me like whisky, would warm me like  
 whisky.

I grunt and I pine, and I sob like a swine,  
 Because you're so cruel, because you're so cruel:  
 No rest I can take; and asleep or awake  
 I dream of my jewel, I dream of my jewel.  
 Your hate then give over; nor Dermot your lover  
 So cruelly handle, so cruelly handle;  
 Or Dermot must die, like a pig in a sty,  
 Or snuff of a candle, or snuff of a candle.



## S O N G CCII.

**S**INCE lost to peace of mind serene,  
 I drag my chain in fruitless hope,  
 I'll court each melancholy scene,  
 And give my sorrows their full scope,  
 My lovely, sprightly, gallant tar,  
 Who sports with fierce destructive war,  
 Think what I feel, where'er thou art,  
 Think of thy Mary's breaking heart,

Secure thy dancing castle rides  
 Upon the bosom of the deep,  
 The stormy wind and wave abides,  
 And navigation bids thee sleep;  
 But balmy sleep and downy rest  
 Shall fly the tempest in thy breast,  
 When jealous fears like mine shall prove  
 The truth of my dear sailor's love.

Hope, doubt, and fear, and winds and waves  
 More dreadful to the love-toss'd mind,  
 Than those the skilful seaman braves,  
 Who leaves pale care and grief behind,  
 Th' adventurous maid embark'd like me,  
 That sails on such a troubled sea,  
 The ocean's rage would gladly meet,  
 And in its depths seek a retreat.

Yet

Yet, O be still, my frantic brain,  
 Let reason whisper to thy fears,  
 My sailor may return again,  
 Crown'd with success to dry my tears;  
 When fame, and all her gaudy charms,  
 Shall yield to my longing arms,  
 And one blest'd hour together blend  
 The lover, hero, husband, friend,

## C H O R U S.

Britannia hail, thou mighty queen,  
 'The strength, the power, the seas are thine,  
 Long may thy pow'r, on justice lean,  
 To be preserv'd they must combine:  
 To courage singly ne'er resort,  
 For virtue is thy true support,  
 'Tis that alone can strength maintain,  
 Be virtuous, and for ever reign.

---

## S O N G   I I I.

**W**HEN mighty roast beef was the Englishman's  
 food,  
 It ennobled our veins, and enriched our blood;  
 Our soldiers were brave, and our courtiers were good;  
 O the roast beef of Old England!  
 And O the old English roast beef!

But

But since we have learnt from all-conquering France,  
 To eat their ragouts, as well as to dance,  
 We're fed up with nothing but vain complaisance :  
     O the roast beef, &c.

Our fathers of old were robust, stout, and strong,  
 And kept open house with good cheer all day long,  
 Which made their plump tenants rejoice in this song,  
     O the roast beef, &c.

But now we are dwindled to—what shall I name?  
 A sneaking poor race, half begotten,—and tame,  
 Who sully those honours that once shone in fame :  
     O the roast beef, &c.

When good queen Elizabeth sat on the throne,  
 Ere coffee, or tea, or such slip-flops were known,  
 The world was in terror, if e'er she did frown :  
     O the roast beef, &c.

In those days, if fleets did presume on the main,  
 They seldom or never return'd back again;  
 As witness, the vaunting armada of Spain.  
     O the roast beef, &c.

Oh! then they had stomachs to eat, and to fight;  
 And, when wrongs were a cooking, to do themselves  
     right;  
 But now we're a pack-of—I could—but good-night :  
     O the roast beef of Old England!  
     And O the Old English roast beef!

## SONG CCIV.

**W**HAT beauties does Flora disclose!  
 How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed  
 Yet Moggy's still sweeter than those,  
 Both nature and fancy exceed :  
 Nor daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,  
 Nor all the gay flow'rs of the field,  
 Nor Tweed, gliding gently through those,  
 Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,  
 The linnet, the lark, and the thrush;  
 The black-bird, and sweet cooing dove,  
 With music enchant ev'ry bush.  
 Come, let us go forth to the mead,  
 Let us see how the primroses spring;  
 We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,  
 And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day?  
 Does Moggy not tend a few sheep?  
 Do they never carelessly stray,  
 While, happily, she lies asleep?  
 Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest,  
 Kind nature indulging my bliss,  
 To relieve the soft pains of my breast,  
 I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel;  
 No beauty with her may compare;  
 Love's graces all round her do dwell:  
 She's fairest where thousands are fair.  
 Say charmer, where do thy flocks stray?  
 Oh! tell me at noon where they feed?  
 Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,  
 Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed?

---

## S O N G CCV.

**W**HEN Fanny I saw, as she trip'd o'er the  
 green,  
 Fair, blooming, soft, artless and kind;  
 Fond love in her eyes, wit and sense in her mien,  
 And warmness with modesty join'd,  
 Transported with sudden amazement, I stood  
 Fast rivetted down to the place:  
 Her delicate shape, easy motion, I view'd,  
 And wander'd o'er every grace.

Ye gods what luxuriance of beauty. I cry,  
 What raptures must dwell in her arms!  
 On her lips I could feast, on her breast I could die:  
 O Fanny how sweet are thy charms!  
 Whilst thus in idea my passion I fed,  
 Such transports my senses invade,  
 Young Damon step'd up, with the substance he fled,  
 And left me to kiss but the shade.

## S O N G C C V I.

**B**Ehold ! on Lethe's dismal strand  
 Thy father's troubled spirit stand !  
 In his face what grief profound !  
 See he rolls his haggard eyes ;  
 Hark ! revenge ! he cries ;  
 And points to his still bleeding wound :  
 Obey the call, revenge his death ;  
 And calm his soul that gave thee breath.

---

## S O N G C C V I I.

**W**HEN real joy we miss,  
 'Tis some degree of bliss,  
 To enjoy ideal pleasure,  
 And dream of hidden treasure.  
 The soldier dreams of wars,  
 And conquers without scars ;  
 The sailor in his sleep,  
 With safety ploughs the deep :  
 So I thro' fancy's aid,  
 Enjoy my heav'nly maid,  
 And blest with thee and love,  
 Am greater far than Jove.

## S O N G CCVIII.

**H**OW hard is my fate,  
 How desp'rate my state,  
 When virtue and honour excite,  
 To suffer distress,  
 Contented to bless,  
 The object in whom I delight.  
 Yet midst all the woes,  
 My soul undergoes,  
 Thro' virtue's too rigid decree;  
 I'll scorn to complain,  
 If the force of my pain  
 Awaken his pity for me.

---

## S O N G CCIX.

**T**HY father! away, I renounce the soft claim:  
 Thou spot on my honour, thou blast to my  
 fame,  
 Let justice the traitor to punishment bring;  
 His father he lost, when he murder'd his king.



S O N G CCX.

IN Infancy, our hopes and fears,  
 Were to each other known ;  
 And friendship in our riper years  
 Has twin'd our hearts in one.  
 O clear him then from this offence,  
 Thy love, thy duty prove ;  
 Restore him with that innocence,  
 Which first inspir'd my love.

---

S O N G CCXI.

TO fight and complain,  
 Alike I disdain,  
 Contented my wish to enjoy ;  
 I scorn to reflect  
 On a lady's neglect,  
 Or barter my peace for a toy.  
 In love as in war,  
 I laugh at a scar,  
 And if my proud enemy yield ;  
 The joy that remains,  
 Is to lead her in chains,  
 And glean the rich spoils of the field.

## S O N G CCXII.

**I**F o'er the cruel tyrant love,  
 A conquest I believ'd;  
 The flatt'ring error cease to prove,  
 O let me be deceiv'd.

Forbear to fan the gentle flame,  
 Which love did first create,  
 What was my pride is now my shame;  
 And must be turn'd to hate.

Then call not to my wav'ring mind,  
 The weakness of my heart;  
 Which, ah; I feel too much inclin'd,  
 To take the traitor's part.

---

## S O N G CCXIII.

**I**F the river's swelling waves,  
 Overflow their usual bed;  
 Scarce th' affrighted peasant saves,  
 From the flood his homely shed.

Tho' he stop one open shore,  
 Where the waters swiftly glide,  
 In an hundred places more,  
 Rushes in th' impetuous tide.

## S O N G CCXIV.

**M**Onster, away !  
 From chearful day ;  
 To the gloomy desert fly :  
 Paths explore,  
 Where lions roar,  
 And devouring tygers lie.  
 Tho' for food,  
 They wade in blood,  
 All to save their young agree :  
 Ev'ry creature,  
 Fierce by nature,  
 Harmless is compar'd to thee,

---

## S O N G CCXV.

**T**HIS bosom, a stranger to rest,  
 Resentment and pity assail,  
 As both for dominion contest,  
 So both, to my sorrow, prevail :

My heart, in this desperate state,  
 To give each assailant its due,  
 Now bleeds for my brother's hard fate.  
 And burns with resentment to you.

## S O N G CCXVI.

**T**HOU, like the glorious sun,  
 Thy splendid course shalt run;  
 What tho' the night  
 Obscure his Light,  
 When prison'd in the West;  
 The day returns,  
 Again he burns,  
 The God of day confest.

---

## S O N G CCXVII.

**W**HY is death for ever late,  
 To conclude a wretch's woe?  
 Those who live in happy state,  
 Feel too soon th' untimely blow.

---

## S O N G CCXVIII.

**W**ATER parted from the sea,  
 May increase the river's tide;  
 To the bubbling fount may flee,  
 Or thro' fertile valleys glide:  
 Yet in search of lost repose,  
 Doom'd, like me, forlorn to roam,  
 Still it murmurs as it flows,  
 Till it reach its native home.

## S O N G CCXIX.

**T**HO' oft a cloud, with envious shade,  
 Conceals the face of day;  
 The sun is still in flames array'd,  
 His beams immortal not decay'd:  
 Soon the gloomy veil retires:  
 He darts each pow'rful ray,  
 And light and heat inspires.

---

## S O N G CCXX.

**O** Let the danger of a son,  
 Excite vindictive ire;  
 The prospect of a kingdom won,  
 Shou'd light ambition's fire.  
 To wounded minds, revenge is balm:  
 With vigour they engage;  
 And sacrifice a pleasing calm,  
 To a more pleasing rage.

---

## S O N G CCXXI.

**O** Much lov'd son, if death  
 Has stol'n thy vital breath,  
 I'll share thy hapless fate;  
 But ere the dagger drinks my blood,  
 A murder'd king, at Lethe's flood,  
 The tidings shall relate.

Bid Charon cease from toil  
 And rest upon his oar,  
 'Till I attain the happy soil,  
 Where we shall part no more.

---

## S O N G CCXXII.

**L**ET not rage, thy bosom firing,  
 Pity's softer claim remove;  
 Spare a heart that's just expiring,  
 Forc'd by duty, rack'd by love.

Each ungentle thought suspending,  
 Judge of mine, by thy soft breast;  
 Nor with rancour never ending,  
 Heap fresh sorrows on th' oppress'd.

Let not rage, &c.

Heav'n, that ev'ry joy has cross'd,  
 Ne'er my wretched state can mend;  
 I, alas! at once have lost,  
 Father, brother, lover, friend.

Let not rage, &c.

## SONG CCXXIII.

THE soldier, tir'd of war's alarms,  
 Forswears the clang of hostile arms,  
 And scorns the spear and shield :  
 But if the brazen trumpet sound,  
 He burns with conquest to be crown'd,  
 And dares again the field.

---

## SONG CCXXIV.

IF that's all you want, who the plague will be sorry,  
 'Twere better by half to dig stones in a quarry ;  
 For my share I'm weary of what is got by't :  
 S'flesh ! here's such racket, such scolding and coiling,  
 You're never content, but when folks are a toiling,  
 And drudging like horses from morning till night.

You think I'm afraid, but the difference to shew you,  
 First, yonder's your shovel, your sacks too I throw  
 you ;

Hence forward take care of your matters who will :  
 They're welcome to slave for your wages that need  
 'em,

Tol lol derol lol, I have purchas'd my freedom,  
 And never hereafter shall work at the mill.



## S O N G CCXXV.

**I**N love to pine and languish,  
 Yet know your passion vain;  
 To harbour heart-felt anguish,  
 Yet fear to tell your pain.

What pow'rs unrelenting,  
 Severer ills inventing,  
 Can sharpen pangs like these?  
 Where days and nights, tormenting,  
 Yield not a moment's ease.

---

## S O N G CCXXVI.

**W**HAT are outward forms and shews,  
 To an honest heart compar'd?  
 Oft the rustic, wanting those,  
 Has the nobler portion shar'd.

Oft we see the humble flow'r,  
 Bearing, at the hedge's side;  
 Virtues of more sov'reign pow'r,  
 Than the garden's gayest pride.

Hark!

## S O N G CCXXVII.

**H**ARK! 'tis I your own true lover,  
 After walking three long miles;  
 One kind look, at least discover,  
 Come and speak a word to Giles.  
 You alone my heart I fix on,  
 Ah you little cunning vizen!  
 I can see your roguish smiles;  
 Addlids! my mind is so possess'd,  
 'Till we're sped, I shan't have rest;  
 Only say the thing's a bargain,  
 Here an you like it,  
 Ready to strike it,  
 There's at once an end of arguing:  
 I'm hers, she's mine;  
 Thus we seal, and thus we sign.

---

## S O N G CCXXVIII.

**W**ITH the man that I love, was I destin'd to  
 dwell,  
 On a mountain, a moor, in a cot, in a cell;  
 Retreats the most barren, most desert would be,  
 More pleasing than courts or a palace to me.  
 Let the vain and the venal, in wedlock aspire  
 To what folly esteems, and the vulgar admire;  
 I yield them the bliss, where their wishes are plac'd,  
 Insensible creatures! 'tis all they can taste.

WHY

## S O N G CCXXIX.

**W**HY how now miss pert,  
 Do you think to divert  
 My anger by fawning and stroking,  
 Wou'd you make me a fool?  
 Your play-thing, your tool,  
 Was ever young minx so provoking.  
 Get out of my sight,  
 'Twould be serving you right,  
 To lay a sound dose of the lash on;  
 Contradict your Mamma,  
 I've a mind by the la;  
 But I won't put myself in a passion.

---

## S O N G CCXXX.

**O**DDS my life, search England over,  
 And you match her in her station;  
 I'll be bound to fly the nation:  
 And be sure as well I love her.  
 Do but feel my heart a beating,  
 Still her pretty name repeating,  
 Here's the work 'tis always at,  
 Pitty, patty, pat, pit, pat.  
 When she makes the music tinkle,  
 What on yearth can sweeter be?  
 Then her little eyes so twinkle,  
 'Tis a feast to hear and see.

## S O N G CCXXXI.

I AM young, and I am friendless  
 And poor alas ! withal ;  
 Sure my sorrows will be endless,  
 In vain for help I call.  
 Have some pity in your nature,  
 To relieve a wretched creature,  
 Though the gift be ne'er so small..

May you possessing, every blessing,  
 Still inherit Sir, all you merit Sir,  
 And never know what it is to want ;  
 Sweet heaven, your worship all happiness grant.

---

## S O N G CCXXXII.

W H Y quits the merchant, blest with ease,  
 The pleasures of his native seat ;  
 To tempt the dangers of the seas,  
 And climes more perilous than these ;  
 Midst freezing cold, or scorching heat ?

He knows the hardships, knows the pain,  
 The length of way, but thinks it small ;  
 The sweets of what he hopes to gain,  
 Undaunted, make him combat all.

S O N G

## S O N G CCXXXIII.

**W**HEN a maid in way of marriage,  
 First is courted by a man,  
 Let'un do the best he can,  
 She's so shame-fac'd in her carriage,  
 'Tis with pain the suit's began.

Tho'f mayhap she likes him mainly,  
 Still she shams it coy and cold;  
 Fearing to confess it plainly,  
 Lest the folks should think her bold.

But the parson comes in fight,  
 Gives the word to bill and coo;  
 'Tis a different story quite,  
 And she quickly buckles too.

---

## S O N G CCXXXIV.

**T**RUST me, would you taste true pleasure,  
 Without mixture, without measure,  
 No where shall you find the treasure  
 Sure as in the sylvan scene:

Blest, who, no false glare requiring,  
 Nature's rural sweets admiring,  
 Can, from grossier joys retiring,  
 Seek the simple and seren:.

## SONG CCXXXV.

**Y**OU vile pack of vagabonds what do ye mean?  
 I'll maul you, rascallions,  
 Ye tatter demallions—

If one of you comes within reach of my cane.

Such cursed assurance,

'Tis past all indurance,

Nay, nay, pray come away,

They're lyars and thieves,

And he that believes,

Their foolish predictions

Will find them but fictions,

A bubble that always deceives.

---

## SONG CCXXXVI.

**L**ET me fly——hence tyrant fashion,  
 Teach to servile minds your law;  
 Curb in them each generous passion,  
 Ev'ry motion keep in awe.

Shall I in thy trammels going,

Quit the idol of my heart;

While it beats, all fervent, glowing;

With my life I'll sooner part.

## S O N G CCXXXVII.

**W**HEN you meet a tender creature;  
 Neat in limb, and fair in feature,  
 Full of kindness and good nature;

Prove as kind again as she;  
 Happy mortal! to possess her,  
 In your bosom, warm, and press her,  
 Morning, noon, and night, caress her,  
 And be fond, as fond can be.

But if one you meet that's froward,  
 Saucy, jilting, and untoward,  
 Should you act the whining coward,  
 'Tis to mend her ne'er the whit;  
 Nothing's tough enough to bind her,  
 Then agog, when once you find her,  
 Let her go, and never mind her;  
 Heart alive, you're fairly quit.

---

## S O N G CCXXXVIII.

**O**H leave me in pity, the falsehood I scorn,  
 For slander the bosom untainted defies;  
 But rudeness, and insult, are not to be borne,  
 Tho' offer'd by wretches we've sense to despise.

Of women defenceless, how cruel the fate,  
 Pass ever so cautious, so blameless her way;  
 Ill nature, and envy, lurk always in wait,  
 And innocence falls to their fury a prey.



## S O N G CCXXXIX.

**W**HO upon the oozy beech,  
 Can count the numerous sands that lie;  
 Or distinctly reckon each  
 Transparent orb that studs the sky?  
 As their multitude betray,  
 And frustrate all attempts to tell;  
 So 'tis impossible to say,  
 How much I love, I love so well.

---

## S O N G CCXL.

**T**hen hey for a frolicksome life!  
 I'll ramble where pleasures are rife;  
 Strike up with the free hearted lasses,  
 And never think more of a wife;  
 Plague on it, men are but asses,  
 To run after noise and strife.

Had we been together buckled,  
 'Twould have prov'd a fine affair;  
 Dogs would have bark'd at the cuckold,  
 And boys pointing cry'd—look there,

S O N G C C X L I.

**H** O P E ! thou nurse of young desire,  
 Fairy promiser of joy ;  
 Painted vapour, glow-worm fire,  
 Temp'rate sweet, that ne'er can cloy.

Hope ! thou earnest of delight,  
 Softest soother of the mind ;  
 Balmy cordial, prospect bright,  
 Surest friend the wretched find.

Kind deceiver, flatter still,  
 Deal out pleasures unpossess ;  
 With thy dreams my fancy fill,  
 And in wishes make me blest.

---

S O N G C C X L I I.

**W** hence can you inherit  
 So slavish a spirit ?  
 Confin'd thus, and chain'd to a log !  
 Now fondl'd, now chid,  
 Permitted, forbid :  
 'Tis leading the life of a dog.

For shame, you a lover !  
 More firmness discover ;  
 Take courage, nor here longer mope ;  
 Resist and be free,  
 Run riot like me,  
 And to perfect the picture clope.

## S O N G CCXLIII.

**M**Y heart's my own, my will is free,  
 And so shall be my voice ;  
 No mortal man shall wed with me,  
 Till first he's made my choice.

Let parents rule, cry nature's laws ;  
 And children still obey ;  
 And is there then no saving clause,  
 Against tyrannic sway.

---

## S O N G CCXLIV.

**W**HEN once love's subtle poison gains,  
 A passage to the female breast ;  
 Like lightning rushing through the veins,  
 Each wish, and ev'ry thought's possess.

To heal the pangs our minds endure,  
 Reason in vain its skill applies ;  
 Nought can afford the heart a cure,  
 But is pleasing to the eyes.

---

## S O N G CCXLV.

**O**H! had I been by fate decreed  
 Some humble cottage swain ;  
 In fair Rosetta's fight to feed  
 My sheep upon the plain ;

What

What bliss had I been born to taste,  
Which now I ne'er must know?  
Ye envious pow'rs! why have ye plac'd  
My fair one's lot so low?

---

## S O N G CCXLVI.

**G**ENTLE youth, ah! tell me why  
Still you force me thus to fly;  
Cease, oh! cease, to persevere,  
Speak not what I must not hear,  
To my heart its ease restore,  
Go and never see me more.

---

## S O N G CCXLVII.

**S**TILL in hopes to get the better  
Of my stubborn flame I try,  
Swear this moment to forget her,  
And the next my oath deny.  
Now prepar'd with scorn to treat her,  
Ev'ry charm in thought I brave;  
Boast my freedom, fly to meet her,  
And confess myself a slave.

## S O N G CCXLVIII.

**T**HERE was a jolly miller once,  
 Liv'd on the river Dee;  
 He work'd, and fung, from morn till night,  
 No lark more blythe than he.  
 And this the burthen of his song,  
 For ever us'd to be,  
 I care for nobody, no not I,  
 If no one cares for me.

---

## S O N G CCXLIX.

**L**ET gay ones and great  
 Make the most of their fate,  
 From pleasure to pleasure they run:  
 Well, who cares a jot,  
 I envy them not,  
 While I have my dog and my gun.  
 For exercise, air,  
 To the fields I repair,  
 With spirits unclouded and light.  
 The blisses I find,  
 No stings leave behind,  
 But health and diversion unite.

## S O N G CCL.

THE honest heart, whose thoughts are clear  
 From fraud, disguise, and guile,  
 Need neither fortune's frowning fear,  
 Nor court the harlot's smile.

The greatness that would make us grave  
 Is but an empty thing;  
 What more than mirth would mortals have?  
 The cheerful man's a king.

---

## S O N G CCLI.

WELL, well, say no more,  
 Sure you told me before;  
 I see the full length of my tether;  
 Do you think I'm a fool,  
 That I need go to school?  
 I can spell you and put you together.

A word to the wife,  
 Will always suffice;  
 Addsniggers go talk to your parrot;  
 I'm not such an elf,  
 Though I say it myself,  
 But I know a sheep's head from a carrot.

## S O N G CCLII.

**C**UPID, god of soft persuasion,  
 Take the helpless lover's part:  
 Seize, oh seize, some kind occasion  
 To reward a faithful heart.

Justly those we tyrants call,  
 Who the body would enthrall;  
 Tyrants of more cruel kind,  
 Those who would enslave the mind.

What is grandeur? see to rest;  
 Childish mummary at best;  
 Happy I in humble state;  
 Catch, ye fools, the glitt'ring bait.

---

## S O N G CCLIII.

**H**OW happy were my days, till now:  
 I ne'er did sorrow feel,  
 I rose with joy to milk my cow,  
 Or take my spinning wheel.

My heart was lighter than a fly,  
 Like any bird I sung,  
 Till he pretended love, and I  
 Believ'd his flatt'ring tongue.



Oh the fool, the silly, silly fool,  
 Who trusts what man may be;  
 I wish I was a maid again,  
 And in my own country.

---

## S O N G CCLIV.

**W**E women like weak Indians trade,  
 Whose judgment tinsel shew decoys;  
 Dupes to our folly we are made,  
 While artful man the gain enjoys:  
 We give our treasure to be paid,  
 A paltry, poor return! in toys.

---

## S O N G CCLV.

**T**HINK, my fairest, how delay,  
 Danger every moment brings;  
 Time flies swift, and will away;  
 Time that's ever on the wing:  
 Doubting and suspense at best,  
 Lovers late repentance cost,  
 Let us, eager to be blest,  
 Seize occasion ere 'tis lost.

S O N G

## S O N G CCLVI.

**B**ELIEVE me, dear aunt,  
 If you rave thus, and rant,  
 You'll never a lover persuade;  
 The men will all fly,  
 And leave you to die,  
 Oh, terrible chance! an old maid—

How happy the lasfs,  
 Must she come to this pass,  
 Who antient virginity 'scapes:  
 'Twere better on earth  
 Have five brats at a birth  
 Than in hell be a leader of apes.

---

## S O N G CCLVII.

**W**HEN I follow'd a lasf that was froward and shy,  
 Oh! I stuck to her stuff, 'till I made her  
     comply;  
 Oh! I took her so lovingly round the wait,  
 And I smack'd her lips, and I held her fast:  
     When hugg'd and haul'd,  
     She squeal'd and squall'd;  
 But though she vow'd all I did was in vain,  
 Yet I pleas'd her so well, that she bore it again,  
     Then hoity, toity,  
     Whisking, frisking,  
 Green was her gown upon the grass;  
 Oh! such were the joys of our dancing days—

S O N G

## S O N G CCLVIII.

**L**ET rakes and libertines resign'd  
 To sensual pleasures range!  
 Here all the sex's charms I find,  
 And ne'er can cool or change.

Let vain coquets, and prudes conceal,  
 What most their hearts desire;  
 With pride my passion I reveal,  
 Oh! may it ne'er expire.

The sun shall cease to spread its light,  
 The stars their orbits leave;  
 And fair creation sink in night,  
 When I my dear deceive.

---

## S O N G CCLIX.

**H**OW blest'd the maid, whose bosom  
 No head-strong passion knows;  
 Her days in joy she passes,  
 Her nights in calm repose.  
 Where'er her fancy leads her,  
 No pain, no fear invades her;  
 But pleasure,  
 Without measure,  
 From ev'ry object flows.

## S O N G CCLX.

IN vain I ev'ry art essay,  
 To pluck the venom'd shaft away  
 That rankles in my heart;  
 Deep in the centre fix'd, and bound,  
 My efforts but enlarge the wound,  
 And fiercer make the smart.

---

## S O N G CCLXI.

OH! how shall I in language weak,  
 My ardent passion tell;  
 Or form my falt'ring tongue to speak,  
 That cruel word, farewell!  
 Farewell—but know, tho' thus we part,  
 My thoughts can never stray:  
 Go where I will, my constant heart  
 Must with my charmer stay.

---

## S O N G CCLXII.

YOUNG I am, and fore afraid:  
 Would you hurt a harmless maid?  
 Lead an innocent astray?  
 Tempt me not, kind Sir, I pray.

Men

Men too often we believe;  
 And, should you my faith deceive,  
 Ruin first, and then forsake,  
 Sure my tender heart would break.

---

## S O N G CCLXIII.

**O**NS! neighbour, ne'er blush for a trifle like  
 this;  
 What harm with a fair one to toy and to kifs?  
 The greatest and gravest—a truth with grimace—  
 Would do the same thing, were they in the same  
 place.

No age, no profession, no station is free;  
 To sov'reign beauty mankind bends the knee:  
 That power, resistless, no strength can oppose:  
 We all love a pretty girl—under the rose.

---

## S O N G CCLXIV.

**M**Y Dolly was the fairest thing!  
 Her breath disclos'd the sweets of spring;  
 And if for summer you would seek;  
 'Twas painted in her eye, her cheek:  
 Her swelling bosom, tempting ripe,  
 Of fruitful autumn was the type:  
 But, when my tender tale I told,  
 I found her heart was winter cold.

S O N G

## S O N G CCLXV.

**W**AS ever poor fellow so plagu'd with a vixen?  
 Zawns! Madge, don't provoke me, but mind  
 what I say;  
 You've chose a wrong parson for playing your tricks  
 on,  
 So pack up your alls and be trudging away:  
 You'd better be quiet,  
 And not breed a riot;  
 S'blood must I stand prating with you here all day?  
 I've got other matters to mind;  
 May hap you may think me an afs;  
 But to the contrary you'll find:  
 A fine piece of work by the mafs!

---

## S O N G CCXLVI.

**C**EASE gay seducers pride to take,  
 In triumphs o'er the fair;  
 Since clowns as well can act the rake,  
 As those in higher sphere.

Where then to shun a shameful fate  
 Shall hapless beauty go;  
 In ev'ry rank, in ev'ry state,  
 Poor woman finds a foe.

S O N G

## S O N G CCLXVII.

**S**INCE Hodge proves ungrateful, no farther I'll  
seek,

But go up to town in the waggon next week;  
A service in London is no such disgrace,  
And register's office will get me a place:  
Bet Blossom went there, and soon met with a friend;  
Folks say in her silks she's now standing an end!  
Then why should not I the same maxim pursue,  
And better my fortune as other girls do?

---

## S O N G CCLXVIII.

**I**N love should there meet a fond pair,  
Untutor'd by fashion or art;  
Whose wishes are warm and sincere,  
Whose words are th' excess of the heart:  
If ought of substantial delight,  
On this side the stars can be found:  
'Tis sure when that couple unite,  
And Cupid by Hymen is crown'd.

---

## S O N G CCLXIX.

**T**HE world is a well furnish'd table,  
Where guests are promise'ously set;  
We all fare as well as we're able,  
And scramble for what we can get.

S

My



My simile holds to a tittle,  
 Some gorge while some scarce have a taste;  
 But if I'm content with a little,  
 Enough is as good as a feast.

---

## S O N G CCLXX.

'TIS not wealth, it is not birth,  
 Can value to the soul convey;  
 Minds possess superior worth,  
 Which chance nor gives, nor takes away,  
 Like the sun true merit shews;  
 By nature warm, by nature bright;  
 With inbred flames, he nobly glows,  
 Nor needs the aid of borrow'd light.

---

## S O N G CCLXXI.

THE traveller benighted,  
 And led thro' wary ways,  
 The lamp of day new lighted,  
 With joy the dawn surveys.

---

The rising prospects viewing,  
 Each look is forward cast;  
 He smiles his course pursuing,  
 Nor thinks of what is past.

SONG

## S O N G CCLXXII.

**I**F ever a fond inclination,  
 Rose in your bosom to rob you of rest;  
 Reflect with a little compassion,  
 On the soft pangs, which prevail'd in my breast.  
 Oh where, where would you fly me?  
 Can you deny me thus torn and distressed?  
 Think when my lover was by me,  
 Would I, how cou'd I, refuse his request?  
 Kneeling before you, let me implore you;  
 Look on me sighing, crying, dying;  
 Ah! is there no language can move?  
 If I have been too complying,  
 Hard was the conflict 'twixt duty and love.

---

## S O N G CCLXXIII.

**A** Plague of those wenches, they make such a  
 pother,  
 When once they have let'n a man have his will;  
 They're always a whining for something or other,  
 And cry he's unkind in his carriage,  
 What tho'f he speaks them ne'er so fairly  
 Still they keep teasing teasing on:  
 You cannot persuade 'em,  
 'Till promise you've made 'em:  
 And after they have got it,  
 They tell you—add rot it,

Their character's blasted, they're ruin'd, undone;  
 And then, to be sure, fir,  
 There is but one cure, fir,  
 And all the discourse is of marriage.

---

S O N G CCLXXIV.

**H**OW much superior beauty awes,  
 The coldest bosoms find;  
 But with resistless force it draws,  
 To sense and sweetness join'd.  
 The casket, where, to outward shew,  
 The workman's art is seen,  
 Is doubly valued, when we know  
 It holds a gem within.

---

S O N G CCLXXV.

**W**HEN we see a lover languish,  
 And his truth and honour prove,  
 Ah! how sweet to heal his anguish,  
 And repay him love for love.

---

S O N G CCLXXVI.

**I**F ever I'm catch'd in those regions of smoke,  
 That seat of confusion and noise,  
 May I ne'er know the sweets of a slumber unbroke,  
 Nor the pleasure the country enjoys.

Nay

Nay more, let them take me to punish my sin,  
 Where, gaping, the Cockneys they fleece,  
 Clap me up with their monsters, cry, masters walk  
     in,  
 And shew me for two-pence a piece.

---

## S O N G CCLXXVII.

**G**O naughty man, I can't abide you;  
 Are then your vows so soon forgot?  
 Ah! now I see if I had try'd you,  
 What would have been my hopeful lot.

But here I charge you—make them happy;  
 Bless the fond pair, and crown their bliss:  
 Come be a dear good-natur'd pappy;  
 And I'll reward you with a kiss.

---

## S O N G CCLXXVIII.

**H**ENCE with cares, complaints, and frowning,  
 Welcome jollity and joy;  
 Ev'ry grief in pleasure drowning,  
 Mirth this happy night employ:  
 Let's to friendship do our duty;  
 Laugh and sing some good old strain,  
 Drink a health to love and beauty—  
 May they long in triumph reign.

## SONG CCLXXIX.

**M**Y time how happy once, and gay!  
 Oh! blithe I was as blithe could be;  
 But now I'm sad, ah, well-a-day!  
 For my true love is gone to sea.

The lads pursue, I strive to shun,  
 Though all their arts are lost on me;  
 For I can never love but one,  
 And he, alas! is gone to sea.

They bid me to the wake, the fair.  
 To dances on the neighb'ring lea.  
 But how can I in pleasure share,  
 While my true love is out at sea?

The flowers droop till light's return,  
 The pidgeon mourns its absent she;  
 So will I droop, so will I mourn,  
 'Till my true love comes back from sea.

## SONG CCLXXX.

**T**HE May-day of life is for pleasure,  
 For singing, for dancing, and show;  
 Then why will you waste such a treasure,  
 In sighing, and crying—heigho!

Let's copy the bird in the meadows,  
 By her's tune your pipe when 'tis low;  
 Fly round, and coquet it as she does,  
 And never sit crying——heigho!

Though wher in the arms of a lover,  
 It sometimes may happen, I know,  
 That, ere all our toying is over,  
 We cannot help crying——heigho!

In age ev'ry one a new part takes,  
 I find to my sorrow 'tis so;  
 When old, you may cry till your heart breaks,  
 But no one will mind you——heigho!

## S O N G. CCLXXXI.

**W**ERE I as poor as wretch can be,  
 As great as any monarch, he;  
 Ere on such terms I'd mount his throne,  
 I'd work my fingers to the bone.

Grant me, ye Pow'rs! I ask not wealth;  
 Grant me but innocence and health.  
 Ah! what is grandeur link'd to vice?  
 'Tis only virtue gives it price.

## SONG CCLXXXII.

**W**HEN I was a young one, what girl was like  
me?

So wanton, so airy, and brisk as a bee :  
I tattled, I rambled, I laugh'd, and where'er  
A fiddle was heard, to be sure I was there.

To all that came near I had something to say ;  
'Twas this, Sir—and that, Sir—but scarce ever nay ;  
And Sundays, dress'd out in my silks and my lace,  
I warrant I stood by the best in the place.

At twenty I got me a husband—poor man !  
Well, rest him, we all are as good as we can ;  
Yet he was so peevish, he'd quarrel for straws ;  
And jealous——though truly I gave him some cause.

He snubb'd me, and huff'd me—but let me alone ;  
Egad I've a tongue——and I paid him his own.  
Ye wives, take the hint, and when spouse is untow'rd,  
Stand firm to our charter——and have the last word.

But now I'm quite alter'd, the more to my woe ;  
I'm not what I was forty summers ago :  
This time's a sore foe, there's no shunning his dart ;  
However, I keep up a pretty good heart.

Grown old, yet I hate to be sitting mum-chance ;  
I still love a tune, though unable to dance ;  
And books of devotion laid by on my shelf,  
I teach that to others I once did myself.



## S O N G CCLXXXIII.

THE echoing horn calls the sportsmen abroad;  
 To horse, my brave boys, and away;  
 The morning is up, and the cry of the hounds  
 Upbraids our too tedious delay.  
 What pleasure we feel in pursuing the fox!  
 O'er hill, and o'er valley he flies;  
 Then follow, we'll soon overtake him: Huzza!  
 The traitor is seiz'd on, and dies.

Triumphant returning at night with the spoil,  
 Like Bacchanals, shouting and gay,  
 How sweet with a bottle and lass to refresh,  
 And lose the fatigues of the day!  
 With sport, love, and wine, fickle fortune defy;  
 Dull wisdom all happiness fours:  
 Since life is no more than a passage at best,  
 Let's strew the way over with flow'rs.

---

## S O N G CCLXXXIV.

WHEN late I wander'd o'er the plain,  
 From nymph, to nymph, I strove in vain,  
 My wild desires to rally;  
 But now they're of themselves come home,  
 And, strange! no longer seek to roam?  
 They center all in Sally.

Yet she, unkind one, damps my joy,  
And cries, I court but to destroy :

Can love with ruin tally ?

By those dear lips, those eyes, I swear,  
I would all deaths, all torments bear,  
Rather than injure Sally.

Come then, oh come, thou sweeter far  
Than jessamine and roses are,

Or lilies of the valley ;

O follow love, and quit your fear,  
He'll guide you to these arms, my dear,  
And make me blest in Sally.

# S O N G CCLXXXV.

'SQUIRE.

**C**OME, come, my dear girl, I must not be  
deny'd ;

Fine cloaths you shall flash in, and rant it away :  
I'll give you this purse too ; and, hark you, beside,  
We'll kiss and we'll toy all the long summer's day.

SALLY.

Of kissing and toying you soon would be tir'd,  
Oh ! should hapless Sally consent to be naught !

Besides, sir, believe me, I scorn to be hir'd ;

The heart's not worth gaining which is to be  
bought.

'SQUIRE,

'SQUIRE.

Perhaps you're afraid of the world's busy tongue;  
But know, above scandal you then shall be put;  
And laugh, as you roll in your chariot along,  
At draggle-tail Chastity walking a-foot.

SALLY.

If only thro' fear of the world I was shy,  
My coyness and modesty were but ill shown;  
Its pardon 'twere easy with money to buy;  
But how, tell me how, I shall purchase my own.

'SQUIRE.

Leave morals to grey-beards, these lips were design'd  
For better employment.

SALLY.

I will not endure——

'SQUIRE.

Oh fye, child! Love bids you be rich, and be kind;

SALLY.

But virtue commands me—Be honest and poor.

## S O N G CCLXXXVI.

**H**OW happy is the sailor's life,  
 From coast to coast to roam;  
 In ev'ry port he finds a wife,  
 In ev'ry land a home,  
 He loves to range,  
 He's no where strange;  
 He ne'er will turn his back,  
 To friend or foe;  
 No, masters, no;  
 My life for honest Jack.

**Chorus.** He loves to range, &c.

If saucy foes dare make a noise,  
 And to the sword appeal;  
 We out, and quickly larn 'em, boys,  
 With whom they have to deal.  
 We know no craft, but 'fore and aft  
 Lay on our strokes amain;  
 Then, if they're stout, for t'other bout,  
 We drub 'em o'er again.

**Chorus.** We know no craft, &c.

Or fair or foul, let fortune blow,  
 Our hearts are never dull:  
 The pocket that to-day ebbs low,  
 To-morrow shall be full;  
 For if so be, we want, d'ye see,  
 A pluck of this here stuff;  
 In Indi--a, and Ameri--ca,  
 We're sure to find enough.

**Chorus.** For if so be, &c.

**Then**

Then bless the king, and bless the state,  
 And bless our captains all ;  
 And ne'er may chance unfortunate,  
 The British fleet befall ;  
 But prosp'rous gales, where'er she sails,  
 And ever may she ride,  
 Of sea and shore, till time's no more,  
 The terror and the pride.

Chorus. But prosp'rous gales, &c.

---

# S O N G CCLXXXVII.

**F**ROM ploughing the ocean and thrashing  
 Monsieur,  
 In old England we're landed once more ;  
 Your hands my brave shipmates, halloo boys, what  
 cheer ;  
 For a sailor that's just come on shore ?

Those hectoring blades thought to scare us no doubt,  
 And to cut us and slash us—morblicu !  
 But hold there, await, they were plaguily out,  
 We have sic'd them and pepper'd them too.

Then courage, my hearts, your own consequence  
 know,  
 Yon invaders shall soon do you right ;  
 The lion may rouse, when he hears the cock crow,  
 But should never be put in a fright.

You've

You've only to shun your nonsensical jars,  
 Your damn'd party and idle contest;  
 And let all your strife be, like us honest tars,  
 Who shall fight for his country the best.

A sea-faring spark, if the maids can affect,  
 Bid the simpering gipsies look to't;  
 Sound bottoms they'll find us in every respect,  
 And our pockets well laden to boot.

The landsmen, mayhap, in the way of discourse,  
 Have more art to persuade, and the like;  
 But wear those fair colours, for better for worse,  
 Is the bargain we're willing to strike.

Now long live the king, may he prosperous reign,  
 Of no power, no faction afraid;  
 May Britain's proud flag still exult o'er the main,  
 At all points of the compass display'd.

No quicksands endanger, no storms overwhelm:  
 Steady, steady and safe may she sail;  
 No ignorant pilots e'er sit at the helm,  
 Or her anchor of liberty fail.

S O N G CCLXXXVIII.

**A**LL you who would wish to succeed with a lass,  
 Learn how the affair's to be done;  
 For if you stand fooling, and shy, like an ass,  
 You'll lose her, as sure as a gun.

With

With whining, and sighing, and vows, and all that,  
 As far as you please you may run;  
 She'll hear you, and jeer you, and give you a pat,  
 But jilt you, as sure as a gun.

To worship, and call her bright goddess, is fine;  
 But mark you the consequence, mun;  
 The baggage will think herself really divine,  
 And scorn you as sure as a gun.

Then be with a maiden, bold, frolic, and stout,  
 And no opportunity shun;  
 She'll tell you she hates you, and swear she'll cry out,  
 But mum——she's as sure as a gun.

---

### S O N G CCLXXXIX.

**A**uspicious spirits guard my love,  
 In time of danger near him bide;  
 With out-spread wings around him move,  
 And turn each random-ball aside.  
 And you his foes, though hearts of steel,  
 Oh! may you then with me accord;  
 A sympathetic passion feel,  
 Behold his face, and drop the sword.

Ye winds, your blust'ring fury leave;  
 Like airs that o'er the garden sweep;  
 Breathe soft in sighs, and gently heave  
 The calm, smooth bosom of the deep.

Till



Till Halcyon peace return'd, once more;  
From blasts secure, and hostile harms,  
My sailor views his native shore,  
And harbours safe in these fond arms.

---

S O N G CCXC.

'S Q U I R E.

WELL met, pretty maid;  
Nay, don't be afraid;  
I mean you no mischief, I vow;  
Psha! what is't you ail?  
Come, give me your pail,  
And I'll carry it up to your cow.

S A L L Y.

Pray let it alone,  
I've hands of my own,  
Nor need yours to help me—forbear!  
How can you persist?  
I won't, sir, be kist,  
Nor teaz'd thus—go trifle elsewhere.

'S Q U I R E.

In yon lonely grove,  
I saw an alcove,  
All round the sweet violet springs;  
And there was a thrush,  
Hard by in a bush,  
'Twould charm you to hear how he sings.

S A L L Y.

SALLY.

But hark! pry'thee hark!  
 Look yonder's a lark!  
 It warbles and pleases me so;  
 To hear the soft tale,  
 O' th' sweet nightingale,  
 I would not be tempted to go.

'SQUIRE.

Then here we'll sit down:  
 Come, come, never frown!  
 No longer my bliss I'll retard;  
 Kind Venus shall spread,  
 Her veil over head,  
 And the little rogue Cupid keep guard.

---

SONG CCXCI.

'SQUIRE.

**S**AUCY rascal, this intrusion  
 You shall answer to your cost:  
 Bully'd!—scandaliz'd—confusion!  
 All my schemes and wishes cross.

THOMAS.

Hark you, master, keep your distance;  
 'Sblood, take notice what I say:  
 There's the channel, no resistance,  
 Tack about, and bear away.

T

SALLY

## SALLY.

Would you wrest our freedom from us?  
 Now my heart has lost its fear.  
 Oh! my best, my dearest Thomas,  
 Sure some angel brought you here.

## 'SQUIRE.

Since her paltry inclination,  
 Stoops to such a thing as you;  
 Thus I make a recantation,  
 Wretched, foolish girl, adieu!

---

## SONG CCXII.

**B**EHOLD, from many a hostile shore,  
 And all the dangers of the main,  
 Where billows mount, and tempests roar,  
 Your faithful Tom's return'd again;  
 Returns, and with him brings a heart  
 That ne'er from Sally shall depart.

After long toils and troubles past,  
 How sweet to tread our native soil,  
 With conquest to return at last,  
 And deck our sweethearts with the spoil!  
 No one to beauty should pretend,  
 But such as dare its rights defend.

## SONG CCXIII.

T H O M A S.

**L**ET fops pretend in flames to melt,  
 And talk of pangs they never felt;  
 I speak without disguise or art,  
 And with my hand bestow my heart.

S A L L Y.

Let ladies prudishly deny,  
 Look cold, and give their thoughts the lye;  
 I own the passion in my breast,  
 And long to make my lover blest.

T H O M A S.

For this the sailor, on the mast,  
 Endures the cold and cutting blast;  
 All dripping wet, wears out the night,  
 And braves the fury of the fight.

S A L L Y.

For this the virgin pines and sighs,  
 With throbbing heart, and streaming eyes;  
 Till sweet reverse of joys she proves,  
 And clasps the faithful lad she loves.

B O T H.

Ye British youths, be brave, you'll find,  
 The British virgins will be kind:  
 Protect their beauty from alarms,  
 And they'll repay you with its charms.

## S O N G CCXCIV.

**T**HOUGHTS to council—let me see—  
 Hum—to be, or not to be,  
 A husband is the question.  
**A** cuckold, must that follow?  
 Say what men will,  
 Wedlock's a pill,  
**B**itter to swallow,  
 And hard of digestion.

But fear makes the danger seem double.  
**S**ay, Hymen, what mischief can trouble  
 My peace, should I venture to try you?  
 My doors shall be lock'd,  
 My windows be block'd;  
 No male in my house,  
 Not so much as a mouse;  
 Then, horns, horns, I defy you.

---

## S O N G CCXCV.

**I** know the world, Sir, tho' I say't:  
 I'm cautious and wise,  
**A**nd they who surprize  
 My prudence nodding,  
 Must sit up late.

Never

Never fear, Sir,  
 Your safety's here, Sir;  
 Yes, yes,  
 I'll answer for Miss:  
     Let me alone,  
 I warrant my care  
 Shall weigh to a hair  
     As much as your own.

---

## S O N G CCXCVI.

**S**AY, little, foolish, flutt'ring thing,  
 Whither, ah! whither would you wing  
 Your airy flight:  
 Stay here, and sing  
 Your mistress to delight.  
 No, no, no,  
 Sweet Robin you shall not go:  
 Where, you wanton, could you be,  
 Half so happy as with me?

---

## S O N G CCXCVII.

**B**Y some I am told,  
 That I'm wrinkled and old,  
 But I will not believe what they say:  
 I feel my blood mounting,  
 Like streams in a fountain,  
 That merrily sparkle and play.

or love I have will,  
 And ability still;  
 Odsbobs, I can scarcely refrain!  
 My diamond, my pearl——  
 Well, be a good girl,  
 Until I come to you again.

---

## SONG CCXCVIII.

**W**AS I a shepherd's maid, to keep  
 On yonder plains a flock of sheep,  
 Well pleas'd, I'd watch the live long day,  
 My ewes at feed, my lambs at play.

Or would some bird that pity brings,  
 But for a moment lend its wings,  
 My parents then might rave and scold,  
 My guardian strive my will to hold:  
 Their words are harsh, his walls are high,  
 But spite of all away I'd fly.

---

## SONG CCXCIX.

**H**ITHER, Venus, with your doves,  
 Hither, all ye little loves;  
 Round me light, your wings display,  
 And bear a lover on his way.

Oh,



Oh, could I but, like Jove of old,  
 Transform myself to thow'ry gold;  
 Or in a swan my passion shroud,  
 Or wrap it in an orient cloud;  
 What locks, what bars should then impede,  
 Or keep me from my charming maid!

---

S O N G   C C C .

**D**EAR heart, what a terrible life am I led,  
 A dog has a better that's shelter'd and fed:  
 Night and day 'tis de same,  
 My pain is dere game;  
 Me wish to de Lord me was dead.

What e'er's to be done,  
 Poor black must run;  
 Mungo here, Mungo dere,  
 Mungo evey where;  
 Above and below,  
 Sirrah come, Sirrah go,  
 Do so, and do so.  
 Oh! oh!  
 Me wish to de Lord me was dead.

S O N G CCCI.

**W**HEN a woman's front is wrinkled,  
And her hairs are sprinkled  
With grey,  
Lackaday!  
How her lovers fall away!

Like fashions past,  
Aside she's cast,  
No one respect will pay :  
Remember,  
Lasses, remember,  
And while the sun shines make hay;  
You must not expect in December  
The flowers you gather'd in May.

---

S O N G CCCII.

**L**ET me, when my heart a sinking :  
Hear de sweet guittar a chinking ;  
When a string speak,  
Such moosic he make,  
Me soon am cur'd of tinkling.

Wid de toot, toot, toot,  
Of a merry flute,  
And cymbalo,  
And tymbalo,  
To boor,

We dance and we sing,  
Till we make a house ring,  
And, tied in his garters, old Massa may swing.

---

## S O N G CCCIII.

**O**H me, oh me, what shall we do!  
The fault is all along of you:  
You brought him in, why did you so?  
'Twas not by my desire you know.

We have but too much cause to fear,  
My guardian, when he comes to hear  
We've had a man with us, will kill  
Me, you, and all; indeed he will.  
No penitence will pard'n procure,  
He'll kill us ev'ry soul I'm sure.

---

## S O N G CCCIV.

**I**N vain you bid your captive live,  
While you the means of life deny,  
Give me your smiles, your wishes give  
To him who must without you die.

Shut from the sun's enliv'ning beam,  
Bid flow'rs retain their scent and hue;  
Its source dry'd up, bid flow the stream,  
And me exist depriv'd of you.

S O N G

## S O N G CCCV.

**O** Wherefore this terrible flurry!  
 My spirits are all in a hurry!  
 And above and below,  
 From my top to my toe,  
 Are running about hurry scurry.

My heart in my bosom a bumping,  
 Goes thumping,  
 And jumping,  
 And thumping:  
 Is't a spectre I see!  
 Hence, vanish, ah me!  
 My senses deceive me,  
 Soon reason will leave me:  
 What a wretch am I destin'd to be.

---

## S O N G CCCVI.

**T**HE swain, with his flock, by a brook loves  
 to rest,  
 With soft rural lays to drive grief from his breast;  
 The fop, light as air, loves himself to behold;  
 The Briton, his foe—and the miser, his gold.  
 The pleasures I chuse, yield more joy to my soul,  
 The delight of my heart is a full-flowing bowl.

The

The huntsman, fatigu'd with the toil of the chace,  
 By the side of a fountain delights to solace;  
 At his mistress's feet the fond lover to whine;  
 The beau, at the play or assembly to shine.  
 The pleasures I chuse, &c.

My Chloe's in rapture, to hear herself prais'd;  
 The courtier, to find that his income is rais'd:  
 Some nymphs love the town, and in jewels to  
 shine,  
 And some spiritless lovers, in silence to pine.  
 The pleasures I chuse, &c.

Some cards love, some coffee, some dice, and some  
 tea;  
 Some talking, some fiddling, some dancing, some  
 play:  
 Their choices are dull—there's a spirit in wine,  
 That more than enlivens with rapture divine:  
 That pleasure I chuse, it yields joy to my soul,  
 The delight of my heart is a full-flowing bowl.

---

## SONG CCCVII.

**S**OFT pleasing pains, unknown before,  
 My beating bosom feels,  
 When I behold the blissful bow'r  
 Where dearest Delia dwells.

That

That way I daily drive my flock;  
 Ah! happy, happy vale!  
 There look, and wish; and while I look  
 My sighs increase the gale,  
 My sighs increase the gale.

Sometimes at midnight do I stray  
 Beneath inclement skies,  
 And there my true devotion pay  
 To Delia's sleep-seal'd eyes:  
 So pious pilgrims nightly roam,  
 With tedious travel faint,  
 To kiss alone the clay-cold tomb  
 Of some lov'd fav'rite faint,  
 Of some, &c.

O tell, ye shades, that fold my fair,  
 And all my bliss contain,  
 Ah! why should ye those blessings share,  
 For which I sigh in vain?  
 But let me not at fate repine,  
 And thus my grief impart:  
 She's not your tenant;—she is mine;  
 Her mansion is my heart,  
 Her mansion is my heart.

## S O N G CCCVIII.

**J**OVE, in his chair,  
Of the sky Lord-May'r,

With his nods  
Men and Gods  
Keeps in awe;  
When he winks  
Heaven shrinks,  
When he speaks  
Hell squeaks;

Earth's globe is but his taw.

Cock of the school

He bears despotic rule,

His word  
Tho' absurd  
Must be law.  
Even fate,  
Tho' to great,  
Must not prate;  
His bald pate  
Jove would cuff,  
He's so bluff,

For a straw.

Cow'd deities,  
Like mice in cheese,  
To stir must cease,  
Or gnaw.



## S O N G CCCIX.

**T**HINK not lewd Jove  
 Thus to wrong my chaste love,  
 For spite of your sakehelly godhead,  
 By day and by night,  
 Juno will have her right,  
 Nor be, of dues nuptial, defrauded.  
 I'll ferrit the haunts  
 Of your female gallants,  
 In vain you in darkness enclose them,  
 Your favourite jades,  
 I'll plunge to the shades,  
 Or into cows metamorphose them.

---

## S O N G CCCX.

**B**E by your friends advised,  
 Too harsh, too hasty dad!  
 Maugre your bolts, and wise head,  
 The world will think you mad.

What worse can Bacchus teach men,  
 His roaring bucks, when drunk,  
 Than break the lamps, beat watchmen  
 And stagger to some punk.

S O N G CCCXL

**S**INCE you mean to hire for service,  
Come with me, you jolly dog;  
You can help to bring home harvest,  
Tend the sheep and feed the hog.

With three crowns, your standing wages,  
You shall daintily be fed;  
Bacon, beans, salt beef, cabbages,  
Butter-milk, and oaten bread.

Come strike hands, you'll live in clover,  
When we get you once at home,  
And when daily labour's over  
We'll all dance to your strum, strum.

---

S O N G CCCXII.

**G**IRLS are known  
To mischief prone,  
If ever they be idle.  
Who would rear  
Two daughters fair,  
Must hold a steady bridle:  
For here they skip,  
And there they trip,  
And this and that way sidle.

Giddy

Giddy maids,  
 Poor filly jades,  
 All after men are gadding;  
 They flirt pell-mell,  
 Their train to swell,  
 To coxcomb, coxcomb adding:  
 To ev'ry fop  
 They're cock-a-hoop  
 And set their mothers madding.

---

S O N G CCCXIII.

**P**RAY, goody, please to moderate the rancour of  
 your tongue:

Why flash those sparks of fury from your eyes?  
 Remember when the judgment's weak, the preju-  
 dice is strong.

A stranger why will you despise?

Ply me

Try me

Prove, ere you deny me:

If you cast me

Off, you blast me

Never more to rise.

## S O N G CCCXIV.

**S**HALL a paltry clown, not fit to wipe my shoes,  
 Dare my amours to cross?  
 Shall a peasant minx when justice Midas wooes,  
 Her nose up at him tofs?  
 No: I'll kidnap—then possess her.  
 I'll sell her Pol a slave, get mundungus in exchange;  
 So glut to the height of pleasure  
 My love and my revenge.  
 No, I'll kidnap, &c.

---

## S O N G CCCXV.

**J**Upter wenches and drinks,  
 He rules the roast in the sky,  
 Yet he's a fool if he thinks  
 That he's as happy as I.  
 Juno rates him  
 And grates him,  
 And leads his highness a weary life;  
 I have my lass,  
 And my glass,  
 And strole a batchelor's merry life.  
 Let him fluster  
 And bluster,  
 Yet cringe to his harridan's furbello;  
 To my fair tulips,  
 I glew lips,  
 And clink the cannikin here below.

U

S O N G

## S O N G CCCVI.

**A**LL around the maypole how they trot,

Hot

Pot

And good ale have got;

Routing,

Shouting,

At you flouting,

Fleering,

Jeering,

And what not.

There is old Sileno frisks like a mad

Lad,

Glad

To see us sad,

Cap'ring,

Vap'ring,

While Pol, scraping,

Coaxes

The doxies

As he did the dad.

## S O N G CCCVII.

**S**URE I shall run with vexation distracted,

To see my purposes thus counteracted

This way or that way, or which way soever,

All things run contrary to my endeavour.

Daughters

Daughters projecting  
 Their ruin and shame,  
 Fathers neglecting  
 The card of their fame;  
 Nursing in bosom a treacherous viper;  
 Here's a fine dance—but 'tis he pays the piper.

---

## S O N G CCCXVIII.

**H**E's as tight a lad to see to,  
 As e'er stept in leather shoe!  
 And, what's better, he'll love me too,  
 And to him I'll prove true blue.

Tho' my sister casts a hawk's eye  
 I defy what she can do,  
 He o'erlook'd the little doxy,  
 I'm the girl he means to woo.

Hither I stole out to meet him,  
 He'll no doubt, my steps pursue:  
 If the youth prove true, I'll fit him;  
 If he's false—I'll fit him too.

## S O N G CCCXIX

**Y**OU say, at your feet that I wept in despair;  
 And vow'd that no angel was ever so fair:  
 How could you believe all the nonsense I spoke.  
 What know we of angels?—I meant it in joke.

I next stand indicted for swearing to love.  
 And nothing but death should my passion remove:  
 I have lik'd you a twelvemonth, a calendar-year;  
 And not yet contented!—Have conscience, my dear.

---

## S O N G CCCXX.

**I**F you can caper, as well as you modulate  
 With the addition of that pretty face,  
 Pan, who was held by our shepherds a God o' late,  
 Will be kick'd out, and you set in his place.

His beard so frowfy, his gestures so awkward are,  
 And his bagpipe has so drowsy a drone,  
 That if they find you, as I did, no backwarder,  
 You may count on all the girls as your own.



## S O N G CCCXXI.

*Daphne.* **M**Y minikin miss, do you fancy that Pol  
Can ever be caught by an infant's dol?

*Nysa.* Can you miss Maypole, suppose he will fall  
In love with the giants of Guild-hall?

*Daph.* Pigmy elf,

*Nys.* Colossus itself,

*Both.* You will lie till you're mouldy upon the shelf.

*Daph.* You stump o' th' gutter, you hep o' my thumb,  
A husband for you must from Lilliput come.

*Nys.* You staking steeple, you gawky stag,  
Your husband must come from Brobdignag.

*Daph.* Sour grapes,

*Nys.* Lead apes,

*Both.* I'll humble your vanity, mistress Trapes.

*Daph.* Miss your assurance,

*Nys.* And miss your high airs,

*Daph.* Is past all indurance.

*Nys.* Are at their last pray'rs.

*Daph.* No more of those freedoms, miss Nysa, I beg.

*Nys.* Miss Daphne's conceit must be lower'd a peg.

*Daph.* } Poor spire!

*Nys.* } Pride hurt!

*Daph.* } Liver white!

*Nys.* } Rare sport!

*Daph.* } Do, shew your teeth, spitfire, do, but you  
can't bite.

*Nys.* } This haughtiness soon will be laid in the  
dirt.

Poor spite, &c.

Pride hurt, &c.

## S O N G CCCXXII.

O What pleasure will abound  
 When my wife is laid in ground!  
 Let earth cover her,  
 We'll dance over her  
 When my wife is laid in ground.

Oh how happy should I be,  
 Would little Nyfa pig with me!  
 How I'd mumble her,  
 Touze and tumble her,  
 Would little Nyfa pig with me.

---

## S O N G CCCXXIII.

N E'ER will I be left i' the lurch;  
 Cease your bribes and wheedling:  
 'Till I'm made a bride i' the church  
 I'll keep man from meddling:  
 What are riches  
 And soft speeches?  
 Baits and fetches  
 To bewitch us;  
 When you've won us  
 And undone us,  
 Cloy'd you shun us,  
 Frowning on us,  
 For our heedless piddling.

S O N G

## SONG CCCXXIV.

If into your hen yard  
 The treacherous reynard  
 Steals sily, your poultry to ravage,  
 With gun you attack him,  
 With beagles you track him,  
 All's fair to destroy the fell savage.

So Pol, who comes picking  
 Up my tender chicken,  
 No means do I scruple to banish;  
 With pow'r I'll o'erbear him,  
 With fraud I'll ensnare him,  
 By hook or by crook he shall vanish.

---

## SONG CCCXXV.

In those greasy old tatters  
 His charms brighter shine;  
 Then his guitar he clatters  
 With tinkling divine:  
 But, my sister,  
 Ah! he kiss'd her,  
 And me he pass'd by;  
 I'm jealous  
 Of the fellow's  
 Bad taste and blind eye.

## S O N G CCCXXVI.

- Midas.* **M**ASTER Pol  
 And his toll-de-roll-rol,  
 I'll buffet away from the plain, fir.
- Pan.* And I'll assist  
 Your worship's fist  
 With all my might and main, fir;
- Myfis.* And I'll have a thump,  
 Though he is so plump,  
 And makes such a woundy racket.
- Mid.* I'll bluff,
- Pan.* I'll rough,
- Myf.* I'll huff,
- Mid.* I'll cuff,
- Om.* And I'll warrant we pepper his jacket.
- Mid.* For all his cheats,  
 And wenching feats,  
 He shall rue on his knees 'em,  
 Or skip, by goles,  
 As high as Paul's,  
 Like ugly witch on besom;  
 Arraign'd he shall be,  
 Of treason to me!
- Pan.* And I with my davy will back it;  
 I'll swear,
- Mid.* I'll snare,
- Myf.* I'll tear.
- Om.* O rare!  
 And I'll warrant we pepper his jacket.

S O N G

## S O N G CCCXXVII.

*Sileno.* IF a rival thy character draw,  
In perfection he'll find our a flaw;  
With black he will paint,  
Make a de'il of a saint,

And change to an owl a maccaw.

*Dametas.* Can a father pretend to be wise  
Who his friends good advice will despise!  
Who, when danger is nigh,  
Throws his spectacles by

And blinks thro' a green girl's eyes!

*Sil.* You're an impudent pimp and a grub.

*Dam.* You are fool'd by a beggarly scrub.  
Your betters you snub.

*Sil.* Who will lend me a club,  
This insolent puppy to drub?  
You're an impudent pimp and a grub.

*Dam.* You're casol'd by a beggarly scrub.

*Sil.* Who will rot in a powdering tub.

*Dam.* Whom the prince of impostors I dub.

*Sil.* A guinea for a club,

*Dam.* Your bald pate you'll rub

*Sil.* This muckworm to drub.

*Dam.* When you find that your cub

*Sil.* Rub off, firrah, rub firrah, rub,

*Dam.* Is debauch'd by a whipt syllabub.

## SONG CCCXXVIII.

**W**HAT the devil's here to do,  
 Ye logger-heads, and gypsies?  
 Sirrah you, and hussy you,  
 And each of you tipsey is;  
 But I'll as sure pull down your pride as  
 A gun, or as I'm justice Midas.

---

## SONG CCCXXIX.

**N**OW I'm seated,  
 I'll be treated  
 Like the sopher on his throne,  
 In my presence,  
 Scoundrel peasants  
 Shall not call their souls their own.  
 My behest is,  
 He who best is,  
 Shall be fix'd musician chief:  
 Ne'er the loser,  
 Shall shew nose here,  
 But be transported like a thief.

## S O N G CCCXXX.

**A** Pox of your pother about this or that,  
 Your shrieking or squeaking, a sharp or a flat;  
 I'm sharp by my bumpers; you're flat, master Pol;  
 So here goes a fet-to at toll-de-roll-loll.

When Beauty her pack of poor lovers would hamper,  
 And after miss Will o' the Whisp the fools scamper,  
 Ding dong, in sing song, they the lady extol;  
 Pray what's all this fuss for but---toll-de-roll-loll.

Mankind are a medley—a chance medley race;  
 All start in full cry to give dame Fortune chase;  
 There's catch as catch can, hit or miss luck is all,  
 And luck's the best tune of life's toll-de-roll-loll.

I've done, please your worship, 'tis rather too long,  
 I only meant life is but an old song;  
 The world's but a tragedy, comedy, droll,  
 Where all act the scene of toll-loll-de-roll.

---

## S O N G CCCXXXI.

**A**H, happy hours, how fleeting  
 Ye danc'd on down away;  
 When my soft vows repeating,  
 At Daphne's feet I lay!



But from her charms when sunder'd  
 As Midas, frowns presage,  
 Each hour will seem an hundred,  
 Each day appear an age.

---

## S O N G CCCXXXII.

**V**irgins are like the fair flow'r in its lustre,  
 Which in the garden enamels the ground :  
 Near it the bees in play flutter and cluiter,  
 And gaudy butterflies frolic around.

But when once pluck'd, 'tis no longer alluring ;  
 To Covent-Garden 'tis sent, as yet sweet ;  
 There fades and shrinks, and grows past all enduring  
 Rots, stinks, and dies, and is trod under feet.

---

## S O N G CCCXXXIII.

**T**HROUGH all the employments of life,  
 Each neighbour abuses his brother ;  
 Whore and rogue they call husband and wife :  
 All professions berogue one another :  
 The priest calls the lawyer a cheat,  
 The lawyer be-knaves the divine ;  
 And the statesman, because he's so great,  
 Thinks his trade as honest as mine.

S O N G

## S O N G CCCXXXV.

**Y**OUTH's the season made for joys,

Love is then our duty,  
She alone who that employs,  
Well deserves her beauty.

Let's be gay  
While we may,  
Beauty's a flower, despis'd in decay.  
Youth's the season, &c.

Let us drink and sport to-day,  
Ours is not to-morrow.  
Love with youth flies swift away,  
Age is nought but sorrow.  
Dance and sing,  
Time's on the wing,  
Life never knows the return of spring.  
Let us drink, &c.

---

## S O N G CCCXXXVI.

**T**HE modes of the court so common are grown,  
That a true friend can hardly be met;

Friendship for interest is but a loan,  
Which they let out for what they can get.

'Tis true you find  
Some friends so kind,  
Who will give you good counsel themselves to defend,  
In

In sorrowful ditty,  
 They promise, they pity,  
 But shift you for money from friend to friend.

---

## S O N G CCCXXXVI.

**T**HE charge is prepar'd, the lawyers are met,  
 The judges all rang'd (a terrible show!)  
 I go, undismay'd—For death is a debt,  
 A debt on demand.—So take what I owe.

Then farewell, my love—Dear charmer, adieu!  
 Contented I die—'tis the better for you.  
 Here end all disputes the rest of our lives.  
 For this way at once I please all my wives.

---

## S O N G CCCXXXVII.

**S**INCE laws are made for ev'ry degree,  
 To curb vice in others, as well as in me,  
 I wonder we ha'n't better company,  
 Upon Tyburn tree!

But gold from law can take out the sting;  
 And if rich men like us were to swing,  
 'Twould thin the land, such numbers to string  
 Upon Tyburn tree!

S O N G

## S O N G CCCXXXVIII.

**T**HUS I stand like a Turk with my doxies  
around;

From all sides their glances his passion confound;  
For black, brown and fair, his inconstancy burns,  
And different beauties subdue him by turns:

Each calls forth her charms to provoke his desires:  
Though willing to all, with but one he retires.  
But think of this maxim, and put off all sorrow,  
The wretch of to day may be happy to-morrow.  
But think of this maxim, &c.

---

## S O N G CCCXXXIX.

**'T**IS woman that seduces all mankind,  
By her we first were taught the wheedling arts:  
Her very eyes can cheat; when most she's kind,  
She tricks us of our money with our hearts.  
For her, like wolves by night we roam for prey,  
And practise ev'ry fraud to bribe her charms;  
For suits of love, like law, are won by pay,  
And beauty must be fee'd into our arms.

S O N G

## S O N G CCCL.

**I**F the heart of man is depress'd with cares,  
 The mist is dispell'd when a woman appears;  
 Like the notes of a fiddle, she sweetly, sweetly  
 Raises our spirits, and charms our ears.

Roses and lilies her cheeks disclose,  
 But her ripe lips are more sweet than those.

Press her,  
 Carefs her,  
 With blisses,  
 And kisses,

Dissolve us in pleasure, and soft repose.

---

## S O N G CCCXLI.

**S**WEET Thrush, that makes the vernal year  
 Sweeter than Flora can appear;  
 As Philomel attends thy lay,  
 She envies the return of day:  
 The tuneful lyre, and swelling flute,  
 At thy rich warbling, shall be mute;  
 Vocal minstrel, thy soft lay  
 Treasures up and ends the May.

Hark! how the Blackbird woos his love,  
 The skill'd musician of the grove;  
 On thorn as perch'd he nobly sings,  
 A cadence for the ear of kings,

Sublime

Sublime and soft, gay and serene,  
 A virginal to hail a queen:  
 Nature's music thus improves  
 All the graces and the loves.

---

## S O N G CCCXLI.

**B**Y the side of a stream, at the foot of a hill,  
 I met young Phæbe that lives at the mill;  
 My heart leap'd with joy at so pleasing a sight,  
 For Phœbe, I vow, is my only delight.

I told her my love, and sat down by her side,  
 And swore the next morning I'd make her my bride;  
 In anger she said, get you out of my sight,  
 And go to your Phillis;—you met here last night.

Surpriz'd, I reply'd, pray explain what you mean,  
 I never, I vow, with young Phillis was seen,  
 Nor can I conceive what my Phœbe is at:  
 O can't you, she cry'd—well, I love you for that.

Say did not you meet her last night on this spot?  
 O Colin! O Colin! you can't have forgot:  
 I heard the whole story this morning from Mat;  
 You still may deny it—I love you for that.

'Tis false, I reply'd, dearest Phæbe, believe,  
 For Mat is a rover, and means to deceive;  
 You know very well, he has ruin'd young Pat,  
 And sure my dear charmer must hate him for that.

Come, come, then, she cry'd, if you mean to be kind,  
 I'll own 'twas to know the true state of your mind;  
 Transported I kiss'd her, she gave me a pat,  
 I made her my wife, and she loves me for that;

---

### S O N G CCCXLII.

**B**RIGHT Sol is return'd, the winter is o'er,  
 His all-cheering beams do nature restore;  
 The cowslip and daisy, the violet and rose,  
 Each garden, each orchard, does fragrance disclose;  
 The birds cheerful notes are heard in each grove,  
 All nature confesses the season of love.

The nymphs and the shepherds came tripping  
 amain,  
 All hasten to join in the sports of the plain;  
 Our rural diversions are free from all guile,  
 The face that is honest securely can smile;  
 The heart that's sincere in affection, may prove  
 All nature's force the season of love.

O come



O come then Philander, with Sylvia away,  
 Our friends that expect us accuse our delay;  
 Let's haste to the village, the sports to begin;  
 I'll strive, for my shepherd, the garland to win.  
 But see his approach, whom my heart does approve,  
 Who makes ev'ry hour the season of love.

---

## S O N G CCCXLIII

**Y**OUNG Phillis one morning a maying would go;  
 When saunt'ring among the sweet meads to  
 and fro,

In vain did the cowslips her fair hand invite,  
 Nor daisies nor daffodils gave her delight:  
 Her heart with the throbbings of passion did move;  
 Each bird on the spray could have told her 'twas love.

At length she grew weary, and sat by a brook  
 Where Strephon the shepherd was baiting his hook:  
 Unnotic'd he saw her, and heard her complain;  
 His heart was inflam'd to allay her soft pain;  
 The swain had led many a lass in the grove,  
 And he (wicked rogue!) thought that Phillis would  
 love.

Howe'er, as her mind was by innocence drest,  
 'Twas plain that fair virtue was lodg'd in her breast:  
 Her beauty was much, but her modesty more,  
 Which Strephon perceiv'd, and began to adore:  
 He knelt at her feet with a garland he wove,  
 And Phillis consented to make him her love.

## S O N G CCCXLIV.

**T**HE silver moon's enamour'd beam  
 Steals softly through the night,  
 To wanton with the winding stream,  
 And kifs reflected light :  
 To courts be gone! heart-soothing sleep,  
 Where you've so seldom been,  
 Whilst I May's wakeful vigil keep  
 With Kate of Aberdeen.

Thy nymphs and swains expectant wait,  
 In primrose chaplets gay,  
 Till morn unbars her golden gate,  
 And gives the promis'd May :  
 The nymphs and swains shall all declare  
 The promis'd May, when seen,  
 Not half so fragrant, half so fair,  
 As Kate of Aberdeen.

I'll tunc my pipe to playful notes,  
 And rouse yon nodding grove,  
 Till new-wak'd birds distend their throats,  
 And hail the maid I love :  
 At her approach the lark mistakes,  
 And quits the new-dress'd green ;  
 Fond birds, 'tis not the morning breaks,  
 'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

New blithesome o'er the dewy mead,  
 Where elves disportive play,  
 The festal dance young shepherds lead,  
 Or sing their love tun'd lay.  
 Till May in morning-robe draws nigh,  
 And claims a virgin-queen ;  
 The nymphs and swains exulting cry,  
 " Here's Kate of Aberdeen."

## S O N G CCCXLV.

THE kind appointment Cælia made,  
 And nam'd the myrtle bow'r;  
 There, fretting long, poor Damon stay'd  
 Beyond the promis'd hour:  
 No longer able to contain  
 This anxious expectation,  
 With rage he sought t'allay his pain,  
 And vented thus his passion.

## A I R.

To all the sex deceitful  
 A long and last adieu,  
 Since women prove ungrateful  
 As long as men prove true.  
 The pains they give are many,  
 And, Oh! too hard to bear;  
 The joys they give—if any,  
 Few, short, and unsincere.

## R E C I T A T I V E.

Now Cælia, from mamma got loose,  
 Had reach'd the calm retreat:  
 With modest blush she begg'd excuse,  
 And chid her tardy feet.  
 The shepherd, from each doubt releas'd,  
 His joy could not restrain,  
 But as each tender thought increas'd,  
 Thus chang'd his railing strain.

How engaging, how endearing,  
 Is a lover's pain and care!  
 And what joy the nymph's appearing  
 After abſence or deſpair!  
 Women wiſe increaſe deſiring,  
 By contriving kind delays;  
 And, advancing or retiring,  
 All they mean is—more to pleaſe.

---

## S O N G CCCXLVI.

**T**HE Woodlark whistles through the grove,  
 Tuning the ſweeteſt notes of love  
 To pleaſe his female on the ſpray;  
 Perch'd by his ſide, her little breaſt  
 Swells with a lover's joy confeſt,  
 To hear, and to reward the lay.

Come then, my fair-one, let us prove  
 From their example how to love:  
 For thee the early pipe I'll breathe;  
 And when my flock returns to fold,  
 Their ſhepherd to thy boſom hold,  
 And crown him with the nuptial wreath.

## S O N G CCCXLVII.

**W**HEN Fanny to woman is growing apace,  
The rose-bud beginning to blow on her  
face;

For mamma's wise precepts she cares not a jot,  
Her heart pants for something, but cannot tell what.

No sooner the wanton her freedom obtains,  
Than, among the gay youths, a tyrant she reigns;  
And finding her beauty such power has got,  
Her heart pants for something, but cannot tell  
what.

Tho' all day in splendour she flaunts it about,  
At court, park, and play, the ridotto, and rout;  
Tho' flatter'd, and envy'd, yet pines at her lot,  
Her heart pants for something, but cannot tell  
what.

A touch of the hand, or a glance of the eye,  
From him she likes best, makes her ready to die;  
Not knowing 'tis Cupid his arrow has shot,  
Her heart pants for something, but cannot tell  
what.

Ye fair, take advice, and be blest while you may;  
Each look, word, and action, your wishes betray;  
Give ease to the heart by the conjugal knot,  
Tho' they pant e'er so much, you'll soon know for  
what.

## S O N G CCCXLVIII.

O'ER moorlands and mountains, rude, barren,  
 and bare,  
 As wilder'd and wearied I roam,  
 A gentle young shepherdess sees my despair,  
 And leads me o'er lawns to her home;  
 Yellow sheaves, from rich Ceres, her cottage had  
 crown'd,

Green rushes were strew'd on the floor;  
 Her casement sweet woodbines crept wantonly  
 round,

And deck'd the sod seats at the door,

We sat ourselves down to a cooling repast,  
 Fresh fruits, and she cull'd me the best;  
 Whilst thrown from my guard, by some glances  
 she cast,

Love slyly stole into my breast.

I told my soft wishes, she sweetly replied,  
 (Ye virgins, her voice was divine)

I've rich ones rejected, and great ones deny'd,  
 Yet take me, fond shepherd, I'm thine.

Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek,  
 So simple, yet sweet were her charms;  
 I kiss'd the ripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,  
 And lock'd the lov'd maid in my arms.  
 Now jocund together we tend a few sheep,  
 And if on the banks, by the stream,  
 Reclin'd on her bosom I sink into sleep,  
 Her image still softens my dream.

Together

Together we range o'er the flow-rising hills,  
 Delighted with pastoral views:  
 Or rest on the rock where the streamlet distils,  
 And mark out new themes for my muse.  
 To pomp, or proud titles, she ne'er did aspire,  
 The damsel's of humble descent;  
 The cottager peace is well known for her fire,  
 And shepherds have nam'd her content.

---

## S O N G CCCXLIX.

**Y**OUNG Jenny, the blithest that dwelt on the  
 Or tript it each morn on the green; [plain,  
 Unwounded around her there scarce liv'd a swain,  
 So winning, so graceful her mien:  
 In vain did each shepherd his passion declare,  
 In vain did they pray and protest; [fair  
 For oft when they breath'd out their anguish—the  
 Reply'd—that all love was a jest.

Till Jockey, a youth that could die and adore,  
 In language averse to his heart;  
 Who'd prove false and inconstant as oft as he swore,  
 So perfectly skill'd in the art;  
 With soft protestations approach'd the coy maid,  
 And sighing his passion express'd;  
 But she yet unmov'd by ought that he said,  
 Reply'd—that all love was a jest.

Dear



Dear Jenny, return'd he, my vows, are sincere,  
 Nay read but my love in my eyes;  
 The arrows of Cupid are strangely severe,  
 Then do not his Godhead despise:  
 He told her besides, at her feet he could die,  
 With all that his art could suggest;  
 At which the young shepherdes, mov'd with a sigh,  
 Cry'd Jockey—and do you not jest?

Quite conquer'd at last, she could triumph no more,  
 But yielded herself to the swain:  
 Not doubting her lover would always adore,  
 The charms he had labour'd to gain.  
 Severe were the arrows of Cupid, (too true)  
 She now felt the wound in her breast;  
 When forth from the damsel the run-away flew,  
 With a—faith I but meant it in jest.

## S O N G CCCL.

**L**ET me wander not unseen,  
 By hedge-row elms on hillocks green;  
 There the ploughman, near at hand,  
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd land;  
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe,  
 And the mower whets his scythe;  
 And ev'ry shepherd tells his tale  
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Or let the merry bells ring round,  
 And the jocund rebecks sound  
 To many a youth and many a maid  
 Dancing in the chequer'd shade.

SENTIMENTS.

**B**EHOLD the sweet flowers around,  
 With all the gay beauties they wear,  
 There's none on the plain can be found  
 So lovely as Celia is fair.

Ye warblers, now raise your sweet throats,  
 No longer in silence remain :  
 Come, lend a fond lover your notes  
 To soften my Cælia's disdain.

Oft-times in yon flow'ry dale,  
 I breathe my complaint in a song ;  
 Fair Flora attends the soft tale  
 And sweetens the borders along.  
 But Celia, whose breath might perfume  
 The bosom of Flora in May,  
 Unkindly pronounces my doom,  
 Regardless of all I can say.

**W**HEN Hampshire Billy meets his friends,  
 And at the festive board unbends,  
 He wags his hat and wig-o ;  
 But when he feels the strongest joy,  
 And fancy floats on pleasure's buoy,  
 He grins and cries out giggo.

Plague take your fun, said George, one night,  
 Your humour lies beyond my sight ;  
 Do you mean to run your rig-o ?  
 The term I don't well understand,  
 And must insist you tell off hand  
 What the Devil you mean by Giggo ?

Pray, Sir, said Will, have you ne'er seen,  
 A school-boy brisk, at gay thirteen,  
 Frisk, capers cut and jig-o ?

Y.

How

How, when a holiday he gets,  
 He buys a leathern thong, and sweats,  
     In keeping up his giggo.  
 Still more t'explain it, I affirm,  
 That this same queer-odd jilly jolly term,  
     Sprung from the Heathen Greek-a;  
 You'd find (if you would take the hint)  
 In an Irish Lexicon ne'er in print,  
     This giggo, go so go ca.

Tis a term of mirth, of fun and joy,  
 And he that won't his glass employ,  
     In Newgate may go liggo;  
 But wiser we behind will stay,  
 And bankrupt make the cellar key,  
     In keeping up the giggo.

Then fill your glass, and drink about,  
 What member's in, what member's out,  
     I care not a single fig-o;  
 Whilst Bacchus holds the cheerful cup,  
 To me 'tis equal who keeps up  
     The ministerial giggo.

**A**T a silent evening hour  
 Two fond lovers in a bower,  
     Sought their mutual bliss,  
 Though her heart was just relenting.  
 Though her eyes seem'd just consenting,  
     Yet she fear'd to kiss.

Since this silent shade, he cried,  
 Will those rosy blushes hide,  
     Why will you resist?

Since

Since no tell-tale spy is near us,  
 Eye nor sees, nor ear can hear us,  
 Who would not be kiss'd ?

Celia, hearing what he said,  
 Gently lifted up her head,

Her breast soft wishes fill :  
 Since, she cried, no spy is near us,  
 Eye nor sees, nor ear can hear us,  
 Kiss,—or what you will.

**W**HILST other men sing of their goddesses  
 bright,  
 Who darken the day, and enliven the night :  
 I sing of a woman, but such flesh and blood !  
 One touch of her finger would do your heart  
 good.

Full ten times a day to her chamber I come  
 To tell her my passion, but can't, I'm struck  
 dumb ;  
 Ah, faith, I'm struck dumb with love and sur-  
 prize,  
 And my tongue falls asleep at the sight of her  
 eyes.

Her little dog Pompey's my rival I see,  
 She smiles upon him though she frowns upon me ;  
 Oh ! then my dear Charlotte abuse not your  
 charms,  
 But instead of your lap-dog, take me to your  
 arms.

THOU

**T**HOU soft flowing Avon! by thy silver  
 stream,  
 Of things more than mortal thy Shakespeare  
 would dream;  
 The fairies by moonlight dance round his green  
 bed,  
 For hallow'd the turf is that pillows his head.

Here swains shall be fam'd for their love, and  
 their truth,  
 And cheerful old age feel the transports of youth;  
 For the raptures of fancy here poets shall tread,  
 For hallow'd the turf is that pillows his head.

The love-stricken maiden, the sighing young  
 swain  
 Here rove without danger and toy without pain;  
 The sweet bud of beauty no blight shall here  
 dread,  
 For hallow'd the turf is that pillows his head.

Flow on, silver Avon, in song ever flow,  
 Be the swans on thy bosom still whiter than snow;  
 Ever full be thy stream like his fame may it  
 spread,  
 And the turf ever hallow'd that pillows his  
 head.

**I** Love, I doat, I rave with pain,  
 No comfort's in my mind;  
 There ne'er could be a happier swain,  
 Were Sylvia less unkind.

For

For when (as long her chains I've worn)  
 I seek relief from smart,  
 She only gives me looks of scorn;  
 Alas! 'twill break my heart.

My rival, rich in worldly store,  
 May offer heaps of gold;  
 But surely I a heaven adore,  
 Too precious to be sold.  
 Can Sylvia such a coxcomb prize  
 For wealth, and not desert,  
 And my poor sighs and tears despise?  
 Alas! 'twill break my heart.

When, like some panting hov'ring dove,  
 I for my bliss contend,  
 And plead the cause of eager love,  
 She coldly calls me friend.  
 Ah! Sylvia, thus in vain you strive  
 To act a healer's part;  
 'Twill keep but ling'ring pain alive,  
 Alas!—and break my heart.

But, Sylvia, when this conquest's won,  
 And I am dead and cold,  
 Renounce the cruel deed you've done,  
 Nor glory when 'tis told.  
 For ev'ry lovely gen'rous maid  
 Will take my injur'd part,  
 And blame thee, Sylvia, I'm afraid,  
 For breaking my poor heart.

YE verdant woods, and chryſtal ſtreams,  
 By whoſe enamell'd ſide  
 I ſhar'd the ſun's reſreſhing beams,  
 While Jockey was my guide:  
 No more their ſhades or murmurs pleaſe  
 Poor Sylvia's love-ſick mind;  
 No rural ſtreams can give me eaſe,  
 Since Jockey proves unkind.

Come, gloomy eve, and veil the ſky  
 With clouds of darkeſt hue;  
 Wither ye plants;—ye flow'rets die;  
 Unhear'd with balmy dew.  
 Ye wildly warbling birds, no more  
 Your ſongs can ſooth my mind,  
 My hours of joy, alas! are o'er,  
 Since Jockey proves unkind.

I'll hie me to ſome dreary grove,  
 For ſighing ſorrow made.  
 Where nought but plaintive ſtrains of love  
 Reſound through ev'ry ſhade.  
 Where the ſad turtle's melting grief  
 With Philomel is join'd,  
 Alone ſhall yield my heart relief,  
 Since Jockey proves unkind.

Be warn'd by Sylvia's fate, ye maids,  
 And ſhun the ſoft deceit,  
 Tho' love's own eloquence perſuades,  
 'Tis all a dangerous cheat.

Fly



Fly quickly, fly the faithless swain,  
 His treach'rous arts despise;  
 So shall you live exempt from pain,  
 While hapless Sylvia dies.

**T**HE sluggish morn, as yet undrest,  
 My Phillis broke from out her east,  
 As if she'd made her choice to run  
 With Venus, usher to the sun:  
 The trees like yeomen of her guard,  
 And serving more for pomp than ward,  
 Bank'd on each side with loyal duty,  
 Wave branches to inclose her beauty.

The waken'd earth in odours rise,  
 To be her morning sacrifice;  
 The flowers, call'd out of their beds,  
 Start and raise up their drowfy heads;  
 And he that for their colour seeks,  
 May find it vaulting in her cheeks,  
 Where roses mix no civil war  
 Between her York and Lancaster.

These miracles had cramp't the sun,  
 Who thinking that his kingdom's won,  
 Powders with light his frizzl'd locks,  
 To see what saint his lustre mocks:  
 The trembling leaves through which he play'd,  
 Dappling the walk with light and shade,  
 Like lattice windows give the spy  
 Room but to peep with half an eye.

But

But what religious palsy's this,  
 Which makes the boughs divest their blifs,  
 And that they might her footsteps strow,  
 Drop their leaves with shiv'ring awe.  
 Phillis perceives (and lest her stay  
 Would wed December unto May)  
 Withdrew her beams, yet made no night,  
 But left the sun her curate light.

**W**HEN innocent pastimes our pleasure did  
 crown,

Upon a green meadow or under a tree,  
 E'er Nanny became a fine lady in town,  
 How lovely, and loving, and bonny was she.  
 Rouze up thy reason, my beautiful Nanny,  
 Let no new whim take thy fancy from me:  
 Oh! as thou art bonny, be faithful as any,  
 Favour thy Jemmy who doats upon thee.

Can the death of a linnet give Nanny the spleen?  
 Can losing of trifles a heart-aching be?  
 Can lap-dogs or monkies draw tears from those  
 een,

That look with disdain on unfortunate me?  
 Rouze up thy reason my beautiful Nanny,  
 Scorn to prefer a vile parrot to me:  
 Oh! as thou art bonny, be faithful as any,  
 Think on thy Jemmy who doats upon thee.

O think, my dear charmer, on ev'ry sweet hour,  
 That slid away softly between thee and me;  
 E'er squirrels, and beaux, and their fopp'ry had  
 pow'r

To rival my love and impose upon thee.

Rouze

Rouze up thy reason, my beautiful Nanny,  
 Let thy desires be all center'd in me :  
 Oh ! as thou art bonny, be prudent as any,  
 Love thy own Jemmy who doats upon thee.

**S**weetest of pretty maids, let Cupid incline thee,  
 T'accept of a faithful heart, which now  
     resign thee ;  
 Scorning all selfish ends, regardless of money,  
 It yields only to the girl that's gen'rous and  
     bonny.

Take me, Jenny,  
 Let me win you,  
 While I'm in the humour :  
 I implore you,  
 I adore you ;

What can mortal do more ?  
 Kifs upon't, kifs upon't, turn not so slyly ;  
 There's my hand, there's my hand, 'twill never  
     beguile thee.

Bright are thy lovely eyes, thy sweet lips de-  
     lighting,  
 Well polish'd thy iv'ry neck, thy round arms in-  
     viting ;  
 Oft at the milk-white churn with rapture I've  
     seen them ;  
 But, oh ! how I've sigh'd, and wish'd my own  
     arms between them.

Take me Jenny, &c.

I've

Iv'e store of sheep, my love, and goats on the  
mountain,

And water to brew good ale from yon chrystal  
fountain;

I've too a pretty cot, with garden and land to't,  
But all will be doubly sweet when you pat a  
hand to't.

Take me, Jenny, &c.

**S**TILL you fly me, skittish creature,  
Lovely maid, than Flora sweeter;  
Shifting like a tim'rcus fawn,  
Near its mother on the lawn,  
Starting, panting, void of rest,  
Tho' suspicious all that harms it,  
Ev'ry moving leaf alarms it:  
If a glow-worm chance to lie  
Near the hedge 'tis passing by,  
Swift it bounces, with fear distress'd.

All these foolish notions sie on,  
I'm no tyger, bear, or lion;  
Grief at heart shall ne'er oppress thee,  
But fond love with ardour press thee;  
Leave (since past thy childish years)  
Girlish whims, and needless fears.

From thy watchful mother flying,  
With a lover's flame complying,  
Gayly pass the fleeting hours,  
And mature with female pow'rs:

Fondly

Fondly, toying and enjoying,  
Taste the sweets of constant love.

**A**S Jockey and Jenny sat in the cool shade,  
Young Jockey was happy, and happy the  
maid;

She blush'd, and she cry'd, " Dear Jockey with  
thee

" My life tho' in bondage, would seem to be free."

Then Jockey to Jenny his passion to prove,

Her hand gently kiss'd, his eyes darting love,

Cry'd out in a transport,— " Was ever a pair

" So happy as Jockey and Jenny the fair?

Content with each other, in humble retreat,

They court not new beauties, nor envy the great;

He'll not quit his nymph, nor the nymph quit  
her swain,

For pleasure that's false, or for riches to gain:

He breathes the soft pipe—her voice tunes the  
song,

Or they hand in hand walk the green vallies a-  
long;

Content with true pleasure their footsteps attends,

For Jockey and Jenny are lovers and friends.

While rovers leave Sylvia for Chloe's bright eyes,

Then Amynta pursue, and fair Chloe despise;

The pure flame of love in their breasts will ne'er  
burn,

And their nymphs learn from them to be false  
in their turn:

While

While Jockey and Jenny, beneath their thatch'd  
cot,

Are strangers to care, and bless fate for their lot.  
Ye gay ones, and fair, would you true pleasure  
share,

Be constant like Jockey and Jenny the fair.

**I** See it, Myra, know it well,  
That love has reach'd your heart ;  
For what your tongue denies to tell,  
Your willing eyes impart.  
When Damon wrestles on the green,  
Your looks your passion prove ;  
For in your eyes is plainly seen  
The partial joy of love.

When Sukey gave her lilly hand  
To Damon in the vale,  
Say, could you then your fears command,  
Did not your cheek turn pale ?  
Cease then, dear maid, to tease the youth,  
But plainly own your flame,  
For love consists of honest truth,  
And will itself proclaim.

**Y**OUNG Damon, with seducing art,  
His well-feign'd passion pleads ;  
Bids Sylvia take his constant heart,  
She loves, and he succeeds :

Yet he her kiss-imprinted lips  
 Forsakes within the hour,  
 And apes the roving bee, that sips  
 The sweets of ev'ry flow'r.

New objects now attract his eyes,  
 Subdu'd by other charms;  
 While hapless Sylvia vainly tries  
 To lure him to her arms.  
 Of this, ye blooming fair, be sure,  
 If virtue once give way,  
 The heart you think you hold secure,  
 No longer owns your sway.

**S**OME love to range, so fond of change,  
 Variety's their shrine;  
 Each has his scheme and fav'rite whim,  
 But woman, woman's mine.

The festive bowl, the martial soul,  
 The miser's I decline;  
 Like childish toys, to some their joys,  
 But lovely woman's mine.

With various arts she charms our hearts,  
 And makes this life divine;  
 For all the tricks of all the sex,  
 I'd still have woman mine.

Let idiots rave, who what they'd have,  
 The sex they can't define;  
 Just as she is, she's form'd to please,  
 And long be woman mine.

The



The sparkling eye, the melting sigh,  
 When heart and heart conjoin ;  
 The bliss of love, all bliss above,  
 Make charming woman mine.

In pomp and state, succeed, ye great,  
 I'll envy nor repine ;  
 If blest with pow'r, to life's last hour,  
 To keep dear woman mine.

**H**OW heavy the time rolls along,  
 Now Julia is out of my sight ;  
 How dull is the nightingale's song,  
 That formerly gave such delight.  
 The meadows that seemed so green,  
 Now lose all their verdure of May ;  
 The cowslip and violet are seen  
 To droop, fade, and wither away.

Bright Phœbus no longer can please,  
 Gay prospects no longer can charm ;  
 E'en music affords me no ease,  
 Tho' wont ev'ry passion to calm ;  
 My flocks too disorderly stray,  
 And bleat their complaints in my ear ;  
 No more they leap, frolic and play,  
 But sad like their master appear.

But ah ! if my Julia were seen,  
 My lambs they'd rebound on the plain ;  
 Each flow'ret would spring on the green,  
 And nightingales charm me again :

Return

Return then, my fair-one, return,  
 Your coming no longer delay ;  
 O leave not your shepherd to mourn,  
 But hasten, my charmer, away.

**I**N pity, Celia, to my pain,  
 No more my heart reprove,  
 Nor let the blasts of cold disdain  
 Destroy my rising love :  
 My love, as yet, but newly blown,  
 Must die for want of care ;  
 'Tis your's (as you the seeds have sown)  
 To save the flow'rs they bear.

When first the springing flow'r appears,  
 And shews its rising head,  
 Each gentlest wind it shiv'ring fears,  
 And courts the gard'ner's aid.  
 In pity then, no longer strive  
 To grieve my faithful mind ;  
 Since love and faith, and justice too,  
 Expect you to be kind.

**S**AY, why must the poet's soft lays  
 To beauty be always confin'd ?  
 Or why not the tribute of praise  
 Be paid to the charms of the mind ?  
 Why need we observe what we know,  
 That beauty will quickly decay,  
 Like flow'rs, which as soon as they blow,  
 Droop, wither, and then fade away ?

The'

Tho' not with that ravishing form,  
 Which blooming Lucinda can boast,  
 Shall Celia be treated with scorn,  
 Or slighted because she's no toast?  
 No, surely, for all must revere  
 The charms of her temper and mind;  
 Her judgement so solid and clear,  
 Her taste so correct and refin'd.

Then why not the tribute of praise  
 Be paid to the charms of the mind?  
 Or why must the poet's soft lays  
 To beauty be always confin'd?  
 Ye swains, then be prudent and wise,  
 Nor listen to beauty's false voice;  
 A happiness pure of the prize,  
 Let merit alone claim your choice.

**Y**ES, Delia, 'tis at length too plain,  
 My boasted liberty how vain,  
 Thy eyes triumphant prove:  
 My freedom now I cease to boast,  
 But think that freedom nobly lost,  
 By serving thee and love.

I talk'd, I laugh'd, with every fair,  
 No jealous pang, no anxious care,  
 Did e'er my heart perplex;  
 Till I beheld, too lovely maid,  
 In thee with ev'ry grace display'd,  
 The charms of all thy sex.

AH!

**A**H! Strephon, what can mean the joy,  
 The eager joy I prove,  
 While you each tender art employ  
 To win my soul to love?

So well your passion you reveal,  
 So top the lover's part,  
 That I with blushes own, I feel  
 A rebel in my heart.

Then take the heart, that pines to go,  
 But see it kindly us'd;  
 For who such presents will bestow,  
 If this should be abus'd?

**I**N this shady blest retreat,  
 I've been wishing for my dear;  
 Hark! I hear his welcome feet  
 Tell the lovely charmer near.  
 'Tis the sweet bewitching swain,  
 True to love's appointed hour;  
 Joy and peace now smile again,  
 Love, I own thy mighty power.

**T**HE winter its desolate train  
 Of frosts, and of tempests may bring;  
 Yet Flora steps forward again,  
 And nature revives in the spring.  
 Tho' the sun in his glory's decreas'd,  
 Of his beams in the ev'ning is shorn,  
 Yet he rises with joy in the east,  
 And repairs them again in the morn.

Z

But

But what can youth's sunshine recall,  
 Or the blossoms of beauty restore?  
 When its leaves are beginning to fall,  
 It dies and is heard of no more.

The spring-time of love then employ,  
 'Tis a lesson that's easy to learn;  
 For Cupid's a vagrant, a boy,  
 And his seasons will never return.

**T**HE whining, whim'ring pur-blind boy,  
 Shall ne'er my virgin peace annoy;  
 A fig for Cupid, and his dart,  
 Pow'r and wealth shall rule my heart.

With youth and health, and freedom blest'd,  
 I'll be kind while I'm carest'd;  
 But if the swain's inclin'd to range,  
 'Then I as readily will change.

For why should I by nature free,  
 To man resign my liberty?  
 No, I'll the female right maintain,  
 'Tis theirs to yield, and ours to reign.

**Y**E nymphs, whose softer souls approve  
 The touching strain of heart-felt love,  
 I'll tell you of the gentlest swain  
 That ever grac'd the rural plain.

Who, but Lysander, has the pow'r  
 To brighten ev'ry darksome hour?  
 To call a smile from dimple sleek,  
 Or make the blood forsake the cheek?

-None

None with my love could e'er compare,  
 For manly beauty, graceful air;  
 For speech whose accents mild inspire  
 Gay delight and soft desire.

This matchless youth I now possess,  
 O love abate thy fond caress;  
 For I am lost to all relief,  
 If joy can kill as well as grief.

**I**N a vale, clos'd with woodbines, where grot-  
 toes abound;  
 Where rivulets murmur, and echoes resound;  
 I vow'd to the muses my time and my care,  
 Since neither could win me the smiles of my fair.

As freedom inspir'd me, I rang'd and I sung,  
 And Daphne's dear name never fell from my  
 tongue:

But if a smooth accent delighted my ear,  
 I could wish, unawares, that my Daphne were  
 near.

With fairest ideas my bosom I stor'd,  
 To drive from my heart the dear nymph I ador'd;  
 But the more I with study my fancy refin'd,  
 The deeper impression she made on my mind.

Ah! whilst I the beauties of nature pursue,  
 I still must my Daphne's fair image review:  
 The Graces have chosen with Daphne to rove;  
 And the Muses are all in alliance with Love.

**C**RUEL Strephon, will you leave me,  
 Will you prove yourself forsworn?  
 Will you leave me, cruel Strephon,  
 Will you prove yourself forsworn?  
 Can, ah! can you this deceive me,  
 Can you treat my love with scorn?  
 O! behold your Chloe pleading,  
 Turn and see your once lov'd maid;  
 Let soft pity interceeding,  
 Ease a heart your vows betray'd;  
 Must I hopeless pine and languish?  
 Frenzy seize my tortur'd brain;  
 See, he triumphs in my anguish,  
 See, he glories in my pain.

**W**HEN the trees are all bare, not a leaf to  
 be seen,  
 And the meadows their beauties have lost;  
 And all nature's disrob'd of her mantle of green,  
 And the streams are fast bound with the frost;  
 When the peasant, inactive, stands shiv'ring with  
 cold,  
 As bleak the winds northerly blow,  
 And the innocent flock run for shelter to fold,  
 With their fleeces all cover'd with snow.  
 In the yard when the cattle are fodder'd with  
 straw,  
 And send forth their breath like a steam;  
 When the neat-looking dairy-maid sees she must  
 thaw  
 Flakes of ice which she finds on her cream;  
 When





He talks of love, whene'er we meet,  
 His words with rapture flow ;  
 Then tunes his pipe, and sings so sweet,  
 I have no pow'r to go.

All other lasses he forsakes,  
 And flies to me alone ;  
 At every fair, and all the wakes,  
 I hear them making moan :  
 He buys me toys, and sweetmeats too,  
 And ribbands for my hair ;  
 No swain was ever half so true,  
 Or half so kind and fair.

Where'er I go, I nothing fear,  
 If Jockey is but by,  
 For I alone am all his care,  
 When any danger's nigh.  
 He vows to wed next Whitsunday,  
 And make me blest for life ;  
 Can I refuse, ye maidens, say,  
 To be young Jockey's wife ?

**T**HE fragrant lily of the vale,  
 So elegantly fair,  
 Whose sweets perfume the fanning gale,  
 To Chloe I compare ;  
 What tho' on earth it lowly grows,  
 And strives its head to hide ;  
 Its sweetness far out-vies the rose,  
 That flaunts with so much pride.

The

The costly tulip owes its hue  
 To many a gaudy stain ;  
 In this we view the virgin white  
 Of innocence remain :  
 See how the curious florist's hand,  
 Uprears its humble head ;  
 And to preserve the charming flower,  
 Transplants it to his bed.

There while it sheds its sweets around,  
 How shines each modest grace ;  
 Enraptur'd how its owner stands,  
 To view its lovely face :  
 But pray, my Chloe, now observe  
 The inference of my tale ;  
 May I the florist be—and thou  
 The lily of the vale.

**A**T Windsor, where Thames glides so  
 smoothly along,  
 Lives the wish of my heart—the dear girl of  
 my song ;  
 Her name all the day I with rapture repeat,  
 And am blest when the shepherds but talk of my  
 Kate.

When my fair one is by, the whole village is gay  
 For 'tis she, not the sun, that enlivens the day :  
 The lads are all happy, when round her they  
 wait,  
 And the lasses learn prudence by watching my  
 Kate.

Should

Should I join the pale lily, or blush-painted rose,  
 And with pinks, or sweet woodbines a garland  
     compose;  
 More lovely to sight are her looks, and more  
     sweet  
 Is the fragrance that dwells on the lips of my  
     Kate.

Hush, hush, ye vain warblers, no more croud the  
     spray,  
 Nor think to delight with your innocent lay;  
 With success you may tune the soft notes to your  
     mate,  
 But your notes are all harsh to the voice of my  
     Kate.

As she sits on the banks, by the side of the stream,  
 'The fish without fear feed and play by the brim;  
 And why should they not?—they can think no  
     deceit,  
 Such truth is confessed in the looks of my Kate.

The shepherds bring poesies of flow'rs—but the  
     maid  
 Cries—These are but emblems that I too must  
     fade;  
 But myrtles I'll bring, and, in their happy date,  
 Shew the unfading charms of the mind of my  
     'Kate.

HOPELESS

**H**OPELESS lovers, who sue in vain,  
 Whose hearts are frozen with cold disdain,  
 Learn of Jockey love's pleasing art,  
 To quell a beauty's insolence, and melt her heart:  
 He, like you, would sigh and pine,  
 From Phœbus' rise to his decline:  
 I deny'd and reply'd, with scornful brow,  
 Ah, Jockey, 'twill not do, prithee leave me now,  
 Gazing, advancing, his eyes love darting,  
 Jenny, said he, one kiss at parting;  
 Clasp'ing then my slender waist,  
 With eager arms he me embrac'd,  
 Kiss'd me, call'd on heav'n above,  
 To reward his constant love.  
     Partially I ey'd him,  
     Faintly I deny'd him,  
 My tongue bely'd my heart;  
     His shape, his face,  
     And manly grace,  
 Strongly took my lover's part,  
 I his suit approving,  
 He my doubts removing,  
     With ardour reply'd,  
     I'll haste to bring  
     The wedding ring,  
 Lovely Jenny is my bride.  
 Hapless lovers, mind what I sing,  
 No cure for disdain like a kiss and a ring.

A I R.

**O** Damon, still you strive in vain,  
Clarinda's fix'd resolve to move;  
My heart, alas! may feel the pain,  
But justly scorns the guilt of love.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Is this, ye pow'rs, his boasted flame?  
O say, is this his only end?  
And can his love destroy the fame,  
His truth and honour should defend?

A I R.

**O!** for a thought so meanly base,  
The ungenerous youth shall surely find,  
The heart that could admire his face,  
Can still detest him for his mind.

**I** Like the man, whose soaring soul  
Is gen'rous and refin'd,  
Whose passions act beneath controul,  
With love and honour join'd.  
The oak, by woodbines on the plain,  
Encompass'd and caress'd,  
Is not more stedfast in its reign,  
Nor is more sweetly dress'd.

The frothy sons of vice and show,  
Like shadows and like noise,  
Have nothing in themselves, we know,  
That sober sense enjoys:

But

But pure and constant love endears,  
 And feasts both ear and sight,  
 While ev'ry thing, that virtue fears,  
 Can give no true delight.

'GAINST the destructive wiles of man,  
 Your hearts, ye fair-ones, guard,  
 Their only study's to trepan,  
 And play a trickster's card :  
 With strange delight poor women they flight,  
 Amuse, cajole, belie :  
 Hence, girls ! beware—look sharp—take care ;  
 For men are wond'rous fly.

That Proteus man, like him of old,  
 A thousand forms will take ;  
 His venal soul is all for gold,  
 \* A crocodile, or snake.  
 See his dire thread ! this spider spread  
 To catch the female fly :  
 Hence, girls ! beware—look sharp—take care ;  
 For men are wond'rous fly.

A porcupine with rage inspir'd  
 At nymphs he darts his quills ;  
 A basilisk by frenzy fir'd,  
 His glance by poison kills :  
 With fraudulent arts he steals their hearts,  
 Then throws the baubles by :  
 Hence, girls ! beware—look sharp—take care,  
 For men are wond'rous fly.

Was



Was the whole race of men to meet  
 In one wide-spreading plain,  
 Of constancy, of faith, to treat,  
 And virtue's spotless train,  
 To find a youth renown'd for truth,  
 Whole ages we mighty try :  
 Hence, girls! beware—look sharp—take care;  
 For men are wond'rous fly.

**Y**E shepherds give ear to my lay,  
 And take no more heed of my sheep;  
 They have nothing to do but to stray,  
 I have nothing to do but to weep.  
 Yet do not my folly reprove;  
 She was fair when my passion begun;  
 She smil'd—and I could not but love;  
 She is faithless—and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought;  
 Perhaps it was plain to foresee,  
 That a nymph so compleat would be sought  
 By a swain more engaging than me.  
 Ah! love ev'ry hope can inspire,  
 It banishes wisdom the while;  
 And the lip of the nymph we admire  
 Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile.

She is faithless, and I am undone;  
 Ye that witness the woes I endure,  
 Let reason instruct you to shun  
 What it cannot instruct you to cure.

Beware

Beware how ye loiter in vain  
 Amid nymphs of an higher degree:  
 It is not for me to explain  
 How fair and how fickle they be.

O ye woods! spread your branches apace,  
 To your deepest recesses I fly;  
 I would hide with the beasts of the chace;  
 I would vanish from ev'ry eye.  
 Yet my reed shall resound through the grove  
 With the same sad complaint it begun,  
 How she smil'd, and I could not but love,  
 Was faithless, and I am undone.

**T**O thee, O gentle sleep, alone  
 Is owing all our peace;  
 By thee our joys are heighten'd shown,  
 By thee our sorrows cease.

The nymph whose hand by fraud or force  
 Some tyrant has possess'd,  
 By thee obtaining a divorce,  
 In her own choice is bless'd.

Oh stay, Arpasia bids thee stay,  
 The sadly weeping fair  
 Conjures thee not to lose in day,  
 The object of her care.

To grasp whose pleasing form she sought,  
 That motion char'd her sleep;  
 Thus by ourselves are ofteneft wrought,  
 The griefs for which we weep.

COME

**C**OME, shepherds, we'll follow the hearse,  
 We'll see our lov'd Corydon laid;  
 Tho' sorrow may blemish the verse,  
 Yet let the sad tribute be paid.  
 They call'd him the pride of the plain,  
 In sooth he was gentle and kind!  
 He mark'd in his elegant strain,  
 The graces that glow'd in his mind.

On purpose he planted yon trees,  
 That birds in the covert might dwell,  
 He cultur'd yon thyme for the bees,  
 But never once rifled their cell.  
 Ye lambkins, who play'd at his feet,  
 Go bleat—and your master bemoan;  
 His music was artless and sweet,  
 His manners as mild as your own.

No verdure shall cover the vale,  
 No bloom on the blossoms appear;  
 The sweets of the forest shall fail;  
 And winter discolour the year.  
 No birds in our hedges shall sing,  
 (Our hedges so vocal before)  
 Since he that should welcome the spring,  
 Can greet the gay season no more.

His Phillis was fond of his praise,  
 And poets came round in a throng;  
 They listen'd—they envied his lays,  
 But which of them equal'd his song?

Ye shepherds, henceforward be mute,  
 For lost is the pastoral strain;  
 So give me my Corydon's flute,  
 And thus—let me break it in twain.

**F**ROLIC and free, for pleasure born,  
 Dull, self-denying fools I scorn:  
 The proffer'd bliss I'll ne'er refuse,  
 'Tis often troublesome to chuse.  
 Lov'st thou, my friend? I love at sight.  
 Drink'st thou? This bumper does thee right.  
 At random with the stream I flow,  
 And play my part where'er I go.

But god of sleep, since we must be  
 Oblig'd to give some hours to thee;  
 Invade me not, while the full bowl  
 Glows in my cheeks, and warms my soul!  
 Be that the only time to snore,  
 When I can laugh and drink no more:  
 Short, very short, be then thy reign,  
 For I'm in haste to live again.

But, Oh! if melting in my arms,  
 The nymph belov'd, with all her charms,  
 In some soft dream should then surprise,  
 And grant what waking she denies;  
 Gentle slumber, prithee stay;  
 Slowly, slowly, bring the day!  
 May no rude noise my bliss destroy!  
 Such sweet delusion's real joy.

TENDER

**T**ENDER virgins, shun deceivers,  
 Who with base seducing arts,  
 When they find you fond believers,  
 Triumph o'er unguarded hearts.

If a fickle swain pursue you,  
 O! beware his subtle wiles;  
 All his aim is to undo ye,  
 Ruin lurks beneath his smiles.

Let the youth, whose constant passion  
 Scorns the meanness of deceit,  
 Warm'd with mutual inclination,  
 Render all your joy complete.

**L**OVELY, yet ungrateful, swain,  
 Strive not to regain my heart;  
 Ev'ry tender look is vain,  
 Since you play a traitor's part.

All your oaths, and all your sighs,  
 Once I foolishly believ'd,  
 But Pastora's joyful eyes,  
 And your blushes, undeceiv'd.

Strive not to regain a heart,  
 True to love, and firm in pain;  
 Which, tho' death should teach the art,  
 Can, when slighted, slight again.

**A**S bringing home, the other day,  
 Two linnets I had ta'en,  
 The little warblers seem'd to pray  
 For liberty again:

Unheedful

Unheedful of their plaintive notes,  
 I sung across the mead ;  
 In vain they tun'd their pleasing throats,  
 And flutter'd to be freed.

As passing thro' the tufted grove,  
 Near which my cottage stood,  
 I thought I saw the queen of love,  
 When Chlora's charms I view'd :  
 I gaz'd, I lov'd, I press'd her stay,  
 To hear my tender tale,  
 But all in vain—she fled away,  
 Nor could my sighs prevail.

Soon thro' the wound, which love had made,  
 Came pity to my breast,  
 And thus I (as compassion bade)  
 The feather'd pair address'd :  
 " Ye little warblers, chearful be,  
 " Remember not ye flew ;  
 " For I who thought myself so free,  
 " Am far more caught than you."

**C**OME, Colin, pride of rural swains,  
 O come, and bless thy native plains ;  
 The daisies spring, the beeches bud,  
 The songsters warble in the wood.

Come, Colin, haste, O haste away,  
 Your smiles will make the village gay ;  
 When you return, the vernal breeze  
 Will wake the birds, and fan the trees.

O come, and see the v'lets spring,  
 The meadows smile, the linnets sing;  
 Your eyes our joyless hearts can cheer,  
 O haste, and make us happy here.

**A**H! why should love, with tyrant sway,  
 Oppress each youthful heart,  
 Must all his rigid laws obey,  
 And feel his pointed dart?

On reason's aid in vain we call,  
 To break the galling chain,  
 'The potent god disdains it all,  
 And triumphs in our pain.

**V**AIN is beauty, gaudy flow'r,  
 Pageant of an idle hour;  
 Born just to bloom and fade;  
 Nor less weak, less vain than it,  
 Is the pride of human wit;  
 The shadow of a shade.

**T**HE sweets of peace shall be our own,  
 And smiling plenty crown the plains;  
 'Tis peace adorns the monarch's throne,  
 And cheers the cottage of the swains.

The rising sun shall bless the mead,  
 And fair the mountain-olive spring;  
 The vine its richest clusters spread,  
 When glory crowns a patriot king.

NYMPHS



**N**YMPHS and shepherds, come away,  
 Wanton in the sweets of May;  
 Trip it o'er the flow'ry lawns,  
 Wanton as the bounding fawns:  
 Frolic, buxom, blithe, and gay,  
 Nymphs and shepherds, come away.

**I**Told my nymph, I told her true,  
 My fields were small, my flocks were few;  
 While fault'ring accents spoke my fear,  
 That Flavia might not prove sincere.

Of crops destroy'd by vernal cold,  
 And vagrant sheep that left my fold,  
 Of these she heard, yet bore to hear;  
 And was not Flavia then sincere?

How chang'd by fortune's fickle wind,  
 The friends I lov'd became unkind,  
 She heard, and shed a gen'rous tear;  
 And is not Flavia then sincere?

How, if she deign'd my love to bless,  
 My Flavia must not hope for dress,  
 This too she heard, and smil'd to hear:  
 And Flavia sure must be sincere.

Go shear your flocks, ye jovial swains;  
 Go reap the plenty of your plains:  
 Despoil'd of all which you revere,  
 I know my Flavia's love sincere.

**Y**E shepherds, who blest in your loves,  
 Live strangers to sorrow and fear,  
 O! pity a brother that proves  
 The heart-breaking pangs of despair.  
 What boots it my heifers and ewes  
 All thriving and pregnant I find?  
 Poor blessings, poor comforts are these,  
 Since Peggy is false and unkind!  
 Bear witness each fountain and vale,  
 Bear witness each garden and grove,  
 How oft' she has heard my fond tale,  
 And smil'd on the suit of my love.  
 But, oh! cruel change that I find,  
 The gentle has now grown severe,  
 More cold than the north's chilling wind,  
 That blasts the young buds of the year.  
 Range wildly, my flocks and my herds;  
 Begone from your master, poor Tray:  
 My pipe shall no more wake the birds;  
 I'll break it, and fling it away.  
 Some desert, all barren and bleak,  
 Shall shield me from every eye:  
 There, Peggy, I'll weep for thy sake;  
 I'll weep, cruel maid, and I'll die.

**W**HOD know the sweets of liberty?  
 'Tis to climb the mountain's brow;  
 Thence to discern rough industry  
 At the harrow or the plough:  
 'Tis where my sons their crops have sown,  
 Calling the harvest all their own;

'Tis

'Tis where the heart to truth ally'd,  
 Never felt unmanly fear;  
 'Tis where the eye with milder pride,  
 Nobly sheds sweet pity's tear,  
 Such as Britannia yet shall see;  
 These are the sweets of liberty.

**Y**E fair, who shine thro' Britain's isle,  
 And triumph o'er the heart;  
 For once attentive be awhile  
 To what I now impart.  
 Would you obtain the youth you love,  
 The precepts of a friend approve,  
 And learn the way to keep him.

As soon as nature has decreed  
 The bloom of eighteen years,  
 And Isabel from school is freed,  
 Then beauty's force appears.  
 The youthful blood begins to flow,  
 She hopes for man, and longs to know  
 The surest way to keep him.

When first the pleasing pain is felt  
 Within the lover's breast;  
 And you by soft persuasion melt,  
 Each wishing to be blest;  
 Be not too bold, nor yet too coy,  
 With prudence lure the happy boy,  
 And that's the way to keep him.

At

At court, at ball, at park or play,  
 Assume a modest pride;  
 And, lest your tongue your mind betray,  
 In fewer words confide:  
 The maid, who thinks to gain a mate,  
 By giddy chat will find too late,  
 That's not the way the keep him.

In dressing ne'er the hours kill,  
 That bane to all the sex;  
 Nor let the arts of dear spadille  
 Your innocence perplex,  
 Be always decent as a bride;  
 By virtuous rules your reason guide;  
 For that's the way to keep him,

But when the nuptial knot is fast,  
 And both its blessings share,  
 To make these joys for ever last,  
 Of jealousy beware:  
 His love with kind compliance meet;  
 Let constancy the work complete,  
 And you'll be sure to keep him.

**N**OT on beauty's transient pleasure,  
 Which no real joys impart,  
 Nor on heaps of sordid treasure,  
 Did I fix my youthful heart.

'Twas not Chloe's perfect feature  
 Did the fickle wand'rer bind;  
 Nor her form, the boast of nature;  
 'Twas alone her spotless mind.

Not

Not on beauty's transient pleasure;  
Which no real joys impart,  
Nor on heaps of sordid treasure,  
Did I fix my youthful heart.

Take, ye swains, the real blessing,  
That will joys for life ensure;  
The virtuous mind alone possessing,  
Will your lasting bliss secure.

Not on beauty's transient pleasure,  
Which no real joys impart,  
Nor on heaps of sordid treasure,  
Did I fix my youthful heart.

**L**ET others Damon's praise rehearse,  
Or Colin's at their will;  
I mean to sing, in rustic verse,  
Young Strephon of the hill.

As once I sat beneath the shade,  
Beside a purling rill;  
Who should my solitude invade,  
But Strephon of the hill?

He tap't my shoulder, snatch'd a kiss,  
I could not take it ill;  
For nothing sure is done amiss  
By Strephon of the hill.

Consent, O lovely maid! he cry'd,  
Nor aim thy swain to kill;  
Consent this day to be the bride  
Of Strephon of the hill.

Observe

Observe the doves on yonder spray,  
 See how they fit and bill;  
 So sweet your time shall pass away  
 With Strephon of the hill.

We went to church with hearty glee,  
 O love propitious still!  
 May ev'ry nymph be blest, like me,  
 With Strephon of the hill.

**W**HAT sadness reigns over the plain!  
 How droop the sweet flow'rets around;  
 How pensive each nymph and each swain!  
 How silent each musical sound!  
 No more the soft lute in the bow'rs,  
 Beguiles the cool ev'nings away;  
 Sad sighs measure out the long hours,  
 Since Damon has wander'd away.

Oh! he was our village's pride,  
 This change from his absence is seen;  
 'Twas he that our music supply'd,  
 When gaily we danc'd on the green.  
 At shearing, at wake, and at fair,  
 How jovial and frolic were we!  
 But now ev'ry feast in the year  
 Is joyless as joyless can be.

Ah! why did he venture from home,  
 To mix among hostile alarms?  
 No justice obliged him to roam,  
 Or take up those terrible arms:

Let

Let those who are cruel and rough,  
 Be heedless of life and of limb;  
 The country had soldiers enough,  
 Nor needed one gentle like him.

Where'er the adventurer goes,  
 On land or the dangerous main,  
 Kind heaven protect him from woes,  
 And give him to Celia again.  
 Oh! give him to Celia again,  
 My true love in safety restore;  
 I'll cease on his breast to complain,  
 From my arms he shall wander no more.

**T**HE bird that hears her nestlings cry,  
 And flies abroad for food,  
 Returns impatient thro' the sky,  
 To nurse the callow brood:  
 The tender mother knows no joy,  
 But bodes a thousand harms;  
 And sickens for her darling boy,  
 When absent from her arms.

Such fondness with impatience join'd,  
 My faithful bosom fires;  
 Now forc'd to leave my fair behind,  
 The queen of my desires:  
 The pow'rs of verse too languid prove,  
 All similes are vain,  
 To shew how ardently I love,  
 Or to relieve my pain.

The



The faint with fervent zeal inspir'd,  
 For heav'n and joy divine :  
 The faint is not with rapture fir'd,  
 More pure, more warm than mine :  
 I take what liberty I dare,  
 'Twere impious to say more ;  
 Convey my longings to my fair,  
 The goddess I adore.

**N**OW Phœbus sinketh in the west,  
 Welcome song, and welcome jest,  
 Midnight shouts and revelry,  
 Tipsy dance, and jollity :  
 Braid your locks with rosy twine,  
 Dropping odours, dropping wine.  
 Rigour now is gone to bed,  
 And advice with scrup'ulous head ;  
 Strict age, and sour severity,  
 With their grave saws in slumber lie.

**T**HE gentle swan, with graceful pride,  
 Her glossy plumage laves ;  
 And sailing down the silver tide,  
 Divides the whisp'ring waves :  
 The silver tide that wand'ring flows,  
 Sweet to the bird must be ;  
 But not so sweet, blythe Cupid knows,  
 As Delia is to me.

A parent bird, in plaintive mood,  
 On yonder fruit-tree sung ;  
 And still the pendant nest she view'd,  
 That held her feather'd young :  
 Tho' dear to her maternal heart,  
 The genial brood must be ;  
 They're not so dear, the thousandth part,  
 As Delia is to me.

The roses that my brow surround,  
 Were native of the dale ;  
 Scarce pluck'd, and in a garland bound,  
 Before their hue grew pale :  
 My vital blood would thus be froze,  
 If luckless torn from thee ;  
 For what the root is to the rose,  
 My Delia is to me,

Two doves I found like new fall'n snow,  
 So white the beauteous pair ;  
 The birds to Delia I'll bestow,  
 They're like her bosom fair :  
 May they, of our connubial love,  
 A happy omen be ;  
 Then such fond bliss as turtles prove,  
 Shall Delia share with me.

**I** Met in our village a swain t'other day :  
 He stopp'd me, and begg'd me a moment to  
 stay :

Then blush'd, and, in language I ne'er heard  
before,

He talk'd much of love, and some pains that he  
bore :

But what was his meaning I know not, I vow ;  
Yet, alas ! my poor heart felt, I cannot tell how.

Each morning the jessamine, vi'let and rose,  
He brings me, and ev'ry sweet flower that grows ;  
The sweetest and gayest, he picks from the rest,  
And begs me to wear these fine things in my  
breast :

But what is his meaning, I know not, I vow ;  
Yet, alas ! my poor heart feels I cannot tell how.

At my feet the young shepherd for ever I see,  
Protesting he never lov'd any but me ;  
He gazes with transport, and kisses me too,  
And swears that he'll ever be constant and true :  
But what is his meaning, I know not, I vow,  
Yet, alas ! my poor heart feels, I cannot tell how.

I oft see the tears streaming fast from his eyes,  
And hear him, poor youth ! breathe a thousand  
of sighs ;

He tells me, no nymph in the world is like me,  
Nor shepherd alive so unhappy as he :  
But what is his meaning, I know not, I vow ;  
Yet, alas ! my poor heart feels, I cannot tell how.

Why does the dear shepherd to me thus complain,  
And say that my eyes are the cause of his pain ?  
Indeed,

Indeed, ever since, his sad fate I deplore,  
 And I wish I knew how he might suffer no more,  
 I'll do all I can to relieve him, I vow,  
 If he will be so kind as to teach me but how.

**G**ENTLE Damon, cease to woo me,  
 'Tis in vain you thus pursue me;  
 Sighs and tears cannot subdue me;  
 Nor can change my constant heart.

Young Philander's generous passion  
 Taught me first soft inclination;  
 Never shall your fly persuasion  
 Make me act a treach'rous part.

Cease, O cease, then, this complaining,  
 Such perfidious arts disdaining;  
 Let bright honour, once more reigni  
 To your soul its rays impart.

**W**HEN here, Lucinda, first we came,  
 Where Arno rolls his silver stream,  
 How brisk the nymphs, the swains how gay!  
 Content inspir'd each rural lay:  
 The birds in livelier concert sung,  
 The grapes in thicker clusters hung;  
 All look'd as joy could never fail  
 Among the sweets of Arno's vale.

But since the good Palemon dy'd,  
 The chief of shepherds, and their pride,

Now

Now Arno's sons must all give place  
To northern men, an iron race :  
The taste of pleasures now is o'er ;  
Thy notes, Lucinda, please no more ;  
The muses droop, the Goths prevail ;  
Adieu the sweets of Arno's vale !

**W**HAT means that tender sigh, my dear ?  
Why silent drops that chrystal tear ?  
What jealous fears disturb thy breast,  
Where love and peace delight to rest ?  
What tho' thy Jockey has been seen  
With Molly sporting on the green,  
'Twas but an artful trick to prove  
The matchless force of Jenny's love.

'Tis true, a nosegay I had drest  
To grace the witty Daphne's breast ;  
But 'twas at her desire to try  
If Damon cast a jealous eye :  
These flow'rs will fade by morning dawn,  
Neglected, scatter'd o'er the lawn ;  
But in thy fragrant bosom lies  
A sweet perfume that never dies.

**T**HE lark proclaim'd return of morn,  
When Dolly tript across the lawn ;  
Young Colin follow'd with his flail,  
She went to fill her milking-pail ;  
He lov'd, and begg'd she'd hear him now ;  
She answer'd, She must milk her cow.

He

He sighing, vow'd he lov'd her more  
 Than ever swain did nymph before ;  
 With rapture prais'd her blooming charms,  
 And prest the fair-one in his arms.  
 She bid him keep his distance now,  
 Nor hinder her to milk her cow.

Fair maid, he cry'd, would you approve  
 An artless shepherd's honest love,  
 Yon' little farm, yon' flocks are mine ;  
 All, with their master's heart, are thine.  
 Then begg'd she would his flame allow ;  
 She answer'd, She must milk her cow.

Not so repuls'd, the comely youth  
 With kisses, pray'rs, and vows of truth,  
 So pleas'd the maid, she smil'd consent,  
 And to the church they instant went :  
 His flame she did not disallow,  
 But quite forgot to milk her cow.

**A**T dewy dawn, as o'er-the lawn  
 Young Jockey early stray'd,  
 He chanc'd to meet with Jenny sweet,  
 That blooming lovely maid :  
 Her cheeks so red, with blushes spread,  
 Shew'd like the break of day ;  
 Her modest look the shepherd took  
 She stole his heart away.

With tender air he woo'd the fair,  
 And movingly addrest;  
 For love divine can clowns refine,  
 And warm the coldest breast.  
 Her eyes he prais'd, and fondly gaz'd  
 On her enchanting face,  
 Where innocence and health dispense  
 Each blooming rosy grace.  
 Young Jenny's breast, love's pow'r confess,  
 And felt an equal fire;  
 Nor had she art to hide her smart,  
 Or check the fond desire.  
 Hymen unites in blissful rites,  
 The fair, the matchless two;  
 And wedlock ne'er cou'd boast a pair  
 More loving, and more true.

**F**REEDOM is a real treasure,  
 Love a dream, all false and vain;  
 Short, uncertain is the pleasure,  
 Sure and lasting is the pain.  
 A sincere and tender passion,  
 Some ill planet over-rules;  
 Ah! how blind is inclination?  
 Fate and women doat on fools.

SENTIMENTS



FAIR Kate I lov'd but she unkind,  
 My humble suit would never mind  
 But treat me with severity ;  
 Tho' oft my cry,  
 For you I die,  
 O love again for charity.

Dear Kate, I cry'd, your taunts forbear,  
 A faithful passion I declare,  
 With honest truth and verity,  
 Then with a sigh,  
 Begg'd she'd comply,  
 Doing so much for charity.

But I to stock or stone might preach,  
 And listen full as well would each,  
 So great was the disparity :  
 Nor e'er wou'd she,  
 Once grant to me,  
 The smallest grain of charity.

Then say ye fair, was this not hard,  
 That fate should play so smart a card,  
 Where was such great disparity ?  
 Enrag'd says I,  
 I will not die,  
 I'll on my self have charity.

Trust ye, methinks I hear you say,  
 Much better die another day,  
 To die for love's a rarity !  
 Let this prevail,  
 You've heard my tale,  
 Then ladies judge with charity.

YE virgins of Britain who wisely attend  
 The dictates of reason, who value a friend,  
 Come list to my council and mark what I say,  
 Ye damsels beware of the dangers of May.

Tho' guarded by virtue's all fostering hand,  
 Tho' modesty lend you her magical wand,  
 Tho' innocence deck you with spotless array,  
 Ye damsels beware of the dangers of May.

When first the gay beauties of nature appear,  
 And Phœbus' bright smile cheers the juvenile  
 year;

When the birds chaunt their amorous notes  
 from each spray,  
 Ye damsels beware of the danger of May.

Should Flora propose the gay vernal delight,  
 Her delicate paintings exhibit to sight,  
 In her meadows and fields should you frolic and  
 play,

Beware, oh, beware, of the dangers of May.

When the blood briskly flows the all eloquent  
 eyes,

Reveal ev'ry secret the heart would disguise ;  
 The bosom quick panting with force seems to  
 say,

'Tis hard to resist all the dangers of May.

Should an amorous youth this soft scene to im-  
 prove,

With ardour implore the reward of his love,  
 If Hymen attend you his dictates obey,  
 For wedlock removes all the dangers of May.

LET

**L**ET fanciful lovers who sing of the fair,  
 To angel or goddess their charmers compare,  
 In soft soothing sonnets their beauties rehearse,  
 And boast of their charms in a rapturous verse:  
 Love the dear creatures! such stuff I detest;  
 For believe me ye fair ones, plain truth is the  
 best.

They'll tell you your cheeks with the rose-bud  
 may vie,

The diamond looks dim, when compar'd with  
 your eye;

Nay more to deceive you they'll swear it is true,  
 That Venus herself is a dowdy to you,  
 But such stupid nonsense believe is a jest,  
 For trust me ye fair ones, plain truth is the best.

Tho' finical fops may your persons commend,  
 A flatterer never was yet a true friend,  
 'Tis not the fair face tho' it blooms like the rose,  
 'Tis not the bright eye, that the diamond out-  
 glows,

'Tis only good humour gives beauty a zest,  
 Nay, start not, ye fair ones, plain truth is the best.

Then would you ye lovers succeed with the fair,  
 Be manly, and flattery's delusion forbear;  
 In love as in battle your honour maintain,  
 Be honest, be Britons, and speak your minds  
 plain;

Impart the fond passion that glows in your breast,  
 And believe me you'll find that plain truth is the  
 best.

**S**MART Doll of the green who lov'd mirth  
 as her life,  
 By many a swain was requested to wife ;  
 Her figure was graceful and comely her face,  
 Yet in her affections no man had ta'en place :  
 The 'squire of the vill' took it into his head  
 That he with great proffers could win her to bed,  
 But all his fine artifice Dolly thro' saw,  
 And baulk'd the poor 'squire with a hearty  
 ha! ha!

Next Hodge of the vale all his flame did impart,  
 Who knew nothing more than a plough or a cart ;  
 With an aukward address, he made a strange  
 fuss,  
 Turn'd his hat o'er his thumb and begg'd for a  
 bus ;  
 The lout fetch'd a sigh, and cry'd, "'Deed Doll  
 'tis true,  
 "Ise love thee most woundly ! I'faith girl I do ;  
 But she slap'd his fool's chops, and bid him with-  
 draw,  
 So sent him away while she loud laugh'd, ha! ha!

The next was a fellow, so fine and so spruce,  
 Who caper'd and sung, 'mong the girls play'd  
 the deuce ;  
 And poor Dolly thought for to serve as the rest,  
 But she was too sharp and of him made a jest.  
 Quoth Doll, "I'll ne'er wed, till I meet with  
 a man !  
 "Much less let a fop my affections trepan ;"  
 And

And said, such a thing she before never saw,  
But hop'd he'd excuse it, and laugh'd out, ha! ha!

With the ladies I know 'tis a primitive rule,  
Much better be plagu'd with a knave than a fool;  
And others again this opinion impart,  
Their eyes they will please if they torture their  
heart :

From these I dissent but approve of the plan  
That Dolly laid down, 'till you meet with your  
man,

Then your hands and your hearts may unite  
without flaw,

And your conjugal state be one scene of ha! ha!

**G**AY Chloe the fair in the bloom of sixteen,  
Was handsome and comely, was neat and  
was clean ;

One day as she pass'd me I pull'd off my hat,  
By way, do you see, of a little chit-chat ;  
With air somewhat free, I ask'd her it's true ;  
The time of the day, with a how do you do ?  
My spirits were high and I gave her a pat,  
'Tis well, Sir, said she, I shall mark you for that.

Most civil, I ask'd, if that she o'er the bawlk  
Wou'd grant me the favour just with her to  
walk ?

And said, that the pat I to her did impart,  
To me had recoil'd, and with love struck my  
heart ;

Of love, such as mine, she said, she much fear'd,  
 And to men's idle stories, she never adher'd ;  
 Then from me she flew nor longer would chat,  
 But you I'll remember—so mark me for that.

The fair I pursu'd, nor made any delay,  
 But begg'd she would listen to what I did say ?  
 I follow'd her close until quite out of breath,  
 She stop'd in a pet—why you teaze one to death ;  
 'Twas honour and truth, I told her I meant,  
 To make her my wife was my only intent ;  
 Lord bless me ! says she, and answer'd me pat,  
 Had you said so before, I had lov'd you for that.

You still shall, I cry'd, then embracing the maid,  
 Say, who should to love be asham'd or afraid ?  
 When smiling she look'd, and return'd me my  
                   pat,

Indeed Ma'am, says I, but I'll you mark for that:  
 Our hands to unite we lack'd but the grace,  
 With padlock of love, by priest put in its place,  
 That settled we soon, I her husband was pat,  
 And now there's no doubt—but she'll mark me  
                   for that.

**T**HE last time I came o'er the moor  
       I left my love behind me ;  
 Ye pow'rs what pain do I endure,  
       When soft ideas mind me !  
 Soon as the ruddy morn display'd  
       The beaming day ensuing,  
 I met betimes my lovely maid  
       In fit retreat for wooing.

Beneath

Beneath the cooling shade we lay  
 Gazing and chafly sporting,  
 We kiss'd and promis'd time away,  
 'Till night spread her black curtain;  
 I pitied all beneath the skies,  
 Ev'n kings when she was nigh me,  
 In raptures I beheld her eyes,  
 Which could but ill deny me.

In all my soul there's not one place  
 To let a rival enter;  
 Since she excels in every grace,  
 In her my love shall center;  
 Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,  
 Their waves the Alps shall cover,  
 On Greenland ice shall roses grow,  
 Before I cease to love her.

The next time I go o'er the moor,  
 She shall a lover find me,  
 And that my faith is firm and pure,  
 Tho' I left her behind me;  
 Then Hymen's sacred bonds shall chain  
 My heart to her fair bosom,  
 There, while my being does remain,  
 My love more fresh shall blossom.

**I**N noble feats of arms renown'd,  
 Bold Marcus oft bestrode the ground  
 O'er peerless numbers slain,  
 Triumphant o'er the dead he walk'd,  
 Or fearless rode and proudly talk'd,  
 Amidst the bloody plain.

But



But see the sudden change appear,  
 Brave Marcus stop'd in full career,  
     You'll say 'twas wond'rous strange;  
 Trumpets and drums unmindful hears,  
 His soul for other conquests cheers,  
     And glories in the change.

For love had won with keenest dart  
 Won from the field his dauntless heart  
     To Celia's face and mind;  
 He there forgets his battles won,  
 Of sieges thinks no more upon,  
     Fair Celia is so kind.

He who before was fire and sword,  
 By love's all conqu'ring pow'r is low'r'd,  
     And all his warlike feud;  
 He who dealt death at every blow,  
 By mighty love is taught to know,  
     E'en he could be subdu'd.

Boast not your honours then ye brave,  
 Because each other ye enslave,  
     And drag in captive chain,  
 See, love, with just one single dart  
 Cou'd captivate a tyrant's heart,  
     And all his pride disdain.

**Y**OUNG Jockey he courted sweet Moggy so  
     fair,  
 The lass she was lovely, her face debonair;  
     They

They hugg'd and they cuddled and talk'd with  
their eyes,

And look'd as all lovers do wonderful wise,  
A fortnight was pass'd e'er dear Moggy came to,  
For maidens a decency keep when they woo;  
At length she consented and made him a vow,  
And Jockey he gave for her jointure a cow.

They pannell'd their dobbins and rode to the fair,  
Still kissing and foudling until they came there,  
They call'd on the parson and by him were wed,  
And Moggy she took her dear Jockey to bed,  
'They staid there a week as the neighbours all say,  
And none were so happy and gamesome as they,  
Then home they return'd, but return'd most  
unkind,

For Jockey rode on and left Moggy behind.

Surpriz'd at this treatment, she cry'd, Gaffer Jock,  
Pray what is the reason that Moggy you mock?  
Quoth he, goose! come on, why you now are my  
bride,

And when voke are wed, they set vooling aside;  
He took home his Moggy good conduct to learn,  
Who brush'd up the house, while he thatch'd the  
old barn;

They laid in a stock for the cares that ensue,  
And now live as man and wife usually do.

**B**EHOLD my love the rosy morn  
With russet mantle spread,  
Again the infant tendrils shoot  
On ev'ry lawn and mead.

In ev'ry shrub wise nature view,  
 Her various laws display'd,  
 See daisies, cowslips, violets too  
 In diff'rent suits array'd.

What hoary winter once had crop'd,  
 And chill'd with nipping cold,  
 Sol's influence revives again  
 With rays of burnish'd gold.  
 The early lark that hails the morn,  
 See lofty tow'ring flies,  
 Hark how he tunes his throat to love,  
 And rends the vaulted skies.

The shepherd with his fleecy care,  
 With wanton kidlings play,  
 Then stroaks his dog—poor fellow cries,  
 And pats the head of Tray ;  
 Poor Tray is pleas'd and wags his tail  
 He knows no other pride,  
 Than watch his master while he sleeps,  
 Or taddle by his side.

Let us embrace those sylvan scenes  
 And imitate their blifs ;  
 To prove my vows and love sincere,  
 I'll seal them with a kifs.  
 Then bless'd with Sylvia shall I prove,  
 Each wish, each ardent sigh,  
 And spring will twenty times appear  
 More sweet, if she comply.

**A**S Celia to the covert stray'd,  
 The blushing sun withdrew,  
 And hasted down as if afraid  
 To see thy brighter charms display'd  
 And be outshone in you.

His sister Phœbe at the sight,  
 With blushes spread the sphere;  
 As if to shine with double light,  
 And gild the star-bespangled night,  
 He'd borrow'd rays from her.

The glim'ring stars which dar'd to peep,  
 Were lost in gazing on;  
 And look'd like stars that seem'd to weep,  
 'Twixt half awake and half asleep,  
 Or twinkling at the sun.

The god of silence as she sung,  
 Stood list'ning at her feet;  
 The loit'ring streams attentive hung,  
 And mimick echo held her tongue,  
 Unable to repeat.

Says love, approach,—I fool obey'd  
 Too sure to be undone;  
 For 'twere as rash for me t'envade,  
 Those beauteous beams which round her play'd,  
 As Phaeton the sun.

LET

**L**ET beauty with the sun arise,  
 To Shakespeare tribute pay,  
 With heavenly smiles and speaking eyes,  
 Give grace and lustre to the day.

Each smile she gives protects his name;  
 What face shall dare to frown?  
 Not envy's self can blast the fame,  
 Which beauty deigns to crown.

**Y**E Warwickshire lads, and ye lasses,  
 See what at our jubilee passes,  
 Come revel away, rejoice and be glad,  
 For the lad of all lads, was a Warwickshire lad,  
     Warwickshire lad,  
     All be glad,  
 For the lad of all lads, was a Warwickshire lad.

Be proud of the charms of your county,  
 Where nature has lavish'd her bounty,  
 Where much she has giv'n, and some to be spar'd,  
 For the bard of all bards, was a Warwickshire  
     bard,  
     Warwickshire bard,  
     Never pair'd,  
 For the bard of all bards, was a Warwickshire  
     bard.

Each shire has its different pleasures,  
 Each shire has its different treasures;  
 But to rare Warwickshire, all must submit,  
 For the wit of all wits, was a Warwickshire wit,  
     Warwickshire

Warwickshire wit,  
How he writ!

For the wit of all wits, was a Warwickshire wit.

Old Ben, Thomas Otway, John Dryden,  
And half a score more we take pride in,  
Of famous Will Congreve we boast too the skill,  
But the Will of all Wills, was a Warwickshire  
Warwickshire Will, (Will,  
Matchless still,  
For the Will of all Wills, was a Warwickshire  
Will.

Our Shakespeare compar'd is to no man,  
Nor Frenchman, nor Grecian, nor Roman,  
Their swains are all geese to the Avon's sweet  
swan,

And the man of all men, was a Warwickshire  
Warwickshire man, (man,  
Avon's swan,

And the man of all men, was a Warwickshire  
man.

As ven'son is very inviting,  
To steal it our bard took delight in,  
To make his friends merry he never was lag,  
And the wag of all wags, was a Warwickshire  
Warwickshire wag, (wag,  
Ever brag,

For the wag of all wags, was a Warwickshire  
wag.

There never was seen such a creature,  
Of all the was worth, he robb'd nature;

He

He took all her smiles, and he took all her  
 grief,  
 And the thief of all thieves, was a Warwick-  
 shire thief,  
     Warwickshire thief,  
     He's the chief,  
 For the thief of all thieves, was a Warwick-  
 shire thief.

**B**EHOLD this fair goblet, 'twas carv'd from  
 the tree,  
 Which, O my sweet Shakespeare, was planted  
 by thee ;

As a relick I kiss it, and bow at thy shrine,  
 What comes from thy hand must be ever divine !

    All shall yield to the mulberry-tree,

        Bend to thee,

        Blest mulberry,

        Matchless was he,

        Who planted thee,

● And thou like him immortal shalt be !

Ye trees of the forest, so rampant and high,  
 Who spread round their branches, whose heads  
     sweep the sky,

Ye curious exotics, whom taste has brought  
     here,

To root out the natives, at prices so dear,  
     All shall yield to the mulberry tree, &c.

The oak is held royal, is Britain's great boast,  
 Preserv'd once our king, and will always our  
     coast, But



But of fir we make ships, we have thousands that  
fight;

While one, only one, like our Shakespeare can  
write,

All shall yield to the mulberry-tree, &c.

Let Venus delight in her gay myrtle bowers,  
Pomona in fruit trees, and Flora in flowers;  
The garden of Shakespeare all fancies will suit,  
With the sweetest of flowers, and fairest of fruit.

All shall yield to the mulberry-tree, &c.

With learning and knowledge the well-letter'd  
Birch,

Supplies law and physick, and grace for the  
church,

But law and the gospel in Shakespeare we find,  
And he gives the best physic for body and mind.

All shall yield to the mulberry-tree, &c.

The fame of the patron gives fame to the tree,  
From him and his merits this takes its degree;  
Let Phœbus and Bacchus their glories resign,  
Our tree shall surpass both the laurel and vine.

All shall yield to the mulberry-tree, &c.

The genius of Shakespeare out-shines the bright  
day,

More rapture than wine to the heart can convey,  
So the tree which he planted, by making his  
own

Has laurel, and bay, and the vine all in one.

All shall yield to the mulberry-tree, &c.

Then

Then each take a relick of this hallow'd tree,  
 From folly and fashion a charm let it be ;  
 Fill, fill to the planter, the cup to the brim,  
 To honour his country, do honour to him.

All shall yield to the mulberry-tree,

Bend to thee,

Blest mulberry,

Matchless was he,

Who planted thee,

And thou like him immortal shalt be!

**H**ENCE ye profane ! and only they,  
 Our pageant grace, our pomp survey,  
 Whom love of sacred genius brings :  
 Let pride, let flattery decree,  
 Honours to deck the memory,  
 Of warriors, senators, and kings —  
 Not less, in glory, and desert,  
 The poet here receives his part,  
 A tribute from the feeling heart. }

**T**HE pride of all nature was sweet Willy-O,  
 The first of all swains,  
 He gladden'd the plains,  
 None ever was like to the sweet Willy O.

He sung it so rarely did sweet Willy O,  
 He melted each maid,  
 So skillful he play'd,  
 No shepherd e'er pip'd like the sweet Willy O.  
 All

All nature obey'd him, this sweet Willy O,  
     Wherever he came,  
     Whate'er had a name,  
 Whenever he fung follow'd sweet Willy O.  
 He wou'd be a soldier, the sweet Willy O,  
     When arm'd in the field,  
     With sword and with shield.  
 The laurel was won by the sweet Willy O.  
 He charm'd 'em when living, the sweet Willy O,  
     And when Willy dy'd,  
     'Twas nature that sigh'd,  
 To part with her all in her sweet Willy O.

ALL this for a poet—O no,  
     Who liv'd lord knows how long ago?  
     How can you jeer one,  
     How can fleer one,  
 A poet, a poet,—O no,  
     'Tis not so,  
 Who liv'd lord knows how long ago.  
 It must be some great man,  
 A prince or a state-man,  
 It can't be a poet—O no:  
     Your poet is poor,  
     And nobody sure,  
 Regards a poor poet I trow:  
     The rich ones we prize,  
     Send 'em up to the skies,  
 But not a poor poet—O no—  
 Who liv'd lord knows how long ago.

O'ER each heart he was ruler,  
 Made 'em warmer or cooler,  
 Could make 'em to laugh or to cry :  
 What we lock'd in our breasts,  
 Tho' as close as in chests,  
 Was not hid from the conjuror's eye.

If he saw ye he knew ye,  
 Would look thro' and thro' ye,  
 Thro' skin, and your flesh and your cloaths,  
 Had you vanity, pride,  
 Fifty follies beside,  
 He wou'd see 'em, as plain as your nose.

Let us sing it, and dance it,  
 Rejoice it and prance it,  
 That no man has now such an art ;  
 What would come of us all,  
 Both the great ones, and small,  
 Should he live to peep now in each heart.  
 Tho' sins I have none,  
 I am glad he is gone,  
 No maid could live near such a mon. }

THIS is the day, a holiday ! a holiday !  
 Drive spleen and rancour far away,  
 This is the day, a holiday ! a holiday !  
 Drive care and sorrow far away.

Here nature nurs'd her darling boy,  
 From whom all care, and sorrow fly,  
 Whose harp the muses strung :

From

From heart to heart let joy rebound,  
Now, now, we tread enchanted ground,  
Here Shakespeare walk'd, and sung !

**S**ISTERS of the tuneful strain !  
Attend your parent's jocund train,  
'Tis fancy calls you, follow me,  
To celebrate the jubilee.

Avon's banks, where Shakespeare's bust,  
Points out, and guards his sleeping dust,  
The fons of scenic mirth decree  
To celebrate this jubilee.

By Garrick led, the grateful band,  
Haste to their poet's native land,  
With rites of sportive revelry,  
To celebrate his jubilee.

Come daughters then, and with you bring  
The vocal reed, the sprightly string,  
Wit, and joke, and repartee,  
To celebrate our jubilee.

Come, daughters, come, and bring with you  
Th' aerial sprite and fairy crew,  
And the sister-graces three,  
To celebrate our jubilee.

Hang round the sculptur'd tomb,  
The broider'd vest, the nodding plume,

And the mask of comic glee,  
To celebrate our jubilee.

From Birnam wood, and Bosworth field,  
Bring the standard, bring the shield,  
With drums, and martial symphony,  
To celebrate our jubilee.

In mournful numbers now relate  
Poor Desdemona's hapless fate,  
With frantic deeds of jealousy,  
To celebrate our jubilee.

Nor be Windsor's wives forgot,  
With their harmless merry plot,  
The whit'ning mead, and haunted tree,  
To celebrate our jubilee.

Now in jocund strains recite,  
The revels of the braggard Knight,  
Fat Knight! and ancient Pistol he!  
To celebrate our jubilee.

But see, in crowds, the gay, the fair,  
To the splendid scene repair,  
A scene as fine, as fine can be,  
To celebrate our jubilee.

Yet Colin bring and Rosalind,  
Each shepherd true, and damsel kind,  
For well with ours, their sports agree,  
To crown the festive jubilee.

**I**MMORTAL be his name,  
 His memory, his fame!  
 Nature and her works we see,  
 Matchless Shakespeare full in thee!  
 Join'd by everlasting ties,  
 Shakespeare but with nature dies.  
 Immortal be his name,  
 His memory, his fame.

**C**UPID, from his favourite nation,  
 Care and envy will remove;  
 Jealousy that poisons passion,  
 And despair, that dies for love.

Gentle murmurs sweet complaining,  
 Sighs that blow the fire of love;  
 Soft repulses, kind disdainings,  
 Shall be all the pains you prove.

Ev'ry swain shall pay his duty,  
 Grateful ev'ry nymph shall prove;  
 And as these excel in beauty,  
 Those shall be renown'd for love.

**H**OW blithly all the live-long day,  
 The feather'd warblers sing;  
 On ev'ry bush they chaunt their lay,  
 Or trill on soaring wing.



'Tis joy that fills the vocal race,  
 All unconfin'd and free ;  
 We'll blefs the roof from place to place,  
 How sweet is liberty !

**O**N ev'ry tree, in ev'ry plain,  
 I trace the jovial spring in vain ;  
 A sickly languor veils mine eyes,  
 And fast my waining vigour flies :  
 Nor flow'ry plain, nor budding tree,  
 That smile on others, smile on me.  
 Mine eyes from death shall court repose,  
 Nor shed a tear before they close.

What bliss to me can seasons bring,  
 Or what the needless pride of spring ?  
 The cypress bough that suits the bier,  
 Retains its verdure all the year :  
 'Tis true my vine so fresh and fair,  
 Might claim awhile my wonted care ;  
 My rural store some pleasure yield,  
 So white a flock, so green a field.

**F**LATTERING hopes the mind deceiving,  
 Easy faith too often cheat ;  
 Woman fond and all-believing,  
 Loves and hugs the dear deceit.

Empty show of pomp and riches,  
 Cupid's trick to catch the fair ;  
 Lovely maids too oft bewitches,  
 Flattery is the beauty's snare.

MAIDENS

**M**AIDENS, let your lovers languish,  
 If you'd have them constant prove;  
 Doubts and fears, and sighs and anguish,  
 Are the chains that fasten love.

Jockey woo'd, and I consented,  
 Soon as ere I heard his tale,  
 He with conquest quite contented,  
 Boasting, rov'd around the vale.

Now he doats on scornful Molly,  
 Who rejects him with disdain;  
 Love's a strange bewitching folly,  
 Never pleas'd without some pain.

**S**TREAMS that softly, murmuring flow,  
 At the fertile mountain's foot;  
 Flow'rs that sweetly, beauteous grow,  
 At th'exalted beech's root:  
 When the northern blasts roar high,  
 And the thunder-storm is near;  
 Raise their heads towards the sky;  
 See its threat'nings without fear.

Thus humility may calmly smile,  
 When ambition trembling meets the spoil.

**G**ENTLE shepherd soothe my sorrow,  
 Kindly, kindly come to-morrow;  
 Let no loitering cares delay thee,  
 Let no other pleasure stay thee. —

Soon

Soon return with joy to charm me,  
 Come, lest painful thoughts alarm me,  
 Smiling love, restore my rover,  
 Haste, thou kind, yet cruel lover.

**L**OVE asserts his pow'rful reign,  
 Like a tyrant owns his sway  
 Love tho' sweet, oft gives us pain,  
 Sometimes sad and sometimes gay :  
 Since the age of sweet sixteen,  
 (When the men do most adore)  
 I to love a slave have been,  
 Kifs'd and courted o'er and o'er.

Jockey is a bonny swain,  
 He has stole my heart away ;  
 Still I feel an anxious pain,  
 If he's absent but a day :  
 But when e'er the blooming boy,  
 Comes at night upon the green ;  
 Then my heart is fill'd with joy,  
 Then I'm happy as a queen.

When the charmer talks of love,  
 Doubts and fears disturb my breast ;  
 Shou'd he e'er inconstant prove,  
 This poör heart will ne'er have rest.  
 But of late he's fonder grown,  
 And has sworn to love for life ;  
 If he'll take me for his own,  
 I must be young Jockey's wife.

WHERE

## RECITATIVE.

WHERE'ER I turn my ravish'd eyes,  
 Enchanting scenes of vision rise;  
 As gay as erst in golden times,  
 When nature blest'd alike all climes.

## AIR.

See how the beauteous blushing rose,  
 In vernal pride unrival'd glows!  
 And flow'rs spontaneously dispense,  
 Unwonted fragrance to the sense.

## RECITATIVE.

But hark! what musick strikes mine ear!  
 Such charming sounds methinks I hear,  
 As sure bespeak the goddess near:  
 And see! fair Flora on her way  
 Advance, to chaunt the hymn of May!

## AIR.

Hail bounteous May, that dost inspire,  
 Mirth and youth, and warm desire!  
 Woods and groves are of thy dressing,  
 Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.

## AIR.

Thus we salute thee with our early song,  
 And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

EMPTY

**E**MPTY spleen-born visions fly!  
 Hail returning day!  
 Brain-sick phantoms I defy,  
 All is light and gay!  
 Welcome pleasure's rosy train!  
 Ev'ry balmy care!  
 Blooming hope who comes again,  
 Smiles away despair!

**Y**E blithest lads and lasses gay,  
 Come listen to my tale;  
 As I one evening sleeping lay,  
 Within the flow'ry vale;  
 Young Strephon passing thro' the mead,  
 By chance did me espy;  
 He took his bonnet off his head,  
 And gently sat down by.

The swain, tho' I most dearly priz'd,  
 Yet now I would not know;  
 But with a frown my face disguis'd,  
 And strove away to go:  
 But fondly he still nearer prest,  
 And at my feet did lye;  
 His beating heart it thump'd so fast,  
 I thought the lad would die.

But still resolving to deny,  
 (The surer him to gain)  
 I bid the love-sick shepherd fly,  
 In words of high disdain.

He

He left me, never to return,  
 And to young Jenny' flew ;  
 While I my folly daily mourn,  
 For slighting one so true.

**S**TREPHON arose at early dawn,  
 And sought as wont his fleecy care ;  
 His fleecy care, alas ! were gone,  
 Nor knew the hapless shepherd where :  
 In vain each hill, in vain each dale,  
 Each dell, each brake he travers'd round ;  
 Each pathless wood and flow'ry vale,  
 But not one lambkin could be found.

Cælia, he cry'd, my flocks are fled,  
 How shall I e'er thy grief assuage ?  
 How shall I cheer thy drooping head,  
 If poverty should mark my age ?  
 Said she, my love, misfortune's dart,  
 Is pointed, and is spent in vain ;  
 While I possess my shepherd's heart,  
 I laugh at ills and smile at pain.

Tho' ev'ry lambkin devious stray,  
 And grace our envious neighbours folds,  
 Nought can thy Cælia's soul dismay,  
 While Strephon to her breast she holds :  
 Said he, my warmest thanks, O take,  
 Hence shalt thou be my only care ;  
 If I thy virtues e'er forsake,  
 May heav'n regardless hear my pray'r.

If from thy lovely form mine eyes,  
 Should swerve but in the least degree;  
 Thy dear idea will arise,  
 And lead the wand'rer back to thee.  
 Thus long they liv'd and long they lov'd,  
 As oft I've heard the story told;  
 Kind heav'n their fortitude approv'd,  
 And amply fill'd the shepherds fold.

**G**ENTLEST breezes waft him over,  
 To the distant, sultry isle!  
 Love will shield from harm the rover,  
 Fame be kind and fortune smile.

For an age you must not leave me,  
 Nor to furthest climates roam;  
 Don't too long of joy bereave me.  
 Hope must bring the wand'rer home.

Think of her you left behind ye,  
 And to tender vows be true;  
 Constant, fond, you still shall find me,  
 Peace, poor heart, dear youth, adieu!

**T**HOU' the winds are whistling round me,  
 And the midnight rains descend;  
 Painful fear shall near confound me,  
 Guardian love will be my friend.

Night!



Night! how much I can defy thee!  
 Laugh at all thy negro train!  
 Day returning, Damon's nigh me,  
 Storms may beat, but beat in vain.

On my shepherd, fond reclining,  
 Pleasing safety soothes my breast:  
 Welcome winds to peace inclining!  
 Winds that lull to downy rest!

**M**Y Colin leaves fair London town,  
 Its pomp and pride and noise;  
 With eager haste, he hies him down,  
 To taste of rural joys.  
 Soon as my much-lov'd swain's in sight,  
 My heart is mad with glee;  
 I never know such true delight,  
 As when he comes to me.

How sweet with him all day to rove,  
 And range the meadows wide!  
 Nor yet less sweet the moon light grove,  
 All by the river's side!  
 The gaudy seasons pass away,  
 How swift, when Colin's by!  
 How swiftly glides the flow'ry May!  
 How fast the summers fly!

When Colin comes to grace the plains,  
 An humble crook he bears;  
 He tends the flock like other swains,  
 A shepherd quite appears;

All in the verdant month of May,  
 The rake is all his pride ;  
 He helps to make the new-mown hay,  
 With Moggy by his side.

'Gainst yellow autumn's milder reign,  
 His fickle he prepares ;  
 He reaps the harvest on the plain,  
 All pleas'd with rural cares.  
 With jocund dance the night is crown'd,  
 When all the toil is o'er,  
 With him I trip it on the ground,  
 With bonny swains a score.

When winter's gloomy months prevail,  
 If Colin is but here,  
 His jovial laugh and merry tale,  
 To me are muckle cheer.  
 The folk that chuse in town to dwell,  
 Are from my envy free ;  
 For Moggy loves the plains too well,  
 And Colin's all to me.

**W**HEN shall little love repose,  
 Cease a wand'rer wild to roam,  
 Fear, distrust, his mortal foes,  
 Who will give the child a home ?  
 Oft he rambles here and there,  
 Talks in tender piteous moan,  
 Ev'ry heart who dreads a snare,  
 Bids the strolling boy, begone !

**T**O reason ye fair ones, assert your pretence,  
Nor hearken to language beneath common  
sense;

When angels men call ye, and homage would  
pay,

If you credit their tale you're as faulty as they.

Ten thousand gay scenes are presented to view,  
Ten thousand oaths swore, but not one of them  
true;

Such passions, O heed not, unless to deride,  
Lest a victim you fall to an ill-grounded pride.

Prefer ye the dictates of virtue to sound,  
True blessings can ne'er without goodness be  
found;

Leave folly and fashion, misguiders of youth,  
And stick to their opposites, freedom and truth.

**L**OVELY maid! fair beauty's pride!  
Do not thus my bliss deny!  
Cease my tender love to chide,  
Why so cruel, Daphne, why?

Kindly to my wish incline,  
Why will Daphne faithless prove?  
Know, my soul is wholly thine,  
And my heart is form'd for love.

Why, thus slight a faithful swain,  
Who to love was ever true?  
Why, thus give that bosom pain,  
Which so long hath sigh'd for you?

SEE

## R E C I T A T I V E .

**S**EE ! see, Aurora 'gins to rise,  
 And paints with ruddy streaks the skies !  
 E'er Phœbus does his beams display,  
 Let's to our jocund sports away.

## A I R .

I rouse the game with hounds and horn,  
 With cheerful cries I 'wake the morn ;  
 Who rising with her rosy face,  
 Enjoys the glory of the chace.  
 See the swift stag flies o'er the ground,  
 And hills and dales, and woods resound ;  
 Whilst health and joy lead on the train,  
 Provoke the chace and scour the plain :  
 " And join" the jovial sportsman cries,  
 " 'Till the stout prey, o'ertaken—dies."

**T**O the conscious groves I hie me,  
 Where I late was blythe and gay ;  
 Try to fancy Colin nigh me,  
 So to pass the hours away.

But can scenes like those delight me,  
 When my swain's no longer there ?  
 Hill nor dale, nor stream invite me,  
 Now no more they're worth my care.

Come thyself without delaying,  
 In those shades I find no ease ;  
 But with thee whilst fondly straying,  
 Ev'ry place is sure to please.

## RECITATIVE.

**A**S Dian and her hunting train,  
 Once rovd to try the woods and plains,  
 Poor Cupid fast asleep they found,  
 His bow and arrow on the ground;  
 Well pleas'd to find his Godship there,  
 She thus commands her list'ning fair.

## A I R.

Break, break with speed each pointed dart,  
 For if he wakes he'll surely turn your feet;  
 'Tis, 'tis to wound the tender heart;  
 Now shall we safely trace the plain,  
 And haunt the river, lawn and grove,  
 His arrows broke his pow'r is vain,  
 You now may safely laugh at love.

## RECITATIVE.

When now too late the God awoke  
 Found Dian and her favourites by,  
 The fatal mischief thus he spoke,  
 Whilst malice sparkl'd from each eye.

## A I R.

Though Cupid is vanquish'd to day,  
 Believe not my empire is o'er,  
 To Venus I'll hie me away,  
 She'll arm me as well as before;  
 Oh Dian what nymph of thy train,  
 Is safe when I aim the sure dart,  
 I'm mad with the wrongs I sustain,  
 Then Goddess take care of thy heart.

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 Then Goddess take care of thy heart.



**A** Sailors voice though coarse can raise,  
 A note to melodize his lays,  
 And quit the swelling seas to praise,  
 The charms of highland Nelly.  
 The droning bagpipe still be mute,  
 Such music with such charms can't suit,  
 When ev'ry muse will tune her lute,  
 In praise of highland Nelly.  
 Ye tinkling rills, ye verdant plains,  
 Where blithe content for ever reigns,  
 Repeat abroad the honest strains,  
 That flow in praise of Nelly.  
 Still be the lowland lasses fair,  
 Still be they proud of golden hair,  
 But where's the charms, the mein, the air,  
 That shine in highland Nelly.  
 Amidst her nymphs when Venus stood,  
 Fair as she left the briny flood,  
 Unless she mov'd no gazer could,  
 Discern the queen of beauty.  
 Thus at a lowland ball I've seen,  
 Unmov'd this pretty highland queen,  
 But when she danc'd, ye gods, I've been,  
 In love with highland Nelly.

**F**LY to raptures still delighting,  
 Seize the soul enchanting hours,  
 Love the friend of life inviting,  
 Calls you now to myrtle bow'rs.  
 Leave each meaner care and pleasure,  
 All that once the heart could move,  
 Soon you'll find how vast a treasure,  
 Are the mighty joys of love.

**T**HE hedges were green, and the roses were  
blown,

The lasses were making of hay,  
When William was wed, and the stocking was  
thrown,

To Bessy the queen of the May.

The village assembled their joys to prefer,

The bells they were merrily rung;

The swains envied him, & the maids envied her,

This couple were handsome and young.

Would the folks about court only chide from  
their heart,

In wedlock some charms would be still,

'Till death shoots his arrow, they never would  
part,

Were they loving like Bessy and Will.

A couple so fair since the days of old Cain;

In conjugal bliss never laid,

The virgins all sigh'd to possess the young swain,

The swains to possess the young maid.

**A**T once I'm in love with two nymphs that  
are fair,

And to sweets in my garden these nymphs I com-  
pare;

Nor can shrub, nor can blossom be better than  
those;

And Jenny's my myrtle, and Chloe's my rose.

My Chloe is fond all her charms to display,

With the rose in her cheek, she to all wou'd  
be gay;

On all paler beauties she looks down with  
pride,

And can bear not a flow'ret to grow by her  
side.

She thinks not how quickly these charms will  
expire,

That with May they first came, and with sum-  
mer retire ;

That pride, so soon over, is foolish and vain,  
And love, built on beauty, can't hold with a  
swain.

But Jenny my myrtle, ne'er changes her face,  
No season nor age can her features disgrace ;  
She covets no praise nor with envy is stung,  
She always is pleas'd, and is pleasing and  
young.

Then Chloe, I sudden must make my retreat,  
Thy rose is too blooming, too short-liv'd and  
sweet :

But Jenny thy myrtle is lasting and green,  
And all the year thro', thou the same still art  
seen.

**C**OME give your attention to what I unfold,  
The matter is new, tho' the moral is old ;  
My honest confession's intended to prove,  
How tasteless-insipid is life without love.

In works of old sophists my mind I employ'd,  
My bottle and friend too, by turns I enjoy'd ;  
I laugh'd at the sex, and determin'd, I strove  
Their charms to forget, and bid farewell to love.  
I toil'd and I traffick'd, grew wealthy and great,  
A patriot in politics, fond of debate,

Each

Each passion indulging my doubts did remove,  
They center'd in pleasure and pleasure in love.

How weak my resolves I confess'd with a sigh,  
When Phillis, sweet Phillis tript wantonly by,  
I caught her, and mention'd a turn in the grove;  
Consenting she made me a convert to love.

Ye lovers of freedom no longer complain,  
We're born fellow-subjects of beauty's soft chain;  
My purchas'd experience this maxim will prove,  
That life is not life when divided from love.

**T**HE songsters of May  
Begin the rich lay,  
And fill all the woods with their strains;  
The groves all around  
With their music resound,  
And they charm all the nymphs and their swains.

The lark all day long  
Trills his sweet soaring song,  
The linnet and thrush tune their throats,  
And when comes the calm night,  
'Tis the shepherds delight,  
To hear the fond nightingale's notes,

Ye gav blooming throng,  
Now list' to each song,  
Of a new vocal race in this grove;  
'Tis spring tempts you here,  
Then bend the soft ear;  
We chant only pleasure and love.

Our lark and our thrush,  
 And each bird of our bush,  
 With our nightingale perch'd on yon spray,  
 Try to wake every breast,  
 Or to melt you to rest,  
 And to lull all your troubles away

I, a linnet and young,  
 Will pour my song,  
 My song may'nt be heard all in vain,  
 Then take ye kind fair,  
 A poor bird to your care,  
 She's blest if you're pleas'd with her strain.

I do as I will with my swain,  
 He never once thinks I am wrong,  
 He likes none so well on the plain,  
 I please him so much with my song :  
 A song is the shepherd's delight,  
 He hears me with joy all the day,  
 He's sorry when comes the dull night,  
 That hastens the end of my lay,

With spleen and with care once oppress'd,  
 He ask'd me to sooth him the while,  
 My voice set his mind all to rest,  
 And the shepherd would instantly smile.  
 Since when, or in mead or in grove,  
 By his flocks, or the clear river's side,  
 I sing my best songs to my love,  
 And to charm him is grown all my pride.

No

No beauty had I to endear,  
 No treasures of nature or art,  
 But my voice that had gain'd on his ear,  
 Soon found out the way to his heart.  
 To try if that voice wou'd not please,  
 He took me to join the gay throng,  
 I won the rich prize all with ease,  
 And my fame's gone abroad with my song.

But let me not jealousy raise,  
 I wish to enchant but my swain,  
 Enough then for me is his praise,  
 I sing but for him the lov'd strain.  
 When youth, wealth and beauty may fail,  
 And your shepherds elude all your skill,  
 Your sweetness of song may prevail,  
 And gain all your swains to your will.

CELIA heard thy charms no more,  
 Beauty's like the miser's treasure,  
 Still the vain possessor's poor,  
 What are riches without pleasure?  
 Endless pains the miser takes;  
 To encrease his heaps of money;  
 Lab'ring bees his pattern makes,  
 Yet he fears to taste his honey.

Views with aching eyes his store,  
 Trembling lest he chance to lose it,  
 Pining, still for want of more  
 Tho' the wretch wants power to use it:

Celia

Celia thus with endless arts,  
 Wastes her days her charms improving,  
 Lab'ring still to conquer hearts,  
 Yet ne'er tastes the sweet of loving.

Views with pride her shape her face,  
 Fancying still she's under twenty,  
 Age brings wrinkles on apace,  
 While she starves with all her plenty ;  
 Soon or late they both will find,  
 Time their idol from them sever,  
 He must leave his gold behind,  
 Lock'd within his grave for ever.

Celia's fate will still be worse,  
 When her fading charms deceive her,  
 Vain desire will be her curse,  
 When no mortal will relieve her:  
 Celia hoard thy charms no more,  
 Beauty's like the miser's treasure ;  
 Taste a little of thy store :  
 What is beauty without pleasure ?

**Y**OU may do as you will, but I'll sling away  
 care,  
 I'll sport with the swains, and I'll toy with the  
 fair,  
 For joys yet unknown I may find springing there.  
 And 'tis better by half,  
 Love and nectar to quaff,  
 All the days of my life thus I'll frolic and laugh  
 Til



Till lately there liv'd not so wretched an elf,  
I tended my flocks and sought nothing but pelf,  
Car'd little for others, but much for myself:

But 'tis better by half, &c.

But wishes for more are all foolish and vain,  
And thought for to-morrow brings nothing but  
pain,

Enjoying to-day I shall find the best gain :

For 'tis better by half, &c.

Come over to me all ye gay blooming throng,  
And take it, the way to be blest the year long,  
Is to welcome sweet love, wine, and soul-cheer-  
ing song.

And 'tis better by half, &c.

Then care, with his wrinkles I give to the wind,  
To mirth from this moment my heart is inclin'd,  
I'm sure of my bliss, for the nymphs will be  
kind.

More happy by half, &c.

**F**OR Phillis I sigh, and hourly die,  
But not for a lip, or a languishing eye;  
She's fickle and false, and there we agree,  
For I am as false and as fickle as she:  
We neither believe what either can say,  
And neither believing, we neither betray;  
'Tis civil to swear and say things of course,  
We mean not the taking for better for worse;  
When

When present we love, when absent agree,  
 I think not of Phillis, nor Phillis of me;  
 The legend of love no couple can find,  
 So easy to part, and so easily join'd.

## R E C I T A T I V E.

**W**H<sup>O</sup>, who is this that strikes my wond'ring  
 eyes?

'Tis rosy health, an hunter in disguise!  
 He comes to win me from soft pleasure's train,  
 And thus he speaks in his enliv'ning strain.

## A I R.

Now the dawn's peeping over the hill,  
 To sleep-breaking echoes arise!  
 Hark! the hounds and hunters loud fill  
 The woods with their shouts and their cries.  
 Pursue o'er the mountains your prey,  
 Be first of the heart-cheering race,  
 All rous'd by the toils of the day  
 You'll own the delights of the chase.

A hunter, no more you'll complain;  
 No spleen-brooding cares shall ye know,  
 A stranger to sickness and pain,  
 With life and new vigour you'll glow:  
 Then fly from the pleasures that pall,  
 That languor most certainly yield,  
 But wake to the horn's early call,  
 And haste to the sports of the field.

## SENTIMENTS.

## S E N T I M E N T S, &amp;c.

**M**ORE power to our friends, and more sense to  
our enemies.

Constancy in love, and sincerity in friendship.

Health in freedom, and content in bondage.

Success to the lover, and joy to the beloved.

May the single be marry'd, and the marry'd be happy

May our happiness be sincere, and our joys be lasting.

The pleasures of imagination realiz'd.

May our pleasures be boundless, while we have time  
to enjoy them.

Days of ease, and nights of pleasure.

May power ever continue in the friends of England.

Love of liberty, and liberty in love.

Life, love, and liberty.

Money to him that has spirit to use it, and life to him  
that has courage to lose it.

Great men honest, and honest men great.

Every honest man his right, and every rogue a halter.

Health

Health of body, peace of mind, a clean shirt and a guinea.

All our wants and wishes.

Health to the sick, and freedom to the slave,  
Success to the lover, honour to the brave.

Perpetual disappointment to the enemies of England.

May the true lovers of liberty in England, be for ever united in affection, as they are in interest.

May he who has neither wife, mistress, or estate in England, never have any share in the government of it.

Disappointment to those who barter the cause of their country for ostentation or sordid gain.

May we always be attached to those who persevere in generous endeavours to promote the welfare of their country.

The steady friends of Britain.

Disappointment to those who form expectations of places and pensions on the ruin of their country.

May all those who for sordid interest endeavour to betray their country, meet the fate of Judas.

May the enemies of Britain never eat the bread thereof.

A speedy export to all the enemies of England without a draw-back.

May

May we never want resolution to defend our independency against the attacks of ambition.

May all attempts to pervert and destroy our precious constitution, be frustrate and void.

The honest patriot and unbiass'd Briton.

May our endeavours be successful, when engaged under the banner of justice.

May we always be able to resist the assaults of prosperity and adversity.

May our conscience be sound tho' our fortune be rotten.

May temptation never conquer virtue.

Frugality without meanness.

May we never taste the apples of affliction.

May we be rich in friends rather than money.

May we be loved by those whom we love.

May he who wants friendship also want friends.

May our distinguishing mark be merit, rather than money.

May we be slaves to nothing but our duty, and friends to nothing but merit.

May we never seek applause from party principles, but always deserve it from public spirit.

May ability for doing good be equalled by inclination.

May

May our benevolence be bounded only by our fortune.

Zeal without uncharitableness.

Loyalty without servility.

Freedom without faction.

May fortune be always an attendant on virtue.

Pleasures that please on reflection.

More friends and less need of them.

May the man we love be honest, and the land we live  
in free.

May we always have a friend, and know his value.

May hemp bind him whom honour cannot.

The two strangers at court. [Honour and Honesty.]

May we never want a friend, and a bottle to give him.

A head to earn, and a heart to spend.

Delicate pleasures to susceptible minds.

The harvest of life, love, wit, and good humour.

The girl we love, and the man we dare trust.

Provision to the unprovided.

May we have in our arms, whom we love in our  
hearts.

The pleasure of pleasing.

May

May they never want, who have spirit to spend.

May we please and be pleased.

All true hearts and sound bottoms.

All we wish and all we want.

Love and opportunity.

Gaiety and innocence.

Success to our hopes, and enjoyment to our wishes.

Taste to our pleasure, and pleasure to our taste.

Health, joy, and mutual love.

Love without fear,

And life without care.

Friendship without interest, and love without deceit.

All that gives us pleasure.

Your love and mine, and the rest of the company.

May the evening's diversion bear the morning's reflection.

May our representatives strenuously defend what they have wisely resolv'd.

Union, stability, and fidelity, among the sons of liberty.

Liberty, property, and no excise.

May



May all honest souls find a friend in need.

Good luck till we are tired of it.

Cobweb breeches ; a porcupine saddle ; a hard trotting horse ; and a long journey to the enemies of Great-Britain.

May the wings of Extravagancy be clipt by the shears of Economy.

Confusion to those, who, wearing the mask of patriotism, pull it off, and desert the cause of Liberty in the day of trial.

May genius and merit never want a friend.

The steady friends of Britain.

Long corns and short shoes to the enemies of Britain.

Sense to win a heart, and merit to keep it.

May the friends of England ever have access to the throne.

That freemen may never more be consider'd as property to be led to market.

Peace and plenty.

6 MA 50

F I N I S.

